

Ladies' Home

The Magazine Women Believe In 15 Cents June 1943

JOURNAL

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★
Since You Went Away
★
COMPLETE NOVEL
By Margaret Buell Wilder
★



Our old bathroom

+ my ingenuity +

Jim's handiwork +

*10 1/2 yds. chintz
1 gallon paint
6 yds. Linoleum
& mat*

Glance again at that snapshot and you'll know we didn't have much of a room to begin with. Only 5 by 9½ feet! I couldn't blame Jim for laughing when I told him what I wanted to do.

"A dressing table in that handbox? Why, you'll have to put it on the ceiling!" "Well, almost," I admitted. "But couldn't we close in the old tub with doors? On the back of one, we'd hang a mirror and make-up table. On the other, those shelves we need so much."

I knew Jim was for it when I showed him how little we'd have to spend if we did the painting and carpentry work ourselves. Some chintz, not more than a gallon of paint, just a few yards of Armstrong's Linoleum. "Suppose you want me to lay the new floor, too!"

Jim would have tackled it if I had said the word. But I had in mind a special design—something that would make the room look larger and lighter. My linoleum merchant suggested it—a warm gray Marbelle with a broad stripe inset to give size. And topped off with something I'd always wanted—a wall that's as truly splashproof as the linoleum itself. Linowall, they call it—made by Armstrong, too.

When I told Jim how little it would cost to have our Armstrong Floor cemented over cushioning felt, he was as anxious as I to get started. Sure, it was a lot of work. But somehow, when you do things yourself, it's a lot of fun, too. And lasting fun, when it all adds up to a room that's so smart and gay—and so easy to keep looking that way.



LET YOUR OWN INGENUITY plus a smart Armstrong Floor help you add new beauty to your home right now—and without scrapping things you already have. Write for "New Ideas for Old Rooms"—full of easy, inexpensive decorating hints from the scrapbook of Hazel Dell Brown. This unique book gives you a step-by-step method for redoing any rooms in your home. Sent for 10¢ (outside U.S.A., 40¢). Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 4306 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa.

LEFT—Close the doors and you'd never guess that on the backs of them are the handy shelves and dressing table you see in the large picture. The floor that brings both size and light to this handbox bath is Armstrong's Gray Marbelle Linoleum, Style No. 018 with 6-inch inset band of Dark Gray Linoflor, Style No. 22. Wall is washable Armstrong's Linowall, Style No. 704, joined to the floor with a rounded cove base for easy cleaning. Complete list of furnishings and sketch of room plan will be sent free.



ARMSTRONG'S
LINOLEUM and LINOFLOR
for every room  in the house



THE ARMY-NAVY "E" flies over our Lancaster factories. It was awarded to Armstrong men and women for excellence in the production of shells, bombs, aircraft parts, concealment material, cartridge cases and many other vital war materials. However, your merchant can still show you Armstrong Floors that are both smart and correct. Just be sure to look for the name *Armstrong's* on the back of the goods you buy.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS, ARMSTRONG'S LINOWALL; AND ARMSTRONG'S ASPHALT TILE

A Boy and a Globe
 A Formula for Dreams
 He sees Bright, new Horizons
 A glorious Tomorrow, Rich with Promise



And we see him a Man—Able and Strong
 and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much
 to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

DREAM ON, SON! Let your hopes and plans soar beyond the most distant continent and sea. To you, and thousands of young Americans like you, belongs the future—rich with promise and bright with opportunity.

For you, everything is done to build mind and body—to help you face the world of tomorrow strong and confident and *smiling!*

Yes *smiling!* For even now this little boy knows a lesson in dental health that many grown-ups have yet to learn. Today, in thousands of classrooms throughout the country, youngsters are being taught the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft

foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender... often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush... *see your dentist.* It may not be serious, but get his advice. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when

you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women now get More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

BEAUTY PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

★
READ THIS
TRUE STORY
of what
Palmolive's
Proved New
Beauty Plan
did for
Miss Angel Delia
of New Orleans



"My complexion had lost its come-hither. So I said 'yes' quick when invited to try Palmolive's New 14-Day Beauty Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A! My group reported to a New York skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.

"Here's the plan: For 14 days, you wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather into your clean face . . . just like a cream. Do this for a full 60 seconds. This extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather. Then rinse and dry. That's all. *But you mustn't miss even one massage.*

"After 14 days, I went back to the skin doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My complexion was clearer, brighter, less dry! Later I learned these and other skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually, 2 out of 3 women got see-able, feel-able results. So Palmolive's 14-day plan is now my 365-day a year plan!"



**YOU, TOO, may get a
BRIGHTER, CLEARER SKIN
in only 14 Days!**

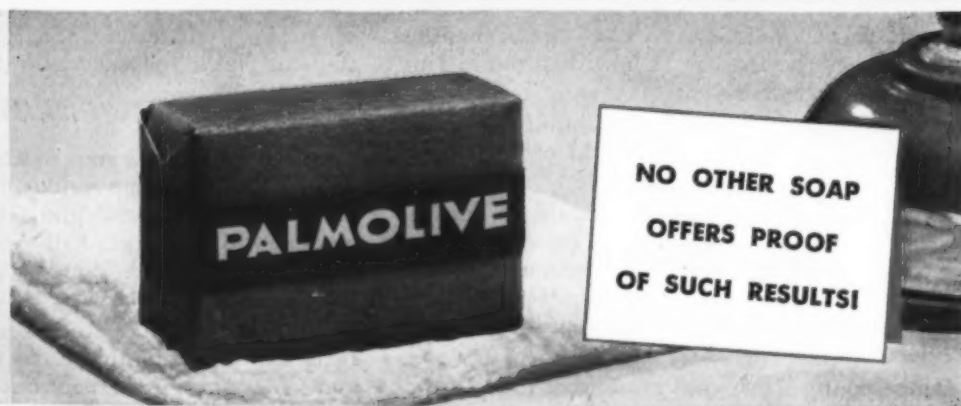
Lady, what about that complexion of yours? Would you like to be lovelier? Then why not make the Palmolive Beauty Plan *your* plan? For it *is* your plan! It was designed for women like you. And it was tested by women like you. These women had all types of skin—your own included. And they followed the Palmolive Plan at home in their own bathrooms—just as you will follow it in yours.

So, get your cake of Palmolive and follow the Palmolive Plan faithfully. Wash your face 3 times a day—massage with Palmolive lather a full minute each time—then rinse! Do this for 14 days. Don't stop half-way if you want all-the-way results! Remember, 2 out of 3 women who followed Palmolive's Proved New Beauty Plan got definite complexion improvement!

**Look for These Skin Improvements
in Only 14 Days!**

- Brighter, cleaner skin
- Finer texture
- Fewer blemishes
- Less dryness
- Less oiliness
- Softer, smoother skin
- Better tone
- Fresher, clearer color

This list comes right from the reports of the 36 examining doctors! Their records show 2 out of 3 of the women who pre-tested the Palmolive Plan for you, got many of these improvements in 14 days! Now it's *your* turn! Start this new *proved* way of using Palmolive tonight. In 14 days, look for fresher, clearer, *lovelier* skin!





MAYFIELD PHOTOS
 The author of *SINCE YOU WENT AWAY* says: "After graduating from Amherst and Smith as Mr. and Mrs. Editor of our respective college magazines, my husband and I moved nine times and had both children before our second wedding anniversary. On the last jaunt, in an aged car, 'Soda' breathed down my neck all the way, 'Brig' had 'Mr. John' and her box of ailing cactus, petunia and small turtle on the rear window ledge—to catch the sun—and we were stopped by beetle inspectors. The usual number of flat tires and Soda's acute indigestion—too many ice-cream cones—made me vow it was my last family move. But now that I'm in Hollywood, working on the script of *SINCE YOU WENT AWAY*, I've had to transplant the whole kit and boodle here. It certainly doesn't look as if we were a family that would ever stay put."



"After two years on a newspaper and six years in radio," writes Charlotte Edwards, "I decided to stay home, try my own recipes, see what my husband looked like, and write. I stayed, the recipes worked, my husband added fifteen pounds, and I sold my first story, *BEAUTY'S RIGHT*. I ride a much-used bike, and am slightly conceited about my brioche. I can't stand bananas, and being pushed in crowds—which always happens, because I'm big and must look meek about it."



Isabel Johnston, who wrote *GOOD-BY BEFORE BREAKFAST*, says: "I was born in a Brooklyn stable—they remodeled barns in those days too. At present I work on the night shift at Republic, putting on bolts and sleeves, cutting and blowing tubes. So far, I haven't mastered the squaring drill. It requires a pianist's deft touch. Summers I live on Long Island, never lock my doors and have an easy-to-open kitchen screen door that my neighbor's dog and cats use when they call."

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Published in this space every month
 The greatest star of the screen!

Ever since 1924 the leading company in the motion picture business has been Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It has produced more first-rate films than all the other companies combined.

In the last year it has maintained its stride and its leadership with "Mrs. Miniver," "Random Harvest" and "The Human Comedy."

Shortly you will hear about and see a great heroic production entitled significantly "Bataan." This too will go down through the years as a great contribution to American leadership in motion pictures.

A future column will be devoted exclusively to "Bataan." For the present we wish to tell you about a comedy—a delightful, young comedy that features great stars and virtually stars the great Virginia Weidler.



Do you know Virginia? She's the young lady you may have seen in "The Philadelphia Story"—the nuisance, the thorn in Katharine Hepburn's side.

Like Judy Garland (whose "Presenting Lily Mars" is now hitting the boards and proving its entertainment merit) Miss Weidler has come of age.

Well—almost of age. For she plays the part of the president of an autograph club in "The Youngest Profession."

This uproarious picture was instantly booked by the world's largest theatre, New York's Radio City Music Hall. And no wonder.

Cleverly introduced in well-written and well-played scenes are the great guest stars Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor and William Powell.

Edward Arnold, John Carroll and infectious Jean Porter join Virginia Weidler in a production of which director Edward Buzzell can be proud.



As for the guests, Lana Turner is herself in this one—and a nice self too.



Greer Garson again reveals that charm which made "Random Harvest" a buy-word.



Walter Pidgeon does a scene that imparts his true human sympathies.



Robert Taylor just knocks 'em dead.



And William Powell's presence alone makes a fade-out situation that provides laughter in the theatre and on the way back home.

The youngest art welcomes the cleverness of "The Youngest Profession."



—Leo The Youngest Lion



*He won't adore your hair, my Sweet
Unless it's shining, smooth and neat!*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



S-I-M-P-L-E SPELLS "SMART" these war-time days—for hair-dos as well as clothes! Here the front hair is drawn back smoothly in a modified pompadour. The back is curled under, page-boy style. Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

**For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added
... the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre
than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!**

No other charm a girl may have, does so much to make her glamorous in the eyes of men, as hair that gleams with lustre... sparkles with alluring highlights! So don't let soaps or soap shampoos dull the beauty of your hair!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to arrange... right after shampooing! Easier to comb into shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it... and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

**Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!**

You can avoid this beauty handicap by switching to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!



**Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner**



"We all dropped flat." Chief Morris tells Y. M. I. U.'s Mary Lea Page how he got the Purple Heart award.

YOUR MEN in Uniform

GOING ashore at Casablanca in an invasion barge, **Chief Bos'n's Mate Lloyd M. Morris**, of California, stopped to lend a hand to a jeep, hub-deep in the sandy beach. Semisand, it was like glue. "There were about thirty of us pulling on ropes trying to unstick this baby, and we were splashing around in eighteen inches of water," remembers Morris. "Suddenly we all dropped flat when an enemy plane strafed us, and I lay there watching his bullets kick up a watery white line—straight for me!"

The boys soon got Morris to a first-aid station, where he was given his sulfa dose and swell attention. He was the first Coast Guard casualty of this war to receive the Order of the Purple Heart, now awarded to all servicemen wounded in action.



Americans must prepare themselves for a certain postwar shock they are going to get when the troops come home, John O'Reilly, of the New York Herald Tribune, recently wrote his paper.

Constant exposure to English (as spoken by the English) and French and Arabic in this part of the world already has had a drastic effect on the everyday conversation of American soldiers, he says in his story, headlined, *It's Rawther Bad-Type English That Our Chaps are Talking Now.*

When two Americans are having a drink they no longer shout, "Down the hatch!" or "Here's mud in your eye!" They raise their glasses and say "Cheers," in modulated tones.

If one announces he has had a stroke of luck, or bought something nice or met a pretty girl, the other says, "Good show." It should be said laconically and with no explosive exuberance. If the announcement is unfavorable, the reply is, "Poor show." It is never "Bad show," but always "Poor show."

Then there is this "type" business. Everybody is a "type" of some sort. There are three broad classifications:

"good type," "bad type" and "good-bad type." It is in order to say, "Take him away. He's a bad type."

Curiously enough, it is better to be classed as a "bad type" than a "good type."

"Good-Bad Type" Gets Along

Likewise, the "good-bad type" is supposed to get along best with women. There are innumerable other types, such as the "melancholy type," "insistent type" and "backward type." The language has become riddled with types.

If an American doesn't like a thing, he says, "I take a dim view of that." A "dim view" is taken of something about every fifth sentence.

Then there is the "had it" sequence. If your car breaks down, you say, "It's had it." If a man has been killed or beaten up, or has a hang-over, you say, "He's had it." If you think one of these things is going to happen to him, you say, "He's for it." If you don't like somebody, you say, "I've had him." This expression occurs in some form about every fourth sentence.

CARTOON BY PRIVATE LUNDBERG. COURTESY ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



"Who says they don't speak the same language?"

A "guy" becomes a "chap," and a fair number of Americans are developing the afternoon-tea habit. In some instances this is to avoid starvation because of the European habit of late dinners.

Natives of all parts of Africa are called "Wogs."

Through attempting to converse in Arabic in Egypt and Libya, the Americans have adopted a fair sprinkling of weird-sounding expressions. Thus a greeting is usually "Saecda." A tip is a "baksheesh." "Emshee" means "Go away," and "mafeesh" means "It is finished." A "gharry" is a horse-drawn taxi.

Thus, also, an American will shout "Esstana" if he wants you to wait, or "Tala hena" if he means "Come here."

French Phrases Popular

The prevalence of the French language in Cairo and other cities has added other expressions to soldier talk. Most of these come from struggling with menus in restaurants, but a number of men stationed here are taking French lessons. This correspondent knows one American officer who dashes to his French lesson daily on a motorcycle, and then spouts French in a Western drawl. He is an extreme case. Usually the men are content with a few choice mispronounced phrases.

With all this in mind, a future homecoming can be envisioned.

Suppose dad and mom are waiting at the station for their son, George, and his pal, Bob, to arrive from Africa.

After much embracing of the kindly couple, George says, "Folks, I want you to meet Bob. But look out for him. He's a bad type." The old couple hesitate and shake Bob's hand.

Meanwhile, George is shouting "Tala hena" at a passing taxi. They climb in, and as they ride along, with mother holding her son's hand, she asks, "Well, son, how did you like Africa?"

"I've had it, mom," he says. "I've definitely had it."

"But how did you like the natives there?" dad asks.

"Oh, good types and bad types and a few good-bad types. But you want to watch out for Bob here. He's definitely a bad type."

They arrive at the house. George jumps out of the taxi and starts to pay the driver, but hesitates.

"Say, dad," he says, "that train fare left me stony. Have you got a little baksheesh for the Wog?"

His father looks bewildered, and pays the driver.

House is "Good Show"

Dad opens the door and mother says, "I can't wait for you to look around the house. We've had it all changed inside."

George looks around and, in tones of laconic indifference, says, "Good show." Mother looks a little disappointed.

"How about some tea, mom?" George says suddenly. "It's after four."

"Why, son, we haven't any," says his mother. "We never used to."

"Mafeesh," grunts Bob.

"Well, we can gargle some moya," says George.

"But why not some coffee, son?" his mother says, fearing they will produce some weird foreign drink.

"That's the idea," says George. "What'll you have, Bob? French or Turkish?"

Mother mutters something under her breath and hurries off to the kitchen to make the coffee.

"Well, how was the war, boys?" says dad, lighting his pipe and settling back as if for a long talk.

"I take a dim view of the whole thing," says George.

"Yeah, I've had it," adds Bob.

"Did you meet many nice Englishmen?" asks dad.

"Raw-THER," says George, with the accent heavy on the last syllable.

Then the two boys lapse into their impression of two Englishmen discussing the weather.

To father it sounds like a lot of pebbles and broad a's mixed together and thrown through a megaphone. This continues for some time, as the look of wonderment grows on father's face.

We will leave them there, but with a warning that father need not be too alarmed. This sort of thing will wear off.

After all, this is the same son who, back in his jitterbug days, came home one afternoon and informed his father, "Dad, you're not in the groove. Why don't you get hep and pull away from that long-underwear gang?"



"Send us more Waacs," says **Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower**. "I like their housekeeping." To the Army, that doesn't mean that romance between the Waacs and our soldiers has blossomed into domesticity. Housekeeping means running all radio, telephone, wireless, repairing electrical equipment, driving trucks, courier service, keeping records and handling mail. After the war, pick yourself a Waac if you want a handy man around the house.

PHOTO BY U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS



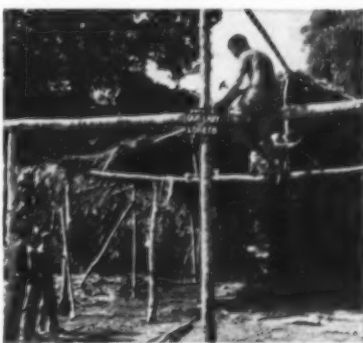
The soldiers' best friend.

Loading his jeep with a small organ and public-address system, **Chaplain Lloyd E. Langford**, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, heads every Sunday morning for a camp in the North African desert. "The men can't come to me, so I go to them," he says.

In addition to being religious leaders, chaplains arrange movie shows, cash money orders, sort mail, read and write for wounded men. The good ones, like Langford, usually become the most popular men in camp.



Religious interest in our troops is high. In one Solomon Island base, soldiers took time out from the war to build a thatch chapel in authentic Melanesian style.



Solomon Temple—1943 style.

For you...New Loveliness,
New happiness!

go on the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**



MRS. GEORGE A. HORVATH, of New York City, says: "I'm thrilled with the new loveliness the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has brought to my skin! The compliments I hear make me want to stay with Camay."

THE JOY of a lovelier skin can be yours—sooner than you think! Try the beauty secret of so many brides—the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. It can help you so much.

For you may not be cleansing your skin properly . . . you may even be using a soap that's not mild enough! Remember, skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. Yes, Camay gives you the mild cleansing that skin specialists say actually helps your skin to new loveliness.

So change tonight! Notice from the very start how the Camay Mild-Soap Diet makes your skin feel fresh and alive! Be faithful . . . and watch, day-by-day, in your mirror. Soon, you'll see that thrilling new loveliness you've longed for is yours!

Beauty Secret...

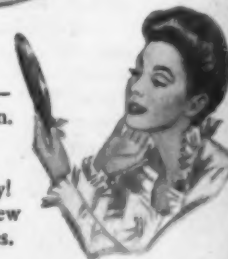
THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET

Be Lucky in Love . . . be lovely. Every morning—every night—keep your date with oh-so-mild Camay. Camay's mild care helps your skin to new beauty!



Start tonight . . . on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Smooth this gentle lather over your face . . . especially over nose, chin. Rinse. If skin's oily, splash cold. Repeat next morning.

Delicious, delightful—the feel of your skin. Watch how much fresher, smoother it looks . . . day-by-day! See proof of your new loveliness in his eyes.



America's Loveliest Brides are on the Mild-Soap Diet!

Ladies' Home

Journal

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould EDITORS

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First Aid for Farmers

BICYCLES are collecting dust in the garage, and jumping ropes are idle, still hanging on the peg by the back door. This summer is different from other summers. The freckle-faced owners of the bicycles and jumping ropes understand this. They know that war makes a lot of changes, so you have to lay aside—for a while—some things you've always been used to, like summer vacations. That is why the kids, by the hundreds, have gone out to help with the work on the farms.

And it is work. The sun is hot on young backs, and the rows of strawberries and tomatoes are long and dusty. A cool drink of water, rest periods in the shade, a good filling lunch are important. Also, someone to see that the youngsters get transportation to the farms and, when the work is done, to see that they get home safely and promptly, without weary, unnecessary waiting.

This is the reason the Department of Agriculture is sending out an S O S to women's clubs and organizations all over the country, asking them not to disband this summer as usual, but to help with this problem. Clubs are urged to set up committees to co-operate with local agricultural and Manpower Commission authorities.

Last summer various projects were set up throughout the country for children to help out on farms. These projects were successful, the Department of Agriculture reports, directly in the degree that adult supervision was intelligent, careful and thorough. Women's club members—many of them mothers, some teachers—are ideal people to see that this supervision is given. As mothers, they understand children and their needs. As homemakers, they know the importance of getting in the crops and keeping their own and the nation's pantries filled.

In your own club you might do this: Set up a committee to contact the local agent of your OCD, U. S. Employment Service or Department of Agriculture War Board. Find out if volunteer help is wanted, how much, when and where. If several women's clubs undertake the same project, form an over-all committee with each club represented. Help to recruit children as needed through Boy and Girl Scouts, Y.M.C.A., Girl Reserves and Camp Fire Girls. Let your committee take the responsibility of seeing that wise, kind and thorough supervision is given to each such project.

One club member might be responsible for the group one day each week, others taking turns. Her duties would be the duties any woman would understand. To see that the children's morale is good, that Billy doesn't start throwing tomatoes across the patch at Johnny; and that their "nose-bag" lunches contain two sandwiches, a raw vegetable, cookies, a chocolate bar. It is important to see that they work seriously when they work; have suitable periods for rest and play; that their hours are not too long; that their thirst is quenched; that their pay is prompt and fair. Such services will speed the day when those children can go back to their bicycles and jumping ropes.

ON HATE

By Dorothy Thompson

OF LATE there are voices raised among us complaining that we do not hate enough. The theory is advanced that wars cannot be energetically pursued unless nations, soldier and civilian, adequately hate the enemy. There are complaints that, unless our hearts are filled with bitterness, we shall turn soft or never get strong enough to win a smashing victory.

This attitude reminds me of a phrase of Nietzsche's, that paradoxical, and almost universally misunderstood, philosopher-poet. He said: "If you gaze too long into the abyss, the abyss gazes into you." Our enemies have been taught, systematically, to hate. Therefore, in order to defeat them, we must hate too. Logically, this means that the more we become like them, the more successful we shall be in opposing them. I do not believe this. Hate is one of the things we are fighting—racial hate, for instance. How shall we fight racial hate by cultivating new racial hates, new national hates?

"But," people say, "how in the world can you fight your enemy, destroy his industries and kill men, if you do not hate him?"

I have known many soldiers, both in this war and in the last one. Curiously enough, it is not they but the civilians who do most of the hating. Soldiers undertake a task. They undertake to prevent the enemy from destroying them, their armies, their industries, their homes, by destroying him first. In the process of doing this, in behalf of their own peoples, they risk what all persons cherish above everything else—their lives. This acceptance of supreme sacrifice does not engender hate. No good and efficient commander of an army or any of its parts appeals to hate. He appeals to heroism, sacrifice, honor, comradeship, loyalty, courage—all the great list of affirmative virtues.

In fighting armies there is often more respect for the men whom one is opposing on the other side than there is for the grumbling civilians at home. The hate of armies turns against those who do not understand their sufferings, do not appreciate their sacrifices, do not understand what war really is. It turns against bigots who, while soldiers are fighting at the front, conspire to pass laws that could not be passed were they at home—for instance, prohibition. It turns against those who wangle themselves into soft desk jobs at home, those who take away the girls they had to leave, usurp and keep the jobs they had hoped to get, fail to take thought of them and provide for their future, if they have any. And it turns against politicians who make their sacrifices vain. Soldiers dream of peace and fight for peace. And the civilians who stay home and hate seldom give them what they fought for.

WRATH—righteous wrath—and burning indignation are affirmative emotions in a war. One is angry with the enemy; against his aggressions, outrages, system, aims. War is the intention to end his aggressions, confound his plans, bring justice to those unjustly treated and create a world better than his.

But hate is a different emotion from wrath. It is self-corrosive. Unlike wrath, which is

explosive and over with when the purpose has been achieved, hate smolders and eventually destroys, not the hated but the hater. And hate is almost always the product of fear.

It is the war emotion of the cowardly, of those who will not take their lives in their hands to establish justice, who are furious with the enemy for upsetting their own lives and comforts, who in their anger feel themselves weak and helpless and afraid. It is the emotion of the unarmed among the armed, of the weak among the strong.

THIS nation has nothing to fear but its own fears and whatever weakness is in ourselves. We are not unarmed, but armed. We have the noblest cause for which a man can suffer. And hate does not become us, as individuals or as a people.

When this war is over, hate will be one of the greatest problems of peace. The seething hatreds that we must deal with will be the hatreds of the disarmed, of the conquered, of those who have been forced to act against their wills and their consciences—the hatred that seeks revenge. The blind hate, that strikes out blindly. That adjective, "blind."



BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS

It is often, and correctly, used to describe hate. Policemen, trained to track down the most ruthless criminals, are not instructed in hate. They must not be blind but very wide awake, and they must deal with the enemies of society with skill, intelligence and courage, not with corrosive emotion. Day by day the courts of justice send criminals to the electric chair or to prison for life, but hate is not an admirable quality in a judge.

When justice is saturated with hate, judge and jury are replaced by a lynching bee, and reason by blood lust. Lynchings are not only unfortunate for the victim, but terrible for the perpetrators, and for society as a whole. When this war is over, and our enemies defeated, the victors will be confronted by the most stupendous problems that have ever challenged mankind. Hate will ill prepare us for that time. Needed will be reason, detachment and the passion to preserve and reconstruct civilized society. The scientific mind of the engineer and organizer, the psychological gifts of the physician, novelist, poet, pastor and priest, the administrative abilities of the great executive—these will be the forces that can bring order out of chaos. If we have been dissipating our intellectual and spiritual forces in hatred, we shall have fewer of these minds than we might have otherwise.

Hate, therefore, is merely self-indulgence. It contributes nothing and gets us nowhere. To win the war, we need a great deal of love: love for our America, love for our Allies, love for one another, all expressing itself in concentrated work, faith in mankind and in a new and better world, and patience—infinite patience before the failures and mistakes that will attend its creation. We shall need to have larger minds, more-understanding hearts, more-active brains and more-willing hands than we have ever had before. The future—if there is to be a decent future—will be made by the pure, the courageous and the free. They have no need of hate, whether to fight or to rebuild.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Old Belt" ... Virginia tobacco painted from life by John Stewart Curry



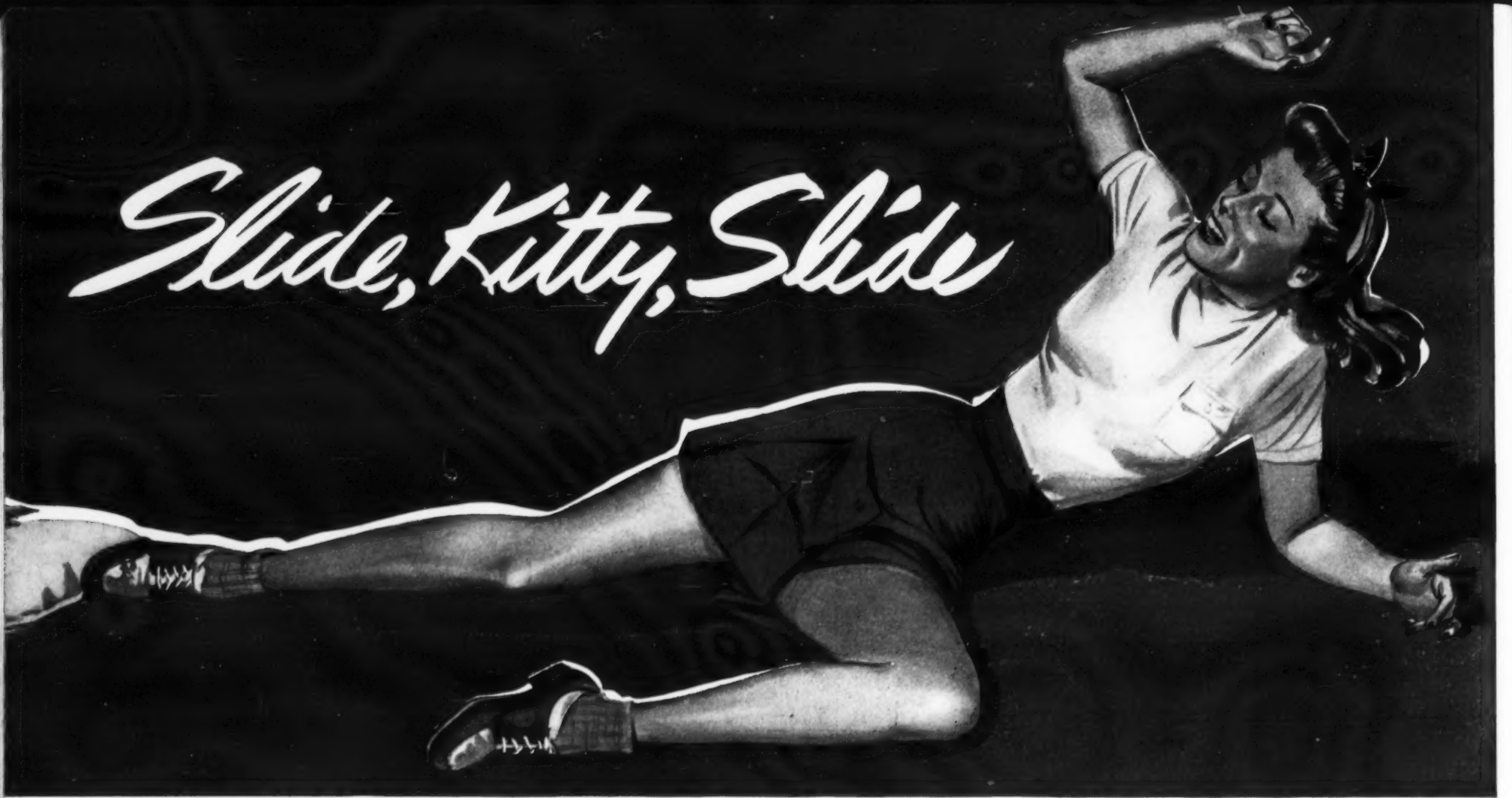
... **YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!**

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

Copyright 1954, The American Tobacco Company



Slide, Kitty, Slide



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE LINE-UP FOR TODAY'S GAME BATTER UP!

RABBIT EARS Two big auricles, erect in the breeze—magnets for comment about you. You can hear your name spoken three blocks off. Anybody's chance remarks about you register deep. Many of them bite and throw you entirely off stride. All of them make their mark. Until your only opinion of yourself is a patchwork quilt of the opinions of everybody else. You blow hot and cold remembering what others think of you. They like you—you're up. They criticize you—you're down. Stuff those rabbit ears with cotton. Let 'em think what they think—you play your game your way.

JOCKEY You specialize in the razz. Sitting there on the bench, you ride the kid who is performing. You twit her tactics. You sneer and sneed to upset her speed. You tease and taunt, make cracks and throw darts—just to see your victim squirm. Maybe your hide is tough enough to bounce balls on. Tough enough to take any barb. But someone will find your Achilles' heel someday, don't fear. Meantime, that roughriding of yours is causing black-and-blue bruises. And you're a one-woman plague—and a pestilence. In a ball game, you'd be fined real money.

SACRIFICE BUNT It's hard to be the goat—even by accident. But to grow yourself horns deliberately takes stuff. In a ball game a player purposely hits the ball so he'll probably be thrown out, but his teammate can get somewhere. In our game, it's a real pal who will hold herself down so someone else can shine. You find three handsome he's on your hands. Why hog them all yourself? Why not share with two other girls? . . . As president, you bow and take all the honors for your club. Why not play lame someday, and let your vice-president say public thank-you's? . . . If you're used to center stage with your shy pal as audience, how 'bout making a chance for her to strut? Deliberately bow into the shadows, so she can shine. That's making a sacrifice—but it's what makes a swell team.

WILD PITCH You do like Maryanne's new dress. And you have every intention of telling her you do. But it comes out, "Now you're wearing something cute for a change." A compliment gone

galley-west. . . . Mildred's the gal pal of a lifetime, and her love light, Johnnie, is nice to you too. So you gurgle to Edna, "Gee, he's divine—and for two cents I'd put poison in Mildred's milk and snatch him for myself." And Edna's tongue waggles, and the first thing you know Mildred's bristling at you 'cause you're after her man, and can't she trust even you? Your innocent remark gone wild. . . . Margaret's busy telling you how her family eats in the kitchen these days to save wear and tear on shoe leather. And you break in with, "But, of course, at our house, we always eat in the dining room." And Margaret hears your nose in air, but misses your tale about your kid sister waiting on table, and saving her shoe leather by wearing roller skates. Yes, she missed all that. All she caught was sarcasm and vanastorbilt. And now you're snooty, high-hat, starchy. Another wild pitch. The only answer is to keep your eye on the plate. If you're passing out compliments, be sure they give pleasure. Don't put English on them so they spin into something else. Be and sound sincere. Then what you say won't bean the catcher.

POP FLY You were making an imprint on sis's new soldier when she appeared, and you fizzled out like a wet firecracker. You were speaking with great authority on the subject of point rationing, gaily correcting everybody else, when Grace produced her ration book and the clipping from the paper and proved you oh, so wrong. You were the great know-it about Mexico, lashing into your subject with gusto—ah, the romance of it all—when Ted spilled your beans and boasted he had read the same book too. What goes up must come down. You pop a high fly and a dozen people will scramble to catch it. And you're out—but out!

OVER THE FENCE You're a smash hit over the roof of the bleachers, bringing the fans screaming to their feet. You, ravishingly beautiful, with a winning way and an irresistible sparkle that makes girls die of envy and boys twitch their Adam's apples. Most of us must be content with an occasional home run. We aren't all Babe Ruths. If all your runs were

homers, there'd be little variety to your act—and no suspense. The audience knows just what to expect. Nothing short of a home run will do—from you. Would your fans forgive you if you hit a foul ball?

HOLDING OUT If they won't pay your price you just won't play. You're going to be the leader of that gang, or you won't have any part of it. Of course, your ideas are always best—the others have such duds. Of course, your opinion carries the most weight—you speak it loud enough to drown out everybody else's. And you speak so emphatically you convince 'em too. Everything has to be done your way, or else. That's why some good ball players are still bushers. Holding out on the big league as though the team would collapse without them. You try the holdout game and you'll find yourself back in the sandlot. And all alone too!

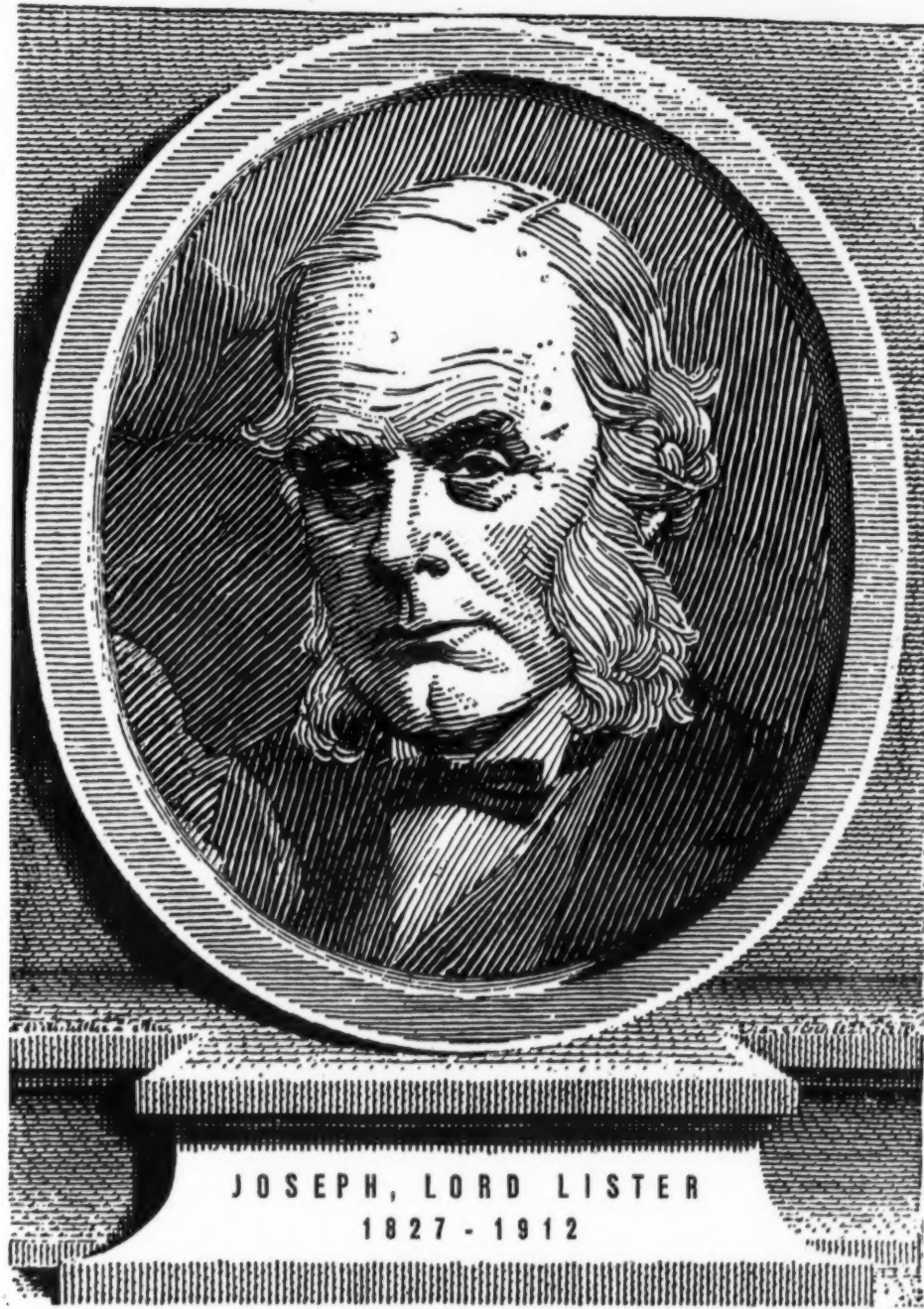
GET IN THE BIG LEAGUE of Sub-Debs who know their way around, are easy to look at and fun to play with. Send to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for the free list of Sub-Deb booklets, No. 1695. Get hep to the technique that'll make you a big-timer! And send 5 cents for the June issue of The Scoop, the Sub-Debs' very own newspaper! Ask for No. 1952.

STEAL A BASE Sure, go ahead and hug tight to first base if you want to stay there all afternoon. Keep one toe safely nailed to the bag, so you won't get caught off. But that's no way to win a ball game. Now and then you have to do a quick sprint when no one's looking—then slide, Kitty, slide, to be safe. And that's stepping out, and making a try, and taking a chance. But if you make it—you're one whole base nearer home!

TWO-BAGGER There's no biting of fingernails when you step up to bat. The team knows you won't strike out. They also know you won't hit a homer. You're just one of those pleasant people it's nice to have around. You're not the one who keeps them in stitches—but you have a jolly laugh. You're not the one who dreams up all the crazy things to do—but you are ready for a good time any time. You're not the one people turn to look at—but neither would you stop the town-hall clock. You're one of those you-can-always-count-on-me girls—and a valuable addition to the team. Fans don't beg your autograph. But it's funny how your team usually wins.

So you're up to bat, Kitty. Play ball!

The Sub-Deb ★ By Elizabeth Woodward



THE FATHER OF ANTISEPTIC SURGERY

*In service more
than 60 years*



*The safe antiseptic
and germicide*

and the antiseptic which was named for him



*Happy Feet for
Happy Days...*

Buy shoes with **BUILT-IN FIT** —it pays!
Keep Growing Feet Happy!

School days! Play days! They're all happy days—to boys and girls with healthy feet. It's up to you to protect and prolong this youthful foot happiness.

When you buy shoes, consider more than looks alone. Be sure of hidden quality. Insist on BUILT-IN FIT and give soft, childish bones the support they need—for the long life of the shoes.

It's the 10-way BUILT-IN FIT

of Poll-Parrot and Star Brand Shoes that assures *hidden quality and extra reinforcements—lasting fit—long wear—enduring good looks—real economy*. Boys and girls like the grown-up smartness of Poll-Parrot or Star Brand Shoes. Make today a happy day for them!

Roberts, Johnson & Rand, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



Help
Uncle Sam!
Buy U. S. War
Bonds and
Stamps

10-WAY BUILT-IN FIT

1. Room for growing toes
2. Correlated heel-to-ball fit
3. No binding insteps
4. Age-conforming arches
5. Ankle-hugging top lines
6. Snug, pear-shaped heels
7. Straight-tread lasts
8. Free-action flexibility
9. Soft, durable uppers
10. Selected long-wearing soles

Poll-Parrot

AND

STAR BRAND SHOES

with BUILT-IN FIT for Boys and Girls



Our Readers Write Us

Our Reverse English Letter

McCordsville, Indiana.

Dear Editor: I have long cherished an ambition to have something printed in the L.H.J.—preferably a story, but failing that, a letter at least. Now I realize how utterly simple it's going to be. All I have to do is go to England. Then, no matter what I write, I can relax with perfect confidence that I will see my efforts in print. You surely have issued blanket instructions to your editorial staff: "If it's from England—print it." Otherwise how does such uninteresting drivel find its place in your pages? I refer, specifically, to the letter from Helen Robertson, but frankly I am also getting pretty weary of Dorothy Black, Ruth Drummond, et al.

We know that the English people are suffering in this war, but so also are the Chinese, the Russians, the French, the Greeks, the Belgians, the Dutch, even the bewildered and nonbelligerent inhabitants of the Solomon Islands. So if you must print these misery missives, spread it out—don't concentrate on the English.

I recently left a good office job in the city, where the pay was something over Miss Robertson's "four pounds ten," to work on a farm, because I feel that this is where I can do the most good. I work long hours. I feed stock, milk, churn, cook, scrub and sew. I have a dog named Josephine and I have not had a cold all winter.

No, I don't think anyone gives a tinker's dam, but I thought I'd make one try from this side of the Atlantic.

Your reader,
IRENE PERKINS.

Feel better now? ED.

Day in the Life of a WIN

Buffalo, New York.

Dear Editors: The women of the United States should have known that LADIES' HOME JOURNAL would be the first to applaud the 20,000,000 American housewives and their teen-age daughters, and, as one of those 20,000,000, may I extend my appreciation for your article giving this huge unacclaimed army the title of "WINS"?

Being the proud mother of a precious four-months-old daughter, keeper of a six-room house, and cook and bottle washer for two hungry men, I feel qualified to know how tired and discouraged this big army gets and how heart-warming it is to be acclaimed for all the little monotonous tasks we do that are never seen, yet are so very important to the happiness of a home and the health of defense workers.

We're 20,000,000 strong, and with Mrs. Douglas as our Honorary National Chairman—we can't lose! Sincerely,
MRS. CHARLOTTE G. FLEURY.

P.S.: Would it be possible to make up small WINS buttons for us to brag about?

The JOURNAL decided no buttons, no badges for WINS—just hard work. ED.

To Squeal or Not to Squeal

Newton Highlands, Massachusetts.

Dear Editor: It seems to me that there is a moral issue involved in the matter of reporting anyone who chisels. Either it is or it is not the right thing to do, if one is sure of one's facts, and whether or not one is in an important position has no bearing.

In her column, Mrs. Roosevelt's answer would lead one to believe that a mere nobody would not be listened to and would be wasting his time, but an official, with connections, could do something about chiseling. I would hate to think that our Government had reached such a state—it smacks of totalitarianism, not of democracy.

Very truly yours,
HELEN J. STETSON.

Don't Cut it Out

Kensington, Maryland.

Dear Sirs: Having just seen your notice in the February LADIES' HOME JOURNAL about limited supplies on the newsstands

in future, I am hastening to subscribe. I used to do this, as my mother did before me, but came a time when I was traveling a good deal and it seemed easier to buy it.

If you charged a dollar a copy for your magazine, it still would be cheap—for the pleasure, profit, instruction and morale boost its every issue gives.

If you have to, "cut it down"—but please don't "cut it out!"

Most sincerely,

MRS. BONNIE VON STEINER.

So limited are copies that newsstand sales are necessarily restricted. Old subscribers, renewing, miss no copies. ED.

From a Marine to His Mother

Dear Mother: I just got your letter saying that you almost burst into tears when you saw a marine private on Forty-second Street. If I could only give you the strength, mother. You showed your real spirit when daddy went, by making a great effort to carry on with what he had done. You did it because you felt that you had to make a life and a home for you and me—a new home in place of the old one that suddenly disintegrated with the departure of my best friend and father and your man, the one we both loved above all else. You have done a splendid job.

I realize now what a torture your life must have been since that awful day in January. But, mother, this is a time in history that has brought torture into every home. All over the world mothers cry at night. All over the world boys like myself are sad. But, toots, we are all coming back someday. Some of us will not come back physically, but we will all see the fruits of our efforts and the rewards of our sacrifices. Those who are lucky enough to see home again will know again the happiness that comes from a peace that we, at least my generation, had so long taken for granted. Those who don't come back will watch the lucky ones from eternity and be satisfied.

None of us are afraid. There is nothing to be afraid of. There is music, peace and happiness in that other world our religion teaches us is there. We will be together again someday, whether it be here or in the world to come.

Wherever I am, my heart is always with you. My thoughts are always of you. Let the fact that I love and worship you for your splendid courage and patience be a comfort to you whenever you feel my absence. Remember that, like "Big Louds," I am always with you.

Good night, mommie,
"LOUDS."

Candy for a Child

Haslemere,
Surrey, England.

Dear Mrs. Gould: Thank you so much for the lovely boxes of choctales you sent us. They are so good. We have one every Sunday so that they last longer.

With much love from

VIRGINIA.

Sent to the little daughter of Mollie Panter-Downes, who helped your editors gather British Women at War material in England. "Choctales" is a child's spelling for chocolates. ED.

Dorothy Likes American Bomber

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I hate to think of you suffering a coffee shortage. It seems to be the one thing we have plenty of at the moment, and yet I don't suppose I can send you any. I must ask.

I love to think of you two bowling merrily along on the old bicycle. Cycling is all very well if you have a reliable climate, but you know what ours is. You leave home in brilliant sunshine that looks like it was going to last for weeks, and by noon a blizzard has set in.

We also have a frightful array of new sins you can commit without knowing

(Continued on Page 12)



Making plans to Win his Heart?



It's a gala date! He's your extra-special hero! You start the evening with a refreshing shower or bath, but you don't stake *all* on that! One step more—one quick, easy safeguard is needed to make sure of charm—to prevent risk of underarm odor in the hours *to come!*



You know a way to stay appealing—you use Mum after your bath. It takes only half a minute, yet Mum keeps freshness lasting all evening long. It prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes.



Romance is in the groove for a lovely partner like you. The evening is thrilling—he hates to see it end. And your luck doesn't leave you, though you've danced and danced. Mum still keeps you fresh and appealing! No wonder romance flowers in his heart!



Make sure of your charm! Every day, after every bath, use Mum!

FOR A BRIGHT beginning and a happy ending to your days and evenings—make Mum after your bath your rule for charm! *Quick Mum* takes only 30 seconds to apply. Everyone likes Mum's speed and certainty—Mum won't let daintiness down all day or all

evening. Millions of women prefer Mum's *dependability* and gentleness. You can use Mum even after underarm shaving—even after you're dressed. When you're in a hurry—there's still time to use *convenient Mum*. Insure your charm! Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum has ideal qualities for this purpose—it's so gentle, dependable, non-irritating, safe!

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol Myers



Pequot pays a tribute to
SOLDIERS IN HOUSEDRESSES



Be proud—if your "uniform" is a housedress!

WHEN a great nation goes to war, many must serve at home. Our children must grow up sturdily. Meals must be prepared—from less food. Clothes must be provided—but fewer new ones.

These are your problems. And you've buckled to them with the courage and patriotism of the fightingest soldier.

More foods rationed? You're planting Victory gardens, studying nutrition charts, canning, preserving.

More and more Pequots going to soldiers? You'll guard yours more vigilantly, wash and iron them more carefully.

To Pequot, as well, have come new problems. Not sheets alone—but many other fabrics are needed by our fighting forces.

Fortunately, Pequot has had long, long experience in weaving sturdy fabrics. This

skill we rejoice to place at the country's disposal. More than we'd have thought possible a year or so ago, Pequot has expanded production.

Still—some Pequots for you

Some Pequots for home use are still being made. If you must buy sheets, you'll want Pequots more than ever. Because more than ever you need the extraordinary wear in which Pequot specializes.

Pequot is conscious of your needs—proud of your confidence—determined to serve you to the limit of our capacity.

War or no war, the quality of Pequot sheets remains the same.

PEQUOT MILLS, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

BUY ONLY NECESSITIES—
 and the first and the greatest necessity to invest in, for our future safety, is—
WAR BONDS.



PEQUOT  **SHEETS**

(Continued from Page 10)

anything about it. For if you start trying to take a bunch of daffodils and some violets to your old Aunt Fanny in Westminster, you will probably land in prison before you know where you are, for this has become a criminal offense! From time to time all the latest criminal offenses are given out on the wireless, and there are so many that it's a wonder indeed more of us aren't in prison. Due, probably, to a certain discretion left in the hands of those who administer the law. Like the policeman who hauled me to the curb for not having my car license visible. And as he licked it and put it up in the proper place for me, said, "Why, you don't know the trouble you *might* get into, for doing a thing like this. Five pounds or fourteen days at least. Good morning."

The awful explosions we've been hearing aren't bombs at all, as it turns out. They are lovely old farms and cottages just like this one, being blown sky high, to get them out of the way to make more and more airfields for the millions of American planes whirring overhead and waiting to get down. Sad in a way, but not uninspiring.

Love to you both,
 DOROTHY BLACK.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: We are just emerging from one of those incredibly noisy nights that occur from time to time, when nothing much happens but it seems as if at any moment something might. Most of it was things being discarded by their owners, who had no further use for same, as they were being violently chased away from London. I don't think I ever remember a more noisy night, but most of the bombs fell in fields, and even cows are getting accustomed to this sort of thing, and don't give up their idea of becoming mothers, like they once did over it.

Beatrice, a box of candy so glorious it has partially stunned me has just arrived. We don't see things like that nowadays. I feel it ought not to be eaten, but kept as a museum piece. But daughter June, home on a day's leave, has quite other ideas, and after the first incredulous "Are they *real!*" she fell to with a will. I didn't know one *could* get so excited over candy, till I lifted that tissue-paper bed-cover off the front layer. I can't even begin to thank you. All and sundry go off bearing one—just one—wrapped in a piece of paper. Like part of the crown jewels. The girl who does my typing said she was going to keep hers on the mantelshelf for a day or so.

Through the girl who does my typing, I am coming to know something of the little private Calvary of having a baby in wartime. This is her first, and it is arriving sometime in April. She is so young and pretty, and she is all alone. The only complaint I have heard her make is that the official list of garments needed by an infant must have been drawn up by either a young bachelor or an elderly spinster. The same thing struck me when I read it. It seems to go on the scheme of one on and one off. A pretty idea, to those unacquainted with the ways of infants and the lack of drying accommodation in small flats and little houses without gardens.

And when her hour comes, there is no husband to drive her down to the nursing home. There is no car. "I'll be able to walk that far," she says cheerfully, and indeed it is not more than a quarter of a mile. Still, some of us might think that far enough, in the middle of the night. Especially during a night like last night.

Her husband isn't at all sure he'll get leave to come and see her. The little nursing home can't keep her as long as she really ought to stay. She will just go back to her little flat, all alone with her baby. No domestic help is available, even to those who can pay through the nose for it. Kind friends will help where they can, but all are kept good and busy anyhow. There it is. She will "manage somehow."

Later. The Hospitality people from the Washington Club rang me on Friday: would I take a young bomber sergeant for the week end? So down he came, looking so young I would have thought twice about letting him drive my car, before the war. However, as he's been in on all the Berlin raids, maybe I'll have to change my mind. These boys are usually scared of accepting hospitality in English homes, but it seems to have answered all right in this case. It's Wednesday, and he's still here!

He's such a nice boy, and keeps us amused with tales of the bomber pigeon called Air-borne Joe, who has his own oxygen mask. He says he's going to get Air-borne Joe fixed up with a red rear light, so that when they get lost they can throw him out and follow him home. He just sits by the fire reading, or messes around the garden or comes riding, and seems as if he'd known us all for months. One of the things that touch me is the way he talks of his mother. She might be his best girl. He's planning all the things he's going to take back to her as presents. They are darlings, your boys. But it's all boloney to say we speak the same language. I took him over to see my mother-in-law, who lives at the other side of the county. She said, "What a nice boy, dear. But I can't understand a word he says."

London is in the throes of its Wings for Victory campaign. You buy a savings stamp, and stick it on a large bomb to be dropped later on, someplace in Germany. They should have three bombs in a row, labeled Berlin, Ruhr and Hamburg, and let people take their choice. It would be a good way of making a sort of Gallup Poll of public sentiment.

Love to you both, and more thanks than I know how to say, for that *candy*.
 DOROTHY.

P.S. Your last letter was marked DAMAGED BY SEA WATER, so it had been places.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: This is the time of year when I don't want to do any work! I want to mess around and put up clean curtains. To go out into the garden and rake and dig and plant things—pastimes which, in my life, come under the heading of play. I want to plan out the hens' love lives for them and arrange a nursery for Bertha, who is sitting on some eggs but will have a nasty surprise, as they are ducks'. Oh, how I would like to be just a housewife instead of a breadwinner, these sunny days when spring is in the air. Useless hope. Installment six is waiting.

It doesn't often happen I hate my job. Just now and again. It usually means one needs a tonic. But I can remember how, when I went out to Burma as a young bride, I sometimes wished I had never started it. When men said to their wives, "Now, Myrtle dear, here is Dorothy making four pounds ten a month writing stories; why don't you do something useful?" it wasn't too good. I lost many friends. Later on, you don't care. You get hardened and cunning. Once when people accused me of writing stories about them, I was cut to the quick. This is one of an author's greatest bugbears, as every writer knows, because one never has written about them. But you can't invent a name too unlikely for some mother to have given it to her child, and that's a fact. Now, I just say, "Tell me quite honestly. Which would you choose, Mr. Blurb—five thousand pounds or my friendship?" So far the answer has always been the same, and I say that is what I feel too.

Later. A bomb falling quite a way away has cracked the porch. This is extremely annoying, as it is impossible these days to get anyone to mend anything. Mr. Port is worn to a shadow pedaling madly from here to there on jobs, rushing around with his handcart. You simply can't call him in for a thing like a crack. In other days, you called for help if a bit of plaster fell. Now you wait till the whole ceiling comes down. I did ask Mr. Port to do something for me at Christmas, and he said he would but he had only one pair of hands, one bicycle and one handcart. I can hardly hope he has grown another pair yet. So I regard the crack and wonder if I could do anything with putty.

Later. Monica Long is out of hospital. She went by yesterday with all her pretty curls cut short, and a sort of pink shield on her head where the shrapnel made a hole in her skull. Otherwise she seems quite recovered. Her mother says it has left her "a bit nervous"—poor baby. I didn't tell her about the doll that is on the way for her, just in case it goes down, but I told her mother, who was delighted and said Monica would write a letter of thanks herself. There is another little girl lives next door, who was in the same blitz, and also got hurt, but not so badly. The second doll, if it comes, will go to her. This will be nice for the dolls themselves, as

(Continued on Page 121)



The Professor wasn't so Absent-minded after all!

...HE CONVINCED ME EVEN A MAN CAN BE HANDY AROUND A DISHPAN



1 Maybe it's thinking of big, important things that makes my college-professor husband forget the little things. But for me—so many *little* things are important! Like my soap for dishwashing. The mild bar soap I've been trying is gentle to my hands, all right—but so *slow* to give suds! And with my war work and all, I've no time to waste!

Good-bye, slow bar soaps!



2 So—I changed to my strong granulated washday soap for dishes. It was a whirlwind sudser, all right! But the strong dirt removers in it made my hands red and rough. The ladies who came to my War Bond booth looked shocked at my hands—and my husband, examining them through his reading glass, pronounced them a *distressing* sight!

Good-bye, strong washday soaps!



3 "I seem to remember," said my husband, "some woman praising the soap she used for her stockings as being fast, yet gentle. Wasn't that *you*, my love? And the soap was Ivory Snow!" Bless my not-so-absent-minded husband! I'm using Ivory Snow for my dishes now. It's just the thing for these busy days—Ivory-pure and mild, so it's gentle to my hands . . . made in granulated "snowdrops," so I know it's lightning fast for suds!



WONDERFUL IVORY SNOW IS AS SAFE FOR YOUR HANDS AS THE MILDEST BAR SOAP, BUT FAR FASTER...AND IT'S AS FAST AS THE STRONGEST GRANULATED SOAP, BUT FAR SAFER!



Why not be as kind to your hands as you are to your undies?

• Lady, be wise! You know how Ivory Snow helps protect your nice washables—yet how *fast* these granulated "snowdrops" are to make suds. Isn't this just what you need for hands that spend up to 2 weeks a year washing dishes? Change to wonderful Ivory Snow—it's both *speedy* and *safe*!

99% PURE

IVORY SNOW For Speedier Dishwashing



For Snow-White Hands

Armour ideas make the most of meat

A week's delicious dinners with meat points to spare

These thrifty, appetizing meat meals come within the point allowance for a family of 4.

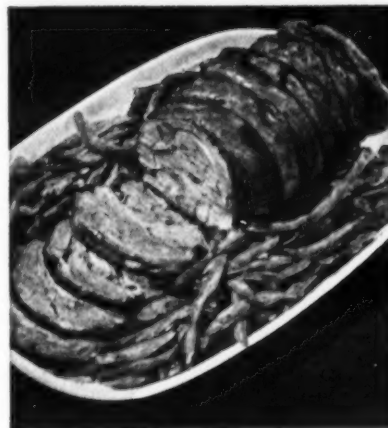
You have to get along on less meat now, because of the huge quantities going to our fighting forces. But you don't have to get downhearted about it. You can keep even the "meat-eatingest" family happy and satisfied all week long with carefully planned meals like these.

We worked them out in our Armour kitchens—and they're really practical. The total of 7½ lbs. of meat in these recipes comes within the point allowance for a

family of 4—leaving you enough points for butter, shortening and margarine as well as the cheese needed for Friday's dinner.

Watch for these Armour recipes, and save them. They not only show how to make popular meats go further, but also how to make plentiful meats taste good—so they'll be welcomed by your family.

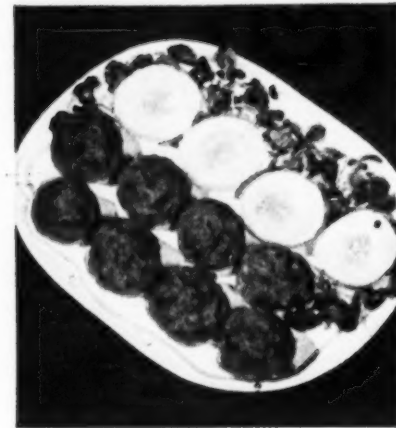
Remember, when trying these recipes, they are planned for 4 persons. You can easily adjust them for any family size. You'll find you can make more of your meat by planning meals a week at a time this way instead of from day to day.



Sunday 3 Pounds' Meat, Boned
(or buy 4 lbs. bone-in. Save bones for stock.)
LAMB SHOULDER ROAST
Currant Barbecue Sauce

Rub 3 lbs. boned, rolled shoulder of Star Lamb with 1 tablespoon salt and ¼ tsp. pepper. Place on rack in pan. Roast uncovered in 325° F. oven for 35 minutes per pound. During last hour baste frequently with:

Barbecue Sauce: Melt 2 tablespoons Cloverbloom Butter, ½ cup currant jelly. Add 2 tablespoons vinegar and ½ teaspoon dry mustard. Serve additional sauce with roast. This delicious roast is a fine Sunday dinner for 4—with enough left over for Tuesday's curry dinner.



Monday 1 Pound Meat
HAM BALLS
with Broiled Peaches

¾ lb. ground Star Ham shank
¼ lb. ground lean pork
¾ cup crushed cornflakes
1 tablespoon brown sugar
¼ teaspoon cloves
¾ cup Armour's Evaporated Milk
1 Cloverbloom Egg
4 canned peach halves
1 tsp. Cloverbloom Butter or margarine

Mix cereal, sugar, cloves, milk, egg and ground meats. Shape into 8 balls. Place in flat open pan. Bake in 350° F. oven 20 minutes. Dot cupside of peaches with butter. Place in pan under broiler for 10 minutes. Serves 4.



Tuesday (Use leftover Sunday roast)
LAMB CURRY ON RICE
(leftover)

1½ cups cubed cold lamb
2 tbsps. Cloverbloom Butter or margarine
¾ cup chopped onion
¼ cup green pepper (if desired)
¼ cup diced celery
1 clove garlic
1 tsp. curry powder
1½ teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon Worcestershire Sauce
2 cups stock (made from lamb bones)
2 tablespoons flour

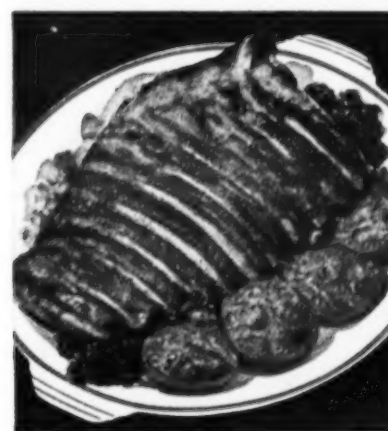
Brown the onion, pepper, celery, garlic in fat. Add the meat, curry powder, salt, Worcestershire Sauce and stock. Cook for about 30 minutes over slow heat. To thicken, mix flour with ¼ cup cold water and add to mixture. Cook for 10 minutes more. Serve in a ring of boiled rice. Serves 4 people.



Wednesday 1 Pound Meat
LIVER PATTIES

1 lb. pork liver
¾ cup chopped onions
1 Cloverbloom Egg
1½ teaspoons salt
¾ cup dry bread crumbs
3 tablespoons fat

Place liver in hot water for 10 minutes, grind coarsely. Mix with onion, egg, salt and bread crumbs. Form into 8 small patties, about ¾ inches thick. Brown in fat, 6 minutes per side. Too long cooking will develop a strong flavor. Serves 4. Place buttered carrots, green beans, peas or spinach in center of chop plate and surround with liver patties. The egg, onion and bread crumbs help to modify the liver flavor. This is an especially nutritive dish, because liver is the richest of all meats in vitamins. Moreover, it's a hearty, rich-flavored meat that gets a big welcome from men.

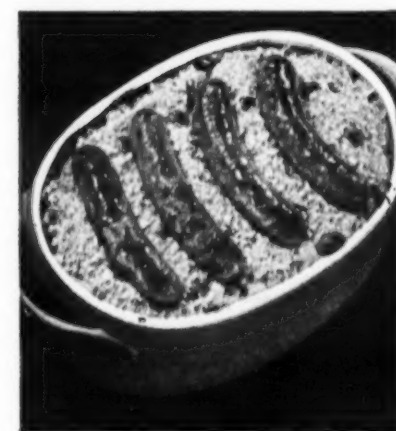


Thursday 1½ Pounds Meat
SPARERIBS—Celery Stuffing

1 side spareribs (1½ lbs.)
2 tbsps. Cloverbloom Butter or drippings
¾ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped celery
2 cups soft bread cubes
½ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon pepper

Brown onions in fat. Add celery, bread cubes, salt, pepper and ½ cup water. Place dressing in baking pan and cover with seasoned spareribs. Bake uncovered in 350° F. oven for 1½ to 2 hours. Serves 4. Serve with broiled tomatoes.

Friday ½ lb. Cheese
Hard cooked eggs, baked in cream sauce to which ¼ cup of Cloverbloom grated cheese is added for every 4 servings. Top with bread crumbs.



Saturday 1 Pound Meat
STAR PORK SAUSAGE
Corn Casserole

1 lb. Star Pork Sausage—links or patties
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup fine cracker crumbs
1 No. 2 can whole kernel corn
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper

Fry pork sausage 10 minutes. Measure 3 tablespoons sausage fat, add flour and stir in milk to form white sauce. Season. Alternate layers of crumbs, corn, sauce and sausage in casserole. Sprinkle with green pepper. Cover with more crumbs mixed with 3 tablespoons sausage fat and top with 4 whole sausages. Bake 30 minutes in 350° F. oven. Serves 4. Men especially like this hearty, satisfying dish.



For finest quality and flavor, ask for Armour's Branded Products:

- Star Ham and Bacon
- Star Beef, Lamb, Veal
- Star Sausages
- Star Canned Meats
- Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

Armour and Company

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN JUNE, 1893, Lizzie Borden was acquitted of the murder of her parents in Fall River, Massachusetts, and in Washington the Ford Opera House collapsed, killing twenty-one clerks of the War Office Pension Division. Matinee idol Joseph Jefferson fell sick with indigestion, and President Cleveland was worried over Chicago's financial crisis.

"Women drive outrageously," protests H. C. Merwin in the June, 1893, JOURNAL. "To twitch the reins, to jerk them to make the horse go, is about as bad a fault as can be committed in driving and a favorite habit among women."



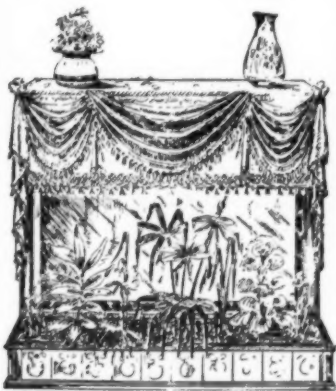
"Belle: To make a properly shaped umbrella skirt, six yards of double-width material are required."

"A fancy which cannot be commended," disapproves fashion leader Isabel Mallon, "is wearing colored gloves with black costumes."

Home wedding: "If the bride is called Rose, Lily or Violet, her name blossom should be prominent in the decorations. A 'black-eyed Susan' can be surrounded by her namesakes, and a Margaret by her daisies."

"Sophie: Wear a large fancy straw hat, as small hats are passé."

"If you come to the Chicago Exposition with \$50 for a two weeks' stay," advises the JOURNAL, "you will have \$10 left over for an emergency fund."



Unless you are a very hearty eater, a dollar a day should cover breakfast, a light lunch and a good dinner."

"Olive: I do not think it in good taste to send a young man a present, even though he has given you some valuable autographs."

Home furnishings: "Attach a square mirror to the back of your upright piano, and against it a jardiniere of flowers to reflect prettily. Drape the top with gimp, or cord-ball fringe. Very effective!"

"A.S.D.: A man should, of course, raise his hat to his wife if he happens to meet her on the street."

Journal About Town

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.



Josef Stalin (actor Manart Kippen) chats with Bette Davis.

Eleanor Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie are helping to sponsor a unique commemoration of Russia's "Pearl Harbor Day," June twenty-second, in which anyone may join who'd like to send a personal greeting to these Allies. Say you're a mother of two boys in the service, and you'd like to write to and hear from a Russian mother your age with two sons in the Red army; well, you send the letter, so marked, to the Russian War Relief here, which will see to its delivery and facilitate an answer. **Bette Davis**, who's chatting in the picture here with **Manart Kippen**, who plays Stalin in Mission to Moscow, is writing to a Russian actress. **Raymond Massey** has written to a Red army major, **Helen Hayes** to a twenty-six-year-old woman coal miner, **Walter Duranty** to a film director, and **William Saroyan** to a dead soldier. Mrs. R. and Mr. W. are writing too.

At the annual illustrators' show recently, **Frank Eltonhead** tells us how they all stood up to sing The Star-Spangled Banner, and how above all that lustily vocal masculine audience one voice stood out as if the others were only humming. Turned out to be **Laurence Tibbett's**.

Martha Raye, who's been entertaining the troops in North Africa, told **Louise Benjamin**, on her way through here to Hollywood, that she lost twenty-two pounds over there behind the lines; her voice, too, for a time, and once, in an air raid, practically all her clothes. Under fire eight times, she said, not counting when her plane was attacked by two Nazi fighters. Told Louise the Yank morale was marvelous, but our men would like more entertainment, and many more letters from home. And a soldier, writing home, spoke of Martha's morale—how, practically under attack, with no more protection than an old piano, she said, "What the heck, we're all in this war. Why shouldn't I be up here?" . . . "What are your plans?" asked Louise. . . . "Well, I've got to finish



Souvenirs from North Africa.

a picture," said Martha, "then I want to go straight back to the front!" And she has **General Eisenhower's** fervent invitation.

Kay Francis came back, too, from the same gallant expedition, and when we asked her what the weather was like in Morocco and Algiers, she told us she'd worn long underwear for the first time in her life—which just about took care of our question.

The honorary chairman of the WINS in Minnesota has this not quite in common with the thirty-five state chairmen signed up as we go to press: she's the wife of **Harold E. Stassen**—now Ex-Governor Lieut.enant Commander Stassen; has also war duties with the Red Cross; takes full charge of year-and-a-



Mrs. S. bakes a batch of cookies.

half-old Kathleen and Glen, aged seven, a young ornithologist; does the housework and cooking on the maid's day off; gardens and cans. All in all, one of the busier WINS. . . . By the way, there won't be a governor's wife WINS chairman from Tennessee—the chief executive there's a bachelor.

We made a mistake here several months ago, and **George A. Palmer**, superintendent of the Statue of Liberty, lost no time in telling us that not only are visitors allowed during the war but that January this year was far and away the best January they ever had.

A friend of **Wilhelm Cushman's**, in from the South Pacific, asked, "Whom do you think I saw out there? **Bob Montgomery**—getting over the dengue fever he got at Guadalcanal, and his hair a little gray, but very becoming." But he's back here now.

Guess what's by far the favorite dish all over the country at USO canteens and kitchens, according to **William Powell**, here at headquarters. . . . Spaghetti.

Among the French tars who've added to the spring tang of the streets around here is **René Fabre**, master harmonica player of the battleship Richelieu, to whom New



Harmonica virtuosos Fabre, Adler.

York meant one man alone—**Larry Adler**, of course, the incomparable virtuoso of René's instrument. So we brought them together at Mr. A.'s apartment, where they did some duets and chattered back and forth in French, René's English being not much more than "Yowsah," which he picked up at the Stage Door Canteen. And that's what he kept saying as he left Larry's apartment, harmonica in hand—"Yowsah!"

Tang, too, is what the French sailors brought to the big party **Mrs. Vincent Astor** gave for servicemen over at the Pierre, when they introduced their kiss-on-the-carpet dance—one of those circular things, where you take turns with a little rug, choosing a partner for what takes place in the picture. The dance, as you can imagine, has caught right on.



They call this dancing!

"Victory in this war is the first and greatest goal before us. Victory in the peace is the next."

—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

My name is Marybelle

I am $\frac{3}{4}$ of 1 year old

I taught this big girl

how to look prettier...



ONE AFTERNOON SHE DROPPED IN—when I was having my beauty bath with Ivory Soap. She smiled at me sorta wistfully and said, "If I only had a perfect complexion like yours, Marybelle, I know he'd..." I waved my lovely white cake of Ivory at her and said, "Glub... dabo... figg!" Of course I meant, "Ask Doctor!" She caught on.



MY DOCTOR TOLD HER to change to gentle complexion care. He said my pure, mild Ivory Soap cleanses *safely* because it contains no coloring, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating. No wonder more doctors advise Ivory Soap for me *and* adults than all other brands together! She took the tip. Smart girl!



THE ENSIGN LIKES HER LOVELIER, new complexion so *much* that he made sure she'd wait for him by making her Mrs. Ensign before he left! She introduced me to him... my, he's handsome! But I can't understand how she got my name wrong. She knows it's always been Marybelle. Then why should she introduce me to him as Cupid? Maybe my telling her about Ivory had something to do with it...!

99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % Pure... It floats

Look lovelier...with

pure, mild **IVORY SOAP**



advised by more Doctors than all other brands together

There is a way to get beneath the awful finality of a husband's going off to the war.



SINCE YOU WENT AWAY

MY DARLING: You've been gone only a few hours and already the house is waiting for you. I came back from the station in the rain—the children still in town—and began putting away our life together to make room for the new one alone. First, your room. All the clothes to be sorted and hung somewhere else so that the anonymous stranger who lives there will have an anonymous place to move into. Your books, your pictures, your special ash tray—I put them all in different corners of the house so he wouldn't know about us. I did it deliberately and slowly, trying not to think. As if you'd gone on a trip and would be back next month; as if I were getting ready for a guest.

The smell of your cigarette was still in the air, your morning papers on the bed, the ticket stubs from last night: all the little things that mattered yesterday. But it wasn't till I picked up the shirt you'd worn this morning that the feel of you was unbearable. Then the station and the rain and all that long hour of waiting was back again, between us forever and not to be wiped out. I stood there holding the shirt, thinking it must go in the laundry. But I couldn't put it there; I couldn't even lay it down.

And that's what it was like. Except that no words can get down to the awful unreality and finalness of it, the knowledge in one's mind, still unaccepted by the senses. That you, the best-natured (Continued on Page 122)

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THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL

By Margaret Buell Wilder



*First
House
Party*

She had ten wonderful minutes before she knew that no one was going to cut in. And then she wanted to be anywhere else on earth except in Todd's arms. ★ ★ By Nancy Tilus

ASLEEP, she dreamed the kiss and, waking, found it still on her mouth. It was a strange and troubling dream and one that came to her often lately. A beautiful and terrible dream that frightened and delighted her. No one had ever kissed Leith except in games at parties, and then she turned her smooth, soft cheek to take it. Yet in the dream it was more vivid than memory. She was in the dark somewhere and there was a boy—a formless boy with a kaleidoscopic face. When she tried to remember what he had looked like, she could not. But she could recall the kiss, warm and real.

She lay awake now with her eyes shut. Part of her wanted to return to the dream, and the other part wanted to leap from the bed into the sharp cool air of the room and banish it. Yet it was becoming harder to dispel it with rising. And she was beginning to be sure, in her waking moments, of who the boy was, even though his face was always in shadow.

Todd Landis.

It's Todd. I know it. Her fifteen-year-old heart beat the message excitingly to her brain. *When you dream the same thing three times it comes true, and I've dreamed it a lot more times than that.*

Todd Landis was seventeen and in military school. He looked so tall in his uniform, and his eyes were the color of smooth gray stones—the kind with bits of mica gleaming in them. His short, light hair made her think of a field of wheat with the sun upon it.

It was at the beach this past summer that she had first known that one boy could be different from all other boys. Before this summer she had worshiped heroes—Tyron Power—but she had not realized a hero could be someone she would meet.

When she kept her eyes shut she could believe that someday Todd would kiss her. She could forget that he was away in school and there would be no chance to see him until Christmas; that he went with Sue Tressler, who was dark and beautiful and older; that he had been no more aware of Leith than he was of the sand gnats. Until that night at the club dance when Sue was playing up to a visiting ensign. He'd been mad that night and he'd come to the table where Leith sat and asked her to dance.

He had danced her once around the room and he had said, "You're a cute kid, Leith."

After that night he stopped and talked to her when they met, and one afternoon when Sue had another date he took her sailing.

Maybe he'll call me up. Perhaps she had some strange, elusive quality which would draw him to her. Some charm of which she was not herself aware.

She heard a creaking and rustling at the window, and opened her eyes abruptly. Her sister, Bunny, was kneeling on the old wicker chair with the acute angles of her elbows resting on the sill. A telescope was pressed to one eye, and the other eye was squinted so tightly that her black lashes all but rested against her cheekbones. Two long braids of Indian-black hair fell over her thin shoulders and lay in parallel brush strokes on her pajamaed back.

LEITH propped herself up in bed, her chin in her hand. "What're you looking at, Bun?"

Bunny did not turn. "Sh-h—sh-h. Someone's in the garden. It's a little man with a black mustache and a hat down over his eyes."

Little more than a year ago Leith would have raced to the window to peer with Bunny at the little man with the mustache, convinced as she was of his existence. Now she knew Bunny was inventing him, and it was only to please her she went to the window.

"Where is he?"

"Gone," Bunny said sadly. "He ran away. He was a spy."

"Oh, Bunny, there wasn't really a man, was there?"

Bunny brought down the telescope and looked at her in shocked and reproachful amazement. Leith had broken the unwritten covenant, the unspoken word—never to admit the make-believe. "Gee, what's the matter with you, Leith? You don't play spies any more. And you said you'd never wear stockings and

you do. And you don't even like Wallace Beery. You want to see those sloppy love pictures. *I won't ever wear stockings or high heels. I'll never like love pictures.*" She shot out of the chair and plunged into her untidy closet, hunting her dungarees and shirt. She had gone, her sneakered feet quick on the stairs, before Leith had started to dress.

Leith was suddenly miserable. She and Bunny were no longer close as they had been. She saw her sister as through a glass wall—clear but unapproachable. She sensed that it had something to do with the dream—she was changing, and the dream made her want to change still more. Bunny, at twelve, slept undisturbed by the phantoms which came to Leith.

SHE dressed in gray flannel slacks and a flowered blouse and combed her hair. She took a long while over her hair—it was a fine, untarnished gold. She liked to tip back her head and see it cascade in a sunlit waterfall down her back. Where her body had been wiry and hard as Bunny's, it was now soft and supple. When she lowered her lashes, her blue eyes were misty behind the dark gold skein.

She smiled slowly and thought *I have a Gioconda smile*—and, studying her mouth, remembered the kiss again and turned from the glass in a confusion of memory. *I'm really just pretending it, though. It couldn't happen.*

She came into the dining room and there was a letter at her plate. She stopped, her fingers twisting together and breath shut off. It wouldn't happen—just like that. *It's some kind of a joke.* There was a coat of arms on the envelope: Ballard Military School. And underneath, Todd Landis—Box 284, in sprawled writing. *He wouldn't really write me.*

She sat down, weak and sick, and opened the envelope slowly. She read the letter and laid it down and took it up quickly, afraid it might melt, like a snowflake, and disappear. He'd asked her to come down to a hop. Asked her—Leith—not Sue Tressler. She read the words over and over: "I've been thinking of you a lot since last summer . . . only girl I'm going to ask. . . . Please say you can come."

Bunny had come in with a stack of pancakes and was attacking them with vigor. "What is it? Why do you look that way?"

"Bunny," she said in a hushed voice, "oh, Bunny—Todd Landis asked me to come down to his school for a week end!"

"Oh," Bunny said without interest.

"Mum's got to say I can go." She put the letter into her pocket, against her heart. "She's got to let me."

"What do you want to for? A whole week end having to be dressed up and everything?"

"It's in three weeks," Leith said. "I don't see how I can live that long."

"Three weeks!" Bunny cried. "But that's my party in three weeks. That's the party I couldn't have when I had mumps. That's my party, Leith."

A kid party with a peanut hunt and pin the tail on the donkey—against Todd Landis. "Bunny, this is important!"

Bunny's lip trembled. "You said you'd help me with the games. If you go—if you go, I won't ever speak to you again."

Leith did not see her unhappy face. *Now it's going to come true!*

Almost there. The wheels clacked it. *Almost there.* *Almost there.* The roof of her mouth was dry and her knees were runny. But she sat with her legs crossed and looked out at the bare March landscape. Edith Landis, Todd's sister, who was going down also, sat opposite her, deep in a magazine. Within her gloves, her hands were cold and damp.

At the start of the trip she had felt sophisticated and smart in her new navy suit with the topcoat slung like a cape over her shoulders. But now she felt small and alone and scared. She wished she were home with Bunny. Edith had met two other girls who were also going to Ballard, and Leith had had to tag after the

three, unwanted and silent. They were condescending to her, as to a child. They thought it was "cute" that this was her first week end at a school.

She was afraid. Todd was a strange boy to whom she would not know how to talk. She no longer wanted the dream to come true. She wanted to be at home, in her room and Bunny's, with the pandas on their beds, with all the safe, familiar things. *I wish I hadn't come.*

Todd wasn't there. Edith was greeted by a stocky cadet who kissed her full on the mouth. She said, "Todd will be along in a minute, probably, Leith," and left her. She stood by her suitcase, jostled, deserted. Tears stung at her lids. Suppose he never came? Suppose —

"Hullo." He was before her. Taller, heavier, more tanned. The wind blew back his cape. He smiled at her.

Relief flowed over her and without thinking she cried, "Oh, gosh, I thought you'd broken a leg or something."

He laughed. "Don't tell me you'd care."

"Well—if they had to shoot you," she said and he laughed again. Why—it was easy.

He picked up her bags. "Come on, I've got a room for you in a private house. We've got a heavy schedule. Lunch in the dining room and after that there's the tea dance. The big dance is tomorrow night."

He took her to the house in a taxi and then they walked across the school grounds to the dining hall. She was conscious of his height and his straight military carriage, and the way other girls they passed glanced at him.

She said impulsively, "Oh, I'm so glad I could come."

He grinned down at her. "That's more than a lot of girls would say."

She bit the edge of her tongue. "Shouldn't I have said it?"

"Sure. A fellow likes to know a girl's glad she came on a date with him, but most girls won't give us the satisfaction. You look awfully pretty, Leith. A lot prettier than you did last summer."

"So do you," Leith said. It gave her such a sense of power to be able to make him laugh. To say the right things. She said, "Tell me all about the school and what you do." And that was right too.

He talked at length and eagerly.

"Will you go in the Army when you get out?"

"They couldn't keep me from it."

HE LOOKED so strong and so brave when he said that. A tiny shiver went through her. She saw herself sending him off to war. "I think you're wonderful," she said solemnly.

"Don't kid me." But he had reached down and casually taken her hand and walked along swinging it.

He *did* like her. Later —

It wasn't possible that she could have been so happy then—and so miserable and leaden so short a time after.

She wore a blue velvet dress with lace at the square neck to the tea dance. Todd told her she looked like a princess. He told her she danced just to suit him. She had those first ten minutes before she knew what was going to happen to her.

It wasn't anything big—it was small, and incredibly terrible. No one was going to cut. Just that. No one. There was a line of stags down one side of the room. Leith had gone twice around with Todd when she knew that none of them had seen her or was going to see her.

Slowly a desperation began to creep over her, snakily, squeezing out joy. She could not speak. Her smile froze and faded. She stumbled blindly in Todd's arms. He'd liked her and now he'd hate her. He'd be sorry he asked her. Other girls were laughing, going from one pair of arms to another. Only Leith was ignored. Stuck.

Then she saw Sue Tressler. Todd hadn't said she would be here. (Continued on Page 60)

Leith smiled. "What would you do if there was another girl?" Todd leaned his hand against the wall. "I'd take a poke at him," he said.

IT STARTED out like any Sunday. My sister Deborah and I got up at six. My sister Deborah is ten and has blond hair and blue eyes and pigtails and dimples, which she does not like. I am twelve and have brown hair and brown eyes. We are not supposed to get up until seven.

We looked in to see if our father and mother were still asleep. They were. But after we had looked at them for some minutes, just to make sure, my father woke up enough to say, "Will you for goodness' sake get out of here and stay out and keep quiet!" He says "quiet" going up at the end in kind of a shriek. So we went downstairs.

That made the dogs bark. We keep them in the cellar at night. Two dogs, Dalmatians, they are. One is a puppy. She barks shrill. "Will you for goodness' sake let those dogs out!" my father called. We let them out. They barked outside.

"Why don't we get breakfast ready?" my sister said. We do not have any maid now. Because of the war. We are the new poor, my father says. He is getting bald. In front.

"Let's have pancakes," my sister said.

"No, omelet," I said.

We had oatmeal. It is safer. Deborah made the toast. She makes toast by leaving it until it burns. Then she knows it is done. My father says he knows when breakfast is ready because he can smell the toast burning.

We went upstairs and stood at the door for a minute. "Breakfast is ready," I said cautiously. They did not move any. The windows were open in their room and it was cold. "Breakfast is ready," I said again. We waited some more. Sundays you have to wait. After a while my father groaned and turned over and looked at us.

That is a very important minute. It can decide the whole day. You just keep looking at him and if he winks, finally, then it is going to be a good day. If he does not wink, it is apt to be one of those "have you brushed your teeth—have you cleaned up your room?" days.

This morning he did not wink or do anything for quite a while. He just looked at us as if he were thinking about something. Then he reached out an arm and put it around both our shoulders and said, "You're a pretty good little pair of gals." It worried me. Not what he said, but the way he said it. As if there were something more coming later. There was.

My mother woke up and smiled at us, the way she always does. She is little and has brown hair and she is very pretty. Nothing ever bothers her. At least she does

not show it. We started down to get the oatmeal on the table, and on the way down I heard my mother say:

"Did you tell them?"

And my father said, "Of course not. I just woke up. I'll tell them later."

My sister Deborah heard too. She looked at me and her eyes got very big. "What is he going to tell us?" she said.

"How do I know, silly?" I said. But I did not like it.

We were almost through breakfast when somebody knocked at the back door.

"Michael is here," I said.

Michael is a stubby kind of a man and quite old. He takes care of the place for us, and the heavy work on the ponies. We have two ponies. One is named Gray Mist and she is my sister Deborah's and she is gray, of course, and very quick. She was a cow pony once, and has a brand. My pony is named Spring Folly. My father named her that because he bought her in the spring. He said he had no right to buy another pony, but he always did something foolish in the spring when it got warm and nice. Spring Folly is slate gray and very lovely. She is part Arab. She is about fourteen hands high, and so is Misty. They can both jump beautifully. My sister Deborah and I taught them to jump. Michael helped us. Michael knows a great deal about horses from Ireland. I mean he learned about them in Ireland.

"Good morning, Mrs. Moreton, Mr. Moreton," Michael said. He winked at Debby and me. He is our pal. He has worked for us all our lives. Before that he worked for my father's family. They had a lot of horses. Michael pulled at the front of his hair like he always does, and then he said, "You young'uns ridin' this mornin'?"

WE STARTED to say, "Yes, of course," but my mother said, very quickly, "Not for an hour or so. Your father has something to tell you first." She looked at my father, and he frowned a little. Then he went into his den.

After a while he called to us. We had finished the dishes, Debby and I, and we were scared. We felt funny. Debby's eyes got very big. My father was sitting in front of his desk. He looked very serious. He looks serious most of the time now. Worried too. There were a lot of papers on his desk. And more in the drawers too. I had looked sometimes. On rainy days. In the top drawer were the ones that said "Paid." In the bottom drawer



A MEDAL

were the ones that said "Bill Rendered" usually. There were more in the bottom drawer than in the top drawer. My father looked at Deborah and at me, and we tried to smile at him but we did not do very well. It froze, sort of.

"Look, kids," my father said. He did not seem to be enjoying this. He is not good-looking. Just nice-looking. He has a long face with lines in it and quite brown always. "Look, kids," he began again, "you know there's a war on, don't you?"

We nodded. We knew all right.

"Well," my father said, "when there is a war, you have to give things up. A war costs a lot of money. It is *our* war and we have to pay for it. We *want* to pay for it. So that, someday, we can live again the way we want to."

My father stopped and it was very quiet for a minute. The fire crackled and flared. There was a picture of my father on his big horse, Downright. He had sold the big horse a few months ago.

"When there is a war," my father went on, "there are taxes. Things cost more too. Because there aren't so many people to make them, or materials, and because it is hard to get them to market and because the soldiers need them most. It makes everybody poorer. It makes *us* a lot poorer. So"—my father was speaking very slowly now—"so we have to give things up. Sometimes they are things that we love very much."

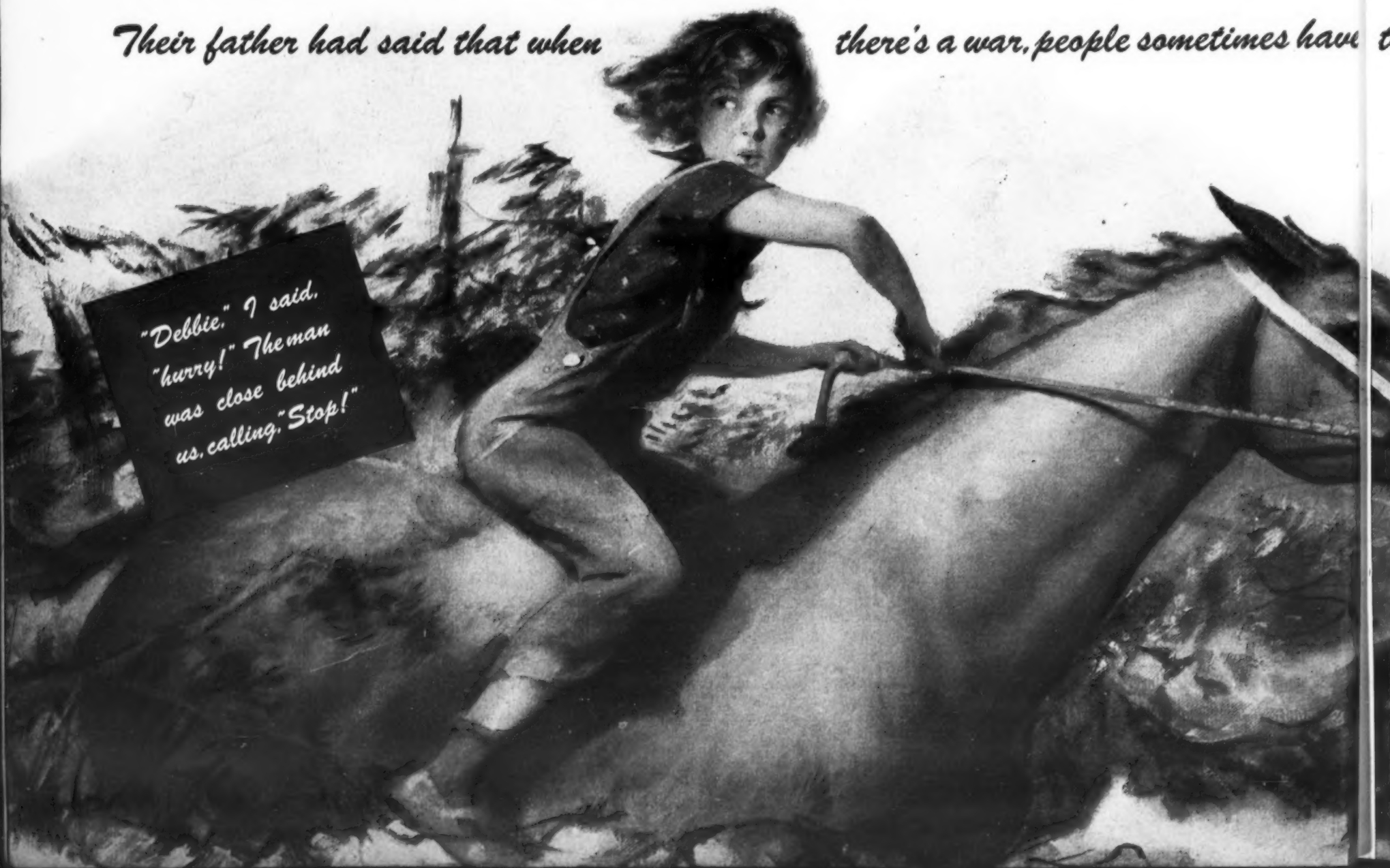
"The way you gave up Downright," my sister said.

I did not say anything for a minute. My throat felt too tight. I was *not* going to cry. "I think," I said finally, "that Deborah and I had better give up Springy and Misty." I said it very carefully. So that I *could* say it.

Their father had said that when

there's a war, people sometimes have to

*"Debbie," I said,
"hurry!" The man
was close behind
us, calling, "Stop!"*



FOR SPRINGY

Deborah just looked at me. Her eyes were getting bigger and bigger. They had rims of tears bright around them.

My father looked at me. Then he put an arm around me. And one around Deborah.

"You are a pretty good little pair of troupers," he said. "I think you know what this is all about." His voice was very gruff.

DEBBY always bites hard into her lower lip when she does not want to cry. It makes a red line afterward.

"I think we—we can find a very good home for them," my father said, "where they will be well taken care of. And, perhaps, after the war —"

I smiled at him and he looked all blurry and I thought I had to say something. For him. "We won't mind," I said, "we understand. Really we do."

And then we both grinned at him, my sister Deborah and me, and we went on out through the kitchen and the sun was very bright and the dogs came around and pushed hard against our legs and looked up at us and did not bark at all.

We live quite a way out in the country. "Too far out," my father says sometimes, because we do not have much gasoline. But it is near the shore, so that you can hear the ocean roaring at night when everything is still, and there are great fields that are wonderful to ride over and that wave in the wind when the grass is tall. We wear dungarees, usually, and we get very, very dirty and we love dogs and all animals. Especially horses. We walked down to the stable now, scuffing our feet, not looking at each other.

Mr. Manning was down by the stable in his truck. Mr. Manning is the grain man. He is all covered with white dust, usually, and he grins all the time. He can pick up the most tremendous bags of grain just like nothing at all. We like Mr. Manning.

"Hello, there," he said. Then he looked at us. "What's the matter, girls?" he said.

"Nothing, Mr. Manning," I said. You could not tell Mr. Manning about this. You could not tell anybody.

We went into the stalls where the ponies were. I did not say anything to Springy. But she pushed me hard with her nose, and I held on to her neck. I can do anything with Springy. I can pick up all her feet, one by one, and I can jump her without even a halter, and I can lie down under her and she will not move. Debby

can do that with Misty too. Nobody else can do it with them. They are not quiet ponies. They are very high life. My father says so.

After a while we put on the hackamores. Those are bridles that we make of cotton rope. You do not have any bit. They are fun to ride with. We did not use any saddles. We went out over the garden wall, which is quite high, and across the fields and we did not stop until we came to Mr. Albertini's place.

Mr. Albertini has a real farm. He has a great many cows and huge fields where he cuts the most wonderful hay. He cuts it early and it is coarse and clean and the horses love it. Our horses used to love it. We used to buy it from Mr. Albertini. At a very reasonable price, my father says. We do not buy hay any more from Mr. Albertini. We cannot even ride on his land.

It is because he had some cows down in a far pasture and we thought that it would be fun to herd them, because Misty was a cow pony once and knew how. She knew how all right. Only she herded them too fast. She herded them so fast that they went right through a fence and came on back to Mr. Albertini's barn on the run. Mr. Albertini was very cross. He is a very excitable man. He came up to see father.

Debby and I stayed in the barn. All we could hear was father saying, "All right. I know that they did wrong. And I'll speak to them. You can be sure of that. But I don't care for that kind of language from you or from anyone." We had a very unpleasant evening, Debby and I. We did not ride for some time. We do not get hay from Mr. Albertini any more. It is too bad.

We walked the ponies side by side. "Why is our not having the ponies going to help win the war?" Debby said. She does not always understand things.

"It is because they cost, silly," I said. "Grain costs a lot. And hay. In bales, the way we have to get it now. And straw for bedding. It is very expensive." We rode on down the road and through a woods and up to Mr. Huston's place.

Mr. Huston is the blacksmith. He shoes the ponies. He is young and very good-looking and Debby is probably going to marry him. Except he has a wife and little children, which would be a nuisance. Mr. Huston was in the yard by his forge. He was hammering old horseshoes. When he puts new shoes on the ponies he keeps the old shoes and then hammers them new and puts them back on another time. We asked him about that once, because it seemed that they were still our shoes, really, but Mr. Huston just laughed and said, "It is all part of the racket." Which we did not understand. Mr. Huston is a very fine man and we like him.

He said, "Hiya, punks," and we stopped and had two pieces of mince pie and led Mr. Huston's baby around on Springy. Mr. Huston said, "What is the matter with you punks today?" but we just said Debby had a stomachache. Then we had another piece of pie and rode on.

WE CAME to the wilderness. The wilderness is awful. The wilderness is all scrub pine and thorny bushes and sand. It runs for a great many miles down along the shore, and we do not dare to ride in it because we would get lost. There are a lot of tiny trails through it, but they all look alike and it is very still in there and all you can hear is the surf rolling, far away, and you get scared. We know.

We have gone in a little way, once or twice, but the horses keep their ears up as if they were hearing things, and we come out fast. We do not like the wilderness, but we cannot keep away from it. Someday we are going to ride all the way into it. That is what we say we are going to do. It is like a dare. I think about it at night sometimes, and wonder if there are people in there.

"Let's not go in today," Debby said.

I said, "All right, not today," because I did not want to either. "But we have to do it someday soon. Before the ponies go."

We turned and went home over the jumping run, which is through the woods where my father built a lot of log and stone and brush jumps, and you can gallop on and it is very wonderful with the wind in your face and the ponies loving it and

(Continued on Page 64)

we to give up things they love very much. That was how it began.

BY NEWLIN B. WILDES

ILLUSTRATED BY BOY SPRETER





"I guess this is where I came in," Chris said. And he kissed her. The worst of it was, Janet knew she kissed him back.

ILLUSTRATED BY LT. JON WHITCOMB, USNR

Jan

Navy Nurse

BY GLADYS TABER

JANET ALDEN looked out the window of the train. She was silent. Yellow-haired, blue-eyed Chris Nordstrom, beside her, was just a stranger, a Navy officer who was spending a few hours with her through the force of circumstances, and whom she'd never see again.

"But I rather think I will see you again," he said suddenly, "or were you wondering that?"

Janet was on her way to the naval hospital in Brooklyn from the little town in Wisconsin where her father was a doctor, and where sturdy, handsome Philip Wakefield lived. Philip's mills were making bomber parts now! She supposed she'd marry Philip someday. But it was funny how this young ensign had guessed her thoughts.

At the station Chris showed her the subway and put a nickel in her hand. Then he was gone. On a sudden impulse, Janet got out another nickel, keeping the one Chris had given her—for good luck.

At the hospital, Janet passed her examination, and was put on probation for six months.

Her room in the Nurses' Quarters was next to pretty, friendly Francesca North's. The girls quickly fitted themselves into the routine of the hospital. They learned that the beautiful nurse, Sally Watt, was on the make for young Doctor Stevens, fresh from a Park Avenue office and a broken engagement to a glamour girl. Doctor Stevens wore vitality like a cloak, and always had a cheery word for his patients.

One night Janet and Francesca went to a party in a crowded penthouse with friends of Francesca's. "The face is familiar, but the dress is different," Janet heard a voice say, and looked up into bright blue eyes.

"Chris!"

"This calls for a celebration," he said. "I'm just back in port. C'mon, let's dance!" The orchestra was playing It's the Last Call for Love. Chris put his arm around her, and they moved off together. "I said I'd be seeing you," he told her, and there was laughter in his eyes.

III

THE commanding officer came from his office and went along the wide cool corridor. He looked elegant in the dazzling white of his uniform, and the gold bars and insignia shone bravely in the shadowy light. Janet saw him as she came from the chief nurse's office, and stood straighter herself as the erect figure passed her. Elegant and military, there was a combination of strength and serenity in his bearing. An orderly followed him with anxious eyes and a quick tread.

Janet went thoughtfully toward the ward. It was a funny thing. You could have dates and worry over your affairs, you could go to parties, meet someone you never were to see again, like Chris Nordstrom, get homesick and think of Philip Wakefield and wonder if you wanted to go back and marry him after all. You could worry about whether your new issue of outside whites would really fit just right, and wish Doctor Stevens knew you existed. You could do all these things, like any one of the hundred other nurses at the hospital in the big Navy base. Then, all of a sudden, seeing the commanding officer go by, or the sun on the flag at Friday inspection, or the boys drawn up saluting, you had a strange feeling. You were part of something so tremendous that you couldn't grasp it and yet it lifted you up. The Navy!

This was a pretty terrible world, if you thought about it, all the horror and stench of war over all of it. And yet you could believe in something, just the same. You couldn't say it in nice phrases like the lecturers or ministers. But you had something worth fighting for. Janet thought suddenly that it wasn't the men who got decorations that made you feel so much, but it was all the ordinary seamen—gobs like redheaded Evans and the English boy they were still so worried about. Men who didn't do anything dramatic and spectacular, but who were the rank and file of the Navy. It made your

heart feel heavy with pride when you thought you were part of it too. And no matter how bad the war news seemed, Janet had an inner feeling that if the ordinary people stuck at it, victory was sure.

Outside the leaves were beginning to turn and the flower beds changed from summer to autumn colors, to russets and scarlets and orange. The air had a faint, smoky tinge sometimes under the smell of the sea. It was the time of year now for going back to school, packing suitcases, making dates for football week ends and house parties. For new clothes in the luminous autumn shades. For summer was over, or nearly over.

But in the hospital today a boatload of survivors had come in from an unknown ship. The operating rooms, with their blacked-out windows, were running full tilt. The surgical ward was full. S.O.Q. was taking a new crop of sick officers. Chief Nurse Williams and Chief Nurse Anthony had posted new Orders of the Day on the bulletin board in the Nurses' Quarters. The doctors were nearly all on duty. There had been several bad sinking episodes lately, but this was the most serious. Now everything was running smoothly, but at full speed. Chief Nurse Williams went her rounds a bit earlier than usual, and her eyes were keener than ever.

JANET was on surgery now, and she felt at home, even though she wouldn't be over her probation until Christmas. Christmas wasn't so far off, in a way.

Sally Watt was giving a lecture in the two-hour class period for the corps, on nursing care of third-degree burns. A very good time for it, thought Janet dryly, with the place full of burns.

It was three o'clock, and from three to eight she forgot there was any world outside this big ward. The doctors were busy, the orderlies wheeled trays back and forth, nurses moved silently. Janet felt her head begin to ache with the stress. The suffering of the newly wounded men was like a dark cloud. You were glad your wrists ached and your feet had little stabbing pains up the arches and your back was like a hot flatiron. Because you were working to do something about it.

Time had a way of going off like a Roman candle. By seven, Janet saw everything like a haze, and the haze was smoke-colored and lit with spots of fire which either were behind her eyes or were flecks of blood. Her uniform was getting limp and her face was pale. But the ward was in perfect order, the doctors had gone for supper and the evening light was soft and tranquil through the windows.

The youngest patient spoke to her as she walked down the deck. He couldn't have been a day over eighteen, and he had the childlike look of a schoolboy.

"Miss Alden," he whispered, "there's something—I wanted to ask you. I wish—there's something —"

"Something you want?"

His hands poked at the sheet. "Uh-huh. All day I been just thinking."

His girl—his mother, she thought. Oh, dear. "Yes?"

"Look, I—I couldn't possibly—have a—dill pickle?"

"A dill pickle?"

"Seems as if I'd be fine if I could have a dill pickle."

Janet bit back a smile. "I don't know."

His eyes looked bleak. "I just—wondered," he whispered.

"You wait. I'll see." Janet went recklessly to the galley. There wouldn't be a dill pickle anywhere except in the main galley down below. She said to the gob setting trays for the midnight chow, "Look, I need a dill pickle."

He stared at her, holding a plate in one hand.

"See what you can do. Go down and say you must have it." She laughed. "It's a case of life or death."

"I'll try," he said.

Twenty minutes later Janet bore in a plate with a large, juicy dill pickle on it. The boy gave a cry of joy. Janet lifted the pickle for him.

"I don't dare write this on the chit," she said, "so don't tell the doctor if you get a stomach-ache tomorrow."

In five minutes he was asleep, smiling in his dreams. Janet wondered what memories of his mother's kitchen and cool root cellar and cucumbers ripening were in that dill pickle. Country picnics and harvest moons, likely; maybe a girl with brown braids and freckles. Little things were always most important, she guessed.

She was going off duty for the night when the doctor called her. Would she do a favor as she went out? This wasn't regular stuff, since they both knew she shouldn't be anywhere except in her own ward. But he'd like her to stop in and ask the lieutenant in charge of the outpatient clinic how the wife of that patient was doing. Yes, he'd checked. Name of Wilson, and he was worried because his wife was due to have a baby here, in the outpatient department.

"Thought maybe if his favorite nurse told him, he'd believe it," grinned the doctor.

"I'll be glad to," Janet said.

Francesca was waiting at the stairs and Janet told her. "I'm coming with you," said Francesca. "I've always wanted to see that place. The lieutenant is simply gorgeous, kind of a cross between Gary Cooper and Victor Mature."

"Mercy, that sounds fatal."

"He's a walking dream," said Francesca. "Wasn't this a day? All I want now is a boiling bath and to wash my hair."

"Me, too," agreed Janet as they slipped along the passage.

They walked to the end of the building where a little square court with flower beds opened on the outpatient department. In the pale evening light the asters were hyacinth and the zinnias looked like Mexican saucers.

The waiting room was empty, receiving hours being over for the day, but a nurse was typing at the desk and two more nurses stood chatting with an orderly. The door to the lieutenant's office was open and the lieutenant was still there. Janet explained to him.

"Yes, Miss Alden," he said. "I had a phone call about it. Mrs. Wilson had her baby at three this afternoon and they're both doing well. Tell the boy he's got a nice big son."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Janet impulsively. "He just was running a temperature over it. I know that's what it was."

"Hard work being a father," grinned the lieutenant. "Usually have trouble pulling them through." He stood up, tall and dark and smiling. "You can look at the nursery," he said.

He called a nurse and Janet and Francesca followed her down a winding corridor. There was an air of informality in this department, probably due to the patients' being civilians. Under a sign, NO CHILDREN ALLOWED, a little girl with golden curls was hopping up and down on one foot. Open doors showed women propped up on their pillows reading magazines. The rooms were small but well furnished.

A glass wall blocked the nursery off, and inside a nurse was shaking a baby bottle. Janet looked in. A row of little baskets was ranged around the nursery, waist-high. There, in sterile air, clad in sterile little shifts, slept the sons and daughters of the Navy, minute red creatures about the size of puppies.

"There's the new one," said the nurse, pointing. "And we've got a delivery going on right now."

JANET looked. There was a fluff of dark hair above a miniature face, so small you could hardly believe how complete it was. The hands, thimble size, were waving in the air, and the mouth was open. The nose was a round pink button.

"Oh," said Janet, "oh, he's lovely!"

"He really is," agreed the nurse, as if she had something to do with it. "I never saw a healthier one. An easy labor too. Out of the delivery room in no time."

Janet said, "Have you been awfully busy too?"

"Yes. We've got a waiting list now." She laughed, moving on down the hall. "We used to take everybody. Had fourteen thousand cases in the outpatient clinic last year. This year we're jammed all the time. But we get along."

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ONLY GRANDMOTHERS NEED APPLY

★ ★ By Mona Gardner ★ ★


THE day American women undertook to help with this job of equipping and feeding our fighting men, they began creating a new national definition of age. It is neither sentimental nor theoretical. It is so scientific, so factual, that its immediate effect is to take 3,000,000 women off the last-ditch womanpower-reserve lists and make them actively available for important war work. Its ultimate effect on everyday life after the war will be even more profound and far-reaching, as it salvages people over 40 whom we have been systematically wasting.

Potential womanpower in this country is, of course, enormous. But the drain in the past frantic year and a half has been disproportionately higher on the younger married women largely responsible for the care of small children.


This has been trebly expensive and dangerous: expensive in dollars and materials to build nursery schools and provide attend-

ants (England found that for adequate day-long nursery care, an average of about one adult worker was required to every three toddlers); dangerous because nurseries can't always be built fast enough to keep pace with hiring schedules, and also because of the aftermath of juvenile delinquency. Thus the changed status of these 3,000,000 older women—between 45 and 60, whose families are grown—into the recruitment ranks gives us an immediate and wide margin of strength to close labor gaps.

The new conception of age never asks, "How old are you?" For arbitrarily measuring by year total, it is being conclusively proved daily now in defense plants straight across the country, is a slovenly and inaccurate verdict. Instead it is, "What can you do?"—with vigor and mental flexibility as valid yardsticks. If you have these, you're young; if you haven't, you're old—even though you've just graduated from college. In other words, you can be decrepit and



With two grandsons in the Army, Mrs. Earl LaRoe, of Eustis, Florida, works doubly hard at her war job. Older women have proved themselves more conscientious and anxious to make good in factories than young workers. They are swiftly brushing away the cobwebby taboos against hiring women over forty.



From storytelling for ten grandchildren to welder in a San Francisco plant was a streamlined leap for Mrs. Leona McKeam (left). Mrs. Carrie Parker (right) worked in railroad yards during last war.

pottering at 25, while the woman next door, at 60, may be brisk and serenely competent.

Age thus becomes as individual a thing as humanity itself. There isn't even an average, a typical pattern that can be applied to all older workers. Each life cycle is determined by such highly individualistic factors: as heredity, early environment, education, accidental injuries, diseases, standards of living, medical care, work and play habits, and responsibilities. Differences between older and younger workers are considerably less, we find, than those between older workers.

This is not a new discovery for psychologists, for experienced doctors and for insurance companies. They've been applying the formula for years. So have the people of England and China.

But it is new, startling, unorthodox here in America generally, where the cult of youth has amounted to worship. It is completely revolutionary in employment offices, among many personnel directors and factory managers who have chanted, above the din of unemployment and labor shortages, "No one over 40 wanted."

The change of mind has come about in less than a year's time. It has come with a rush, accelerated by the pace of necessity. Each day sees more converts—some of them grudgingly so, some of them frankly confounded. However, conversion is by no means 100 per cent yet.

A little more than a year ago the first women were being taken into plane factories reluctantly, glumly, apprehensively. One plant manager voiced it for many of the others with, "We won't employ any women until we absolutely *have* to." When he did come to it, along with hundreds of others, it was to place an 18 to 24 age limit. This top limit moved up—by leaps as the draft thinned out more and more male workers—to 28, to 30, to 35; finally to 40, where it stuck rigidly.

"Women over 40 are a nuisance and a liability," hiring officers said bluntly. "They slow up production." They said this a year ago; they said it six months ago; some are still saying it. It is an employer attitude which must be revised if industry expects to have enough workers to reach the vital 1943 goals for production of war goods.

SUPPOSE we examine specific objections and then look at the equally specific record of women from 40 to 60—yes, and even 70. There are elements of suspense, surprise and the spectacular in the comparison.

If you ask employers for their objections, those who still have them will all be voicing the same three main complaints. They aren't regional; they have nothing to do with nationality backgrounds. They are: 1—older

women are much slower on the uptake, in learning, thinking, moving, so production lags; 2—older women are more of an insurance risk because they're more susceptible to disease and accidents, consequently they run up overhead expenses; 3—older women have no mechanical aptitudes, they dislike new ideas, are gossipy and are less adaptable to factory working conditions.

There they stand. Yet investigation convinces this observer that they are pure social myths, a sort of industrial folklore that seems to have gone the rounds by word of mouth. Believers in these myths are as hard put to produce factual proof as a Japanese is when he claims to belong to a godlike race.

Take Fable No. 1—that older women are much slower in learning, thinking, moving. This doesn't agree with the findings of Dr. Edward L. Thorndike, of Teachers College, Columbia University, who has devoted much time and study to the subject of adult learning. In a multitude and variety of tests, Doctor Thorndike and his colleagues over a period of some twenty-five years have recorded to the ultimate decimal the amount and changes in ability to learn, up to the age of 50. They say it is constant from 15 to 50; and where reasoning becomes a part of learning any skill, a woman of 50 is superior to the 20-year-old.

A woman of 50, according to the Thorndike records, learns in the same manner she would have learned at 20. In other words, if she's dull now, she would have been dull then.

Also, women who left school at, say, 14 are, in general, much slower at learning in middle life than women who finished high school. And there's the psychological angle to be reckoned in—women of 50 have been told they're old for so long there's a fear of ridicule hanging over them when they attempt a new skill.

Data which the Occupational Analysis Section of the United States Employment Service has compiled show that women over 40, as a group, may make slightly lower scores on aptitude tests—either on the pencil-and-paper or the apparatus types—but their on-the-job production is always above minimum management quotas.

Decrease in learning ability, when it does come later in life, is due to a decrease in general health, energy and interest in learning. Which means, if a woman of 65 is healthy, energetic and craves to drill gun barrels so her grandson and his buddies will have plenty, there's absolutely nothing to prove she can't learn to turn out just as accurate gun barrels as Miss Twenty.

When it comes to actual movement—that is, age changes in speed of voluntary movements of the shoulder, elbow, wrist and fingers—the tests show there is only a fractional difference between 24-year-olds and the 50-year-olds. Likewise, in strength and sensory discrimination, there is only one tenth of 1 per cent of difference between the same two age groups.

Translated into completed operations for the day on a two-story punch press, or on

one of the big lifting cranes, it *might* work out anywhere from one to five a day operations fewer for the older woman. *Might*, but doesn't. The older woman makes this up, it seems, while Miss Young-and-Beautiful is in the rest room powdering her nose and combing her hair.

This is not theoretical laboratory conjecture. Defense plants are full of practical and convincing examples. A large Philadelphia plant reports that at certain lathes their operators—a succession of men and then young women—had made a top weekly wage of \$22 until the foreman put a 55-year-old woman on one. After three weeks on the job she was making \$41 a week. Automobile Facts tells us that in the motor industry, where pay is on a piecework basis and is necessarily a high-speed operation, peak earnings are made by those between 50 and 55.

THE personnel manager of a large shell-loading plant in a Midwestern state says, "If I could choose the age group, I would not employ any woman under 40 years on the loading lines. We know, from our weekly totals, that in number of boxes packed per hour, the women between 45 to 60 do a faster and better job than our 25 to 30 year old women." The chief training officer of the Detroit Ordnance District says, "We used to try to keep the women's hiring limit at 50, but some of our best reports have been on women in their late fifties, so we're glad to have them now."

A survey made of several dozen California factories by the Department of Industrial Relations concludes, "Workers over 40 or 50 in good health are as efficient as young workers, especially where quality is more important than speed. Learning is sometimes slower, but more thorough."

Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft Corporation officials are even more emphatic about the thousands of elderly women on the company's pay rolls. They say, "We find an elderly woman's rate of production is equal to that of young women. Although not inherently as rapid workers over a short span, the superior application of the older women more than compensates. Most elderly women, we find, have applied for work, not primarily for the money but because they feel impelled to aid the war effort directly. They present no problems of discipline. Rest-room loitering is at a minimum. They come to work on time, and their daily attendance is excellent, far superior to younger women."

In Connecticut, Ellen Davies, Vice-President of the Chase Brass and Copper Company, uses women for everything but the heavy foundry work. Half of these are

(Continued on Page 58)

War plants all over the country are discovering that older women are one of the best sources of leadership material; are the hardest workers.

★ ★ WORKERS BEGIN AT FORTY ★ ★

"If I could choose the age group, I would not employ any woman under 40 years." —Mgr. Midwestern Shell-Loading Plant.

"We find an elderly woman's rate of production equal to that of young women." —Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft Corp.



Both close to fifty, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Smith are welders at the same San Francisco plant; get together at noon daily for lunch. They have two grandchildren.



At Port Newark Shipbuilding Co., four of the first hundred women hired were grandmothers. Left to right: Mrs. Madelaine Stelling, Mrs. Florence Denton, Mrs. Lizzabell Decker and Mrs. Agnes Algar. In one British factory, workers are between 42 and 67.

BEAUTY'S RIGHT

Elly's story goes all the way back to when she was about nine years old and a woman said, "It's a pity! And her folks are both so handsome! She'll never get a man!"

BY CHARLOTTE EDWARDS



I looked up from my sewing and saw her before the o

I WAS with Elly when the baby was born. Maybe that gives me a right to tell her story. I've always felt closer to her because of those hours when the doctor and I worked over her, and it was touch and go, and Joe paced outside the bedroom door and cut gashes into his palms with his fingernails.

I am older than Elly. Almost old enough to be her mother. Yet we have always been friends. Maybe that's because Elly didn't make friends easily and I lived next door. She used to come over and sit on the back porch with me in the afternoons, and she always wanted to help me with the housework. I appreciated that, because after my mother died I had my hands full trying to keep house for pa and three grown brothers.

But that's not Elly's story, it's neither here nor there. Anyhow, when she knew she was going to have a baby she said she wanted me with her when it came. Women didn't go to hospitals so much in those days, especially women who didn't have money. Elly and Joe were in that class, all right. Not only that, but she said she wanted the baby to be born in the little brown house they bought.

My, but Elly put a lot of store in that house. It didn't look like much. The roof slanted up too quick and the rooms were small and cut up inside, with not too many windows. But she made just about everything that could be handmade for it. The chairs all had starched crocheting on the back, there were hand-patched quilts on every bed, and it took almost five years of her spare time to braid the rug for the living room.

She was really daring when it came to the kitchen. Lots of women have red-and-white checkered gingham curtains

nowadays. But Elly's were the first I ever saw. There was always a potted geranium on the table too.

I never saw anyone take as much pride in cooking and baking as Elly did and still does. I used to say to her, back there when she was first married, "Elly, you'll wear yourself out scrubbing and cleaning and cooking. You could take it a lot easier if you were a-mind to, with just Joe and you."

Then she would give me that smile of hers, the one pretty thing about her, and she'd always have the same answer: "I love it, Miss Mary. All I've ever asked is the chance to do just what I'm doing."

BUT now that I am where I am, I think maybe I've started all wrong. Elly's story goes way back to the first time I really noticed her much. She must have been about nine years old.

We were all invited to Mrs. Marks' sewing circle. She was Elly's mother, a quick-moving, busy, pretty woman with curly hair. She felt sorry for me because ma hadn't been gone long. I guess she thought I ought to get out more. That's how I happened to be there.

I can remember it like yesterday. We were sitting there, sewing. Mrs. Marks went out into the kitchen to get the refreshments. We started stirring around, folding up the sewing and putting our thimbles where we could find them.

Mrs. Gates started making a tour of the room. She ran her hands over the lace curtains. You could almost hear the price click in her mind. I never did like Mrs. Gates, a big loud woman. She got over to the mantelpiece. There was a picture on the top, framed in brass roses. She picked

it up and carried it over to the light. The rest of the women circled around her and they looked that picture over till it's a wonder the roses didn't wilt, brass and all.

Then Mrs. Gates boomed out, "It's a downright pity the child's so ugly. Homeliest young'un I ever saw. She'll never get a man, that's certain."

Somebody else said, "I can't understand it. Molly and Peter are both fine-looking people."

"That's the way it goes," Mrs. Gates mourned. "There's a lot of heartache having children. You never know how they'll turn out." The ladies all nodded and clucked.

I looked up from my sewing and saw her before the others did. She stood in the doorway, a tea tray in her hands. To my dying day, I'll never forget the look on that child's face. I hurried over to her and took the tray. I put out my hand to touch her shoulder, but before I could she was off like the wind, out the door and down the steps.

I'll say for Mrs. Gates, she looked sort of red and ashamed of herself. But that didn't help Elly any.

I fretted about her, so I left soon after that and went home the back way. There was a lilac bush at the end of the Markses' lot. I walked out there, just in case; and sure enough, there was Elly. She was bent over double, with her head between her thin knees. I sat down beside her. I didn't say anything. Pretty soon she sat up and wiped her eyes. She sniffled a couple of times, then stared across the yard.

On a short, ragged little breath she said, "It's a terrible thing to be homely, isn't it?"

I didn't know how to answer her. I couldn't tell her she was good-looking. Not the way her nose stood out



before the others did. I'll never forget the look on that child's face. She'd heard what Mrs. Gates had said.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

between her thin cheeks like a signal. Her chin pointed to a long V and stretched too far below her mouth. Her eyes were so pale they looked faded. Her eyelashes were stubby and too light. Her hair was reddish, and the braids wound tight to her head were thin like all the rest of her.

I tried to think of something, but all that came out was, "Handsome is as handsome does, Elly, dear!"

She must have known how I meant it, though, because she began to come over to see me after that.

As she got older, she was a real help to me. I felt pretty bad along about the time Elly was twelve. Pa had taken to his bed. Two of the boys were married and the other had joined the Navy. And the only man I had much use for had decided he couldn't marry me and pa both, so he went to Des Moines and that's the last I ever heard of him.

Elly and I used to be real companionable. She would sit in the little chair in the upstairs sitting room, so we could hear pa. She would read to me out of her books.

AS I LOOK back on it now, it seems to me Elly always had a book under her arm. They all run together in my mind now. Maybe because they all seemed to be about the same people. Beautiful princesses and ladies who swished around in silken gowns. Tall, handsome men who treated them like they were china dolls. You wouldn't think one library in a town the size of ours would have so many beautiful people in books. But Elly found them all.

I used to watch her sometimes while she was reading. She had a nice voice, even then. She would smile in that way she had while she read out the story from her book.

That's all you could say for her, though—voice and smile. I was used to her looks, and I loved her. But sometimes when I'd watch her like that, even I'd think, *My, she's homely. Poor little thing. She doesn't get any better as she grows older.*

It bothered Mrs. Marks too. She'd always been pretty and popular and she couldn't understand the first thing about Elly. I know one day she got to talking about what was going to happen to her when she grew up. It was pretty hot, so she came over on the porch to have a glass of lemonade with me.

She sighed as she sat down. "We all have our cross to bear. You've certainly got yours, Mary."

I thought about pa and how feeble he was getting. It wouldn't be long before I'd be alone in the house.

Mrs. Marks went on: "But Elly's got more than her share, I think. The girls are beginning to go to parties now."

"Did Elly tell you that?" I asked.

"No. She never tells me anything. She's a funny girl, isn't she? Sometimes I think you know her better than we do."

"I don't know much about her. We don't talk much. She reads to me."

"She likes to read. But she has no friends, not even girls. Oh, dear! How will she feel when the ones she does know all go to parties with boys—and she doesn't get invited?"

If Elly felt bad, she never let me know. Things went along for a couple of years. Pa died and I fought a little fight with myself about letting the man in Des Moines

know. But I decided against it. I didn't have his address, anyway.

Elly was fourteen and suddenly she didn't come to see me any more. I remember how much I missed her. Then one day—a bitter winter day it was—I was coming back from the grocery store. I pushed myself against the wind and snow and almost bumped into her.

"Why, Elly!" I said, pleased as Punch. "Where have you been?"

She stood in front of me, a red muffler wrapped around her throat, a red tam pulled down on her head. She looked up at me and her eyes were shiny. Then I noticed that she wasn't alone. "I've been busy with my new friend, Miss Mary. This is Yvonne Lane."

ELLY looked at the girl as if she had created her. My eyes followed hers. Yvonne Lane must have been sixteen. She was as lovely as Elly was homely. My, I don't remember ever having seen a prettier girl. Her yellow hair spilled out from her tam in little tight curls. Her cheeks were like roses from the cold, and she had the smoothest little mouth I ever saw. She was tall, and rounded just right. I didn't like her from the moment I laid my eyes on her.

All the way home I thought of the expression of pride and satisfaction on Elly's face. I kept wondering why I didn't like this Yvonne Lane. Why I wasn't glad that Elly had a friend at last.

I was pretty busy right up till Christmastime of that year. After pa died I'd decided to keep myself going with my needle. I made dresses for just about everybody in the neighborhood.

(Continued on Page 46)



Good-By

EBBA wished she had not chosen the early-morning commuters' train. It was so dusty, so prewar, so conventional. It made her spiked high heels and her hat with its bright flowers seem out of place, her tiny overnight case—and her errand—indiscreet. She stacked her overnight case and red purse on the empty seat beside her to prevent any middle-aged husband from plumping himself down. These settled commuters would never understand why anyone had to go all the way to New York to make a telephone call in privacy.

She wondered why the train was stopping so long in Northport. It would be dreadful if the long, poky ride left her too unnerved to telephone Ronnie. It would be absurd to deceive her mother so elaborately and then not go through with it. She couldn't let that happen! Why didn't the train hurry?

Impatiently she looked out the window. A group of chilled-looking people were waving little flags around five or six young men. Ebba guessed they were boys going off to war—and it seemed indecent at such an early hour. There was a band, typical town characters, tuning up musical instruments. The farewell group wasn't very large. Most of the people in it were puffy-eyed and untidy, as if they had slung on their clothes and rushed to the station without taking time enough to wash.

One boy in particular caught Ebba's attention. He was so tall and dark and miserable. Much too thin, as if it had been a strain on him to grow up so fast. A moody, sensitive chap, Ebba decided. He was talking to his folks in an offhand fashion, as if the parting embarrassed him.

Beside him, a small boy in overalls jumped up and down, waving a flag. His little brother, no doubt. The older man and woman must be his father and mother. The man laid a hand on the tall boy's shoulder, talking gravely. The boy looked away, only half listening, impatient at the last words of fatherly advice. The woman was smiling, not letting her son see that she felt anything but pride and happiness and trust. Ebba decided she would smile just that way—proudly, bravely, trustfully—for Ronnie.

THE band struck up a patriotic air, slightly off key. The tall boy bent over and planted an ill-aimed kiss on his jumping, excited small brother. He shook his father's hand awkwardly. Then he surrendered to his mother's quick, tight embrace. Ebba saw the tall boy was hiding his feelings, trying to make the parting offhand and casual. His mother, she noticed, was trying to make it offhand and casual too.

Several of the other young men were kissing girls good-by, some shyly, some with desperate, clinging hugs. The tall boy did not seem to have a girl.

The band played with an enthusiastic lack of harmony. Yet its brassy notes were touching—more touching than a symphony. The send-off—practically before breakfast—seemed pathetic. Ebba hadn't been able to

The boy frowned. "Sure, I'm going to get another girl. The first one I meet."

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Breakfast

nes prettier and nicer than Marylin and it uldn't mean a thing."

His eyes half closed in concentration, as if were turning her words over in his mind. s deliberate weighing of anything as sacred love, his thoughtful, considering silence furiated her.

"Mother hints Ronnie's this. She hints onnie's that. Oh, in a sweet tactful way, ping he doesn't ask a girl to do things, not d, not wrong, but things a nice girl's other wouldn't like." She imitated her other's tones and then resumed fiercely, maybe she's right. Maybe he is too phisticated for me. But that doesn't stop e loving him!"

The boy shot a quick look at her bright ger, but Ebba gave him no chance to eak.

"Maybe I am a girl with so little pride at I'd get up at two in the morning to say od-by. Maybe I am a girl who'd deceive r mother and defy everything for you, but en if Marylin were selfish, spoiled, lazy, u wouldn't fall for me!"

Exhausted by her outburst, she leaned ck on the stiff plush seat. Vaguely she noed the boy coming to a grim decision. en he slid sideways to face her, turning on s dark charm, twisting a quirk into his ile to make it seem very masculine, devastating, amused.

"You'd—you'd just be pretending," Ebba otested.

With an easy, provocative boldness he oped the flowers on her hat. "Cute hat," commented lightly.

He overdid it a little, probably copying me movie actor he had seen. His exagger- ed, forced attempt at a flirtation broke up as her anger. She sensed that underneath he was cruelly unhappy. After all, she was traveling to happiness. And this boy—the least she could do was to divert him for an hour or so on the train. "Like it?" With a quick change of mood, she let her eyes lift up to his. They held each other's glance for a long moment.

"What's your name?" he drawled. "Ebba." She smiled at him teasingly. "I suppose you'll ask me to write you next?"

The boy smiled. "I insist upon it!" he said.

In a masterful manner he took out a note- book and fountain pen and started writing. Looking over his shoulder, Ebba saw he was putting down his name, Dick L. Foster. He really meant to make this more than a train flirtation, then. She felt touched. At the address, he hesitated a moment. She realized that he wasn't sure what the address would be—and that touched her too. At last he scribbled down a street and number in Northport.

"Mom will forward any gifts," he an- nounced, grinning at his own brazenness.

"I'll write you twice a week," Ebba prom- ised lightly. "I'll bake you a homemade cake."

The moment the words were out of her mouth she felt bad. She had wanted to take along a cake so much today. But she hadn't dared to arouse her mother's suspicions. That painful night, when she had telephoned and found Ronnie Atwell gone, her mother had overheard her asking for his address at camp. Her mother had said nothing after she hung up. If Ebba hadn't been so upset, she might have noticed disapproval in the quietness. All unsuspecting, Ebba had turned to her mother, asking, demanding permis- sion to visit Ronnie Atwell in camp.

REMEMBERING, Ebba shivered. She had never seen her mother so angry. Her mother had called upon her to have a little pride. Cruelly she reminded Ebba that Ronnie At- well hadn't called her up for weeks. Just be- cause the boy was going off to war was no reason for Ebba to think herself in love with him. It was just war hysteria. Ebba would only make a fool of herself, chasing a boy who was tired of her. She said if Ebba went to camp, self-invited, Ronnie Atwell would think she was cheap—an ordinary camp follower.

In the end, her mother had ruled that Ebba could write Ronnie Atwell a friendly note of farewell—and just this once, as a special favor and mark of Ebba's trust in her judgment, mother asked Ebba to show her the letter before mailing it. As if there weren't scars a mere letter couldn't heal. As if Ebba could write a stilted, im- personal, Emily Post letter to Ronnie! Ebba had stormed out of the room, sobbing that she couldn't write such a dumb letter to Ronnie. She wouldn't write Ronnie at all!

All that week Ebba felt her mother's concerned eyes watching her. All that week her mother was very gentle, not reproving Ebba for the slightest thing. To deceive her mother, Ebba plunged into all the crowd's activities: Red Cross work, movies, first-aid classes, after-movie dancing at Pete's Café. When her mother finally lapsed into her usual mild warn- ing not to stay out too late, Ebba knew that her mother's suspicions had been lulled. With a parent's peculiar blindness, she thought Ebba had forgotten the trip to camp.

(Continued on Page 67)

his pockets and produced a ticket. After the conductor ambled on, clicking his puncher down the aisle, the tall boy subsided into gloom.

Ebba stole a glance at him. His mouth—Ebba remembered her mother calling a large mouth like that "passionate"—was held down tautly at the corners. The boy was too nice-looking in his dark, thin, ro- mantic way not to have a girl. Maybe they had quarreled. Or maybe he hadn't let her come to the station. It occurred to Ebba that he might be able to explain why Ronnie had left without phoning her.

"Don't men like to say good-by to their best girls?" she probed.

At first she thought he wasn't going to answer. An angry flush reddened his dark face. After a moment, still without looking at her, he blurted out, "She didn't come."

"You mean she was going to come—and didn't? Something must have happened"—Ebba could see the wrecked car, the un- conscious girl, the boy waiting in vain at the station—"something awful."

"No, I called up her house from the sta- tion." The words wrenched themselves out of him. "Her mother said she'd been out late the night before and was still sleeping. Her mother didn't know she had been out with me. She hadn't even told her mother I was going off to war."

"She'll be heartbroken."
"Not Marylin."
"She'll write and explain it all. I'm sure."

you get yourself a new guy?"

"I suppose you're going to get yourself a new girl?" Ebba retorted. "And like her better than Marylin!"

"Sure, the very first girl I meet."

Ebba couldn't help laughing derisively. The tall boy's actions were so different from his words. "I'm the first girl you've met," she pointed out scornfully, "and I'll wager you don't even know the color of my eyes."

He turned and looked at her carefully. "They're blue."

"And you think you can get over Marylin and fall for me so easily!" She felt angry. She wished she had shut her eyes. She resented his look—its sugges- tion that the love of your life could be forgotten so easily. It reminded her of her mother's ad- vice to go out with the crowd instead of waiting for the tele- phone to ring. It made her mad!

"Why not?" he insisted stub- bornly.

"Because—because when a per- son means so much to anyone—because it's silly," she argued hotly, inadequately. His talk of forgetting Marylin made her feel as if someone were undermining the pedestal of her own love for Ronnie. It was important, dread- fully important to convince this boy. "I could be a thousand

Sometimes a girl meets a boy she just has to see again, regard- less of how it seems to her friends, or her folks, or even the boy himself.



Good-By

EBBA wished she had not chosen the early-morning commuters' train. It was so dusty, so prewar, so conventional. It made her spiked high heels and her hat with its bright flowers seem out of place, her tiny overnight case—and her errand—indiscreet. She stacked her overnight case and red purse on the empty seat beside her to prevent any middle-aged husband from plumping himself down. These settled commuters would never understand why anyone had to go all the way to New York to make a telephone call in privacy.

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Before Breakfast

eat any breakfast herself. Her eyes filled with tears; tears for the boys going off to war—and tears for herself.

The tall boy was coming down the aisle, searching for a seat in the crowded train. With a vague, polite half-smile, Ebba picked up her red purse and overnight case to show she wasn't saving the seat for anyone. The tall boy hoisted his suitcase into the rack and sat down without looking at her. The train gained momentum, its chugging drowning out the last flatted notes of the band.

"You had quite a send-off," Ebba murmured.

"Yeah," he answered shortly, staring indifferently ahead.

Before the war, Ebba would have been snubbed into silence. But this was a soldier, offering his life for his country. In a way she had shared his last intimate moments with his family. His surliness did not offend her any more than the quick temper of some boy she had always known. The war had taught her to rise above little personal vanities. The tall boy looked so gloomy, she felt it her duty to cheer him up.

"It must be hard," she ventured, "going off to war."

"Just as lief," he muttered, shifting his long legs in a vain attempt to make himself comfortable in the abbreviated space.

"But it must be hard," she insisted, "leaving your family and your friends and maybe your best girl."

She fancied he set his mouth a little more firmly, but he did not answer. He acted as if he hadn't heard what she said. He stared ahead, not even aware that the conductor had stopped for his ticket. After a moment he glanced up, saw the conductor's outstretched hand, scrambled hurriedly through his pockets and produced a ticket. After the conductor ambled on, clicking his puncher down the aisle, the tall boy subsided into gloom.

Ebba stole a glance at him. His mouth—Ebba remembered her mother calling a large mouth like that "passionate"—was held down tautly at the corners. The boy was too nice-looking in his dark, thin, romantic way not to have a girl. Maybe they had quarreled. Or maybe he hadn't let her come to the station. It occurred to Ebba that he might be able to explain why Ronnie had left without phoning her.

"Don't men like to say good-by to their best girls?" she probed.

At first she thought he wasn't going to answer. An angry flush reddened his dark face. After a moment, still without looking at her, he blurted out, "She didn't come."

"You mean she was going to come—and didn't? Something must have happened"—Ebba could see the wrecked car, the unconscious girl, the boy waiting in vain at the station—"something awful."

"No, I called up her house from the station." The words wrenched themselves out of him. "Her mother said she'd been out late the night before and was still sleeping. Her mother didn't know she had been out with me. She hadn't even told her mother I was going off to war."

"She'll be heartbroken."

"Not Marilyn."

"She'll write and explain it all I'm sure."

"Fat chance," the boy replied gloomily. "You can write and ask her. Maybe she thought you were going on a later train."

"She won't get a post card from me!"

"You're wrong, absolutely wrong," Ebba urged passionately. "Think how she'll feel when she wakes up—too late to say good-by."

He laughed jeeringly. "She'll probably yawn, wonder what it was she planned to do today, yawn and then turn over for another nap."

There was a baffled moment as both imagined the girl yawning and snuggling down comfortably under the covers. Deliberately Ebba shut the picture from her mind.

"In wartime you have to forget your pride," Ebba argued. "It would be different if you were just going off to college or a job. But you may be going to Russia, to Iceland, to China—to the far ends of the earth—for goodness knows how long."

HER voice broke a little at the thought of soldiers—her soldier—going to Russia, to Iceland, to China, facing death in towns whose names she couldn't even spell. She was sorry for this foolish boy, and glad—exultant, really—to be defying conventions, everything, for an understanding with Ronnie.

"The man—the man I like went off without saying good-by, without even telling me he was going," Ebba admitted. "But I'm not letting pride stand between us. My mother would consider me awful unladylike and all that. She thinks I'm meeting a girl friend in town for some shopping. I told her I'd wire if Hester asked me to stay overnight. But I'm going to phone Ronnie the first moment I reach New York and tell him I'm coming up to camp."

The boy frowned impatiently. "Why don't you get yourself a new guy?"

"I suppose you're going to get yourself a new girl?" Ebba retorted. "And like her better than Marilyn!"

"Sure, the very first girl I meet." Ebba couldn't help laughing derisively. The tall boy's actions were so different from his words. "I'm the first girl you've met," she pointed out scornfully, "and I'll wager you don't even know the color of my eyes."

He turned and looked at her carefully. "They're blue."

"And you think you can get over Marilyn and fall for me so easily!" She felt angry. She wished she had shut her eyes. She resented his look—its suggestion that the love of your life could be forgotten so easily. It reminded her of her mother's advice to go out with the crowd instead of waiting for the telephone to ring. It made her mad!

"Why not?" he insisted stubbornly.

"Because—because when a person means so much to anyone—because it's silly," she argued hotly, inadequately. His talk of forgetting Marilyn made her feel as if someone were undermining the pedestal of her own love for Ronnie. It was important, dreadfully important to convince this boy "I could be a thousand

times prettier and nicer than Marilyn and it wouldn't mean a thing."

His eyes half closed in concentration, as if he were turning her words over in his mind. His deliberate weighing of anything as sacred as love, his thoughtful, considering silence infuriated her.

"Mother hints Ronnie's this. She hints Ronnie's that. Oh, in a sweet tactful way, hoping he doesn't ask a girl to do things, not bad, not wrong, but things a nice girl's mother wouldn't like." She imitated her mother's tones and then resumed fiercely, "Maybe she's right. Maybe he is too sophisticated for me. But that doesn't stop me loving him!"

The boy shot a quick look at her bright anger, but Ebba gave him no chance to speak.

"Maybe I am a girl with so little pride that I'd get up at two in the morning to say good-by. Maybe I am a girl who'd deceive her mother and defy everything for you, but even if Marilyn were selfish, spoiled, lazy, you wouldn't fall for me!"

Exhausted by her outburst, she leaned back on the stiff plush seat. Vaguely she noticed the boy coming to a grim decision. Then he slid sideways to face her, turning on his dark charm, twisting a quirk into his smile to make it seem very masculine, devastating, amused.

"You'd—you'd just be pretending," Ebba protested.

With an easy, provocative boldness he flipped the flowers on her hat. "Cute hat," he commented lightly.

He overdid it a little, probably copying some movie actor he had seen. His exaggerated, forced attempt at a flirtation broke up all her anger. She sensed that underneath he was cruelly unhappy. After all, she was traveling to happiness. And this boy—the least she could do was to divert him for an hour or so on the train. "Like it?" With a quick change of mood, she let her eyes lift up to his. They held each other's glance for a long moment.

"What's your name?" he drawled.

"Ebba." She smiled at him teasingly. "I suppose you'll ask me to write you next?"

The boy smiled. "I insist upon it!" he said.

In a masterful manner he took out a notebook and fountain pen and started writing. Looking over his shoulder, Ebba saw he was putting down his name, Dick L. Foster. He really meant to make this more than a train flirtation, then. She felt touched. At the address, he hesitated a moment. She realized that he wasn't sure what the address would be—and that touched her too. At last he scribbled down a street and number in Northport.

"Mom will forward any gifts," he announced, grinning at his own brazenness.

"I'll write you twice a week," Ebba promised lightly. "I'll bake you a homemade cake."

The moment the words were out of her mouth she felt bad. She had wanted to take along a cake so much today. But she hadn't dared to arouse her mother's suspicions. That painful night, when she had telephoned and found Ronnie Atwell gone, her mother had overheard her asking for his address at camp. Her mother had said nothing after she hung up. If Ebba hadn't been so upset, she might have noticed disapproval in the quietness. All unsuspecting, Ebba had turned to her mother, asking, demanding permission to visit Ronnie Atwell in camp.

REMEMBERING, Ebba shivered. She had never seen her mother so angry. Her mother had called upon her to have a little pride. Cruelly she reminded Ebba that Ronnie Atwell hadn't called her up for weeks. Just because the boy was going off to war was no reason for Ebba to think herself in love with him. It was just war hysteria. Ebba would only make a fool of herself, chasing a boy who was tired of her. She said if Ebba went to camp, self-invited, Ronnie Atwell would think she was cheap—an ordinary camp follower.

In the end, her mother had ruled that Ebba could write Ronnie Atwell a friendly note of farewell—and just this once, as a special favor and mark of Ebba's trust in her judgment, mother asked Ebba to show her the letter before mailing it. As if there weren't scars a mere letter couldn't heal. As

if Ebba could write a stilted, impersonal, Emily Post letter to Ronnie! Ebba had stormed out of the room, sobbing that she couldn't write such a dumb letter to Ronnie. She wouldn't write Ronnie at all!

All that week Ebba felt her mother's concerned eyes watching her. All that week her mother was very gentle, not reproving Ebba for the slightest thing. To deceive her mother, Ebba plunged into all the crowd's activities: Red Cross work, movies, first-aid classes, after-movie dancing at Pete's Café. When her mother finally lapsed into her usual mild warning not to stay out too late, Ebba knew that her mother's suspicions had been lulled. With a parent's peculiar blindness, she thought Ebba had forgotten the trip to camp.

(Continued on Page 67)

Sometimes a girl meets a boy she just has to see again, regardless of how it seems to her friends, or her folks, or even the boy himself.

What is being done to help relieve the doctor shortage? Are doctors in the service with time on their hands caring for civilians?

A great deal of thought is being given to the shortage of doctors, and older men who have retired are being called back into active civilian service, since they cannot be in the armed forces.

There may have to be a better allocation; but on the whole, civilian communities should not suffer if we learn to go to the doctor instead of having him come to us and to follow rules which will keep us in good health.

I have had several people write me, stating that doctors were being given military training, which they felt was quite unnecessary and outside the realm of their responsibilities. Therefore, they felt the doctors were doing nothing and should not have been taken from their civilian communities. I made an inquiry and found that all doctors must receive military training for their own good, since it is quite possible that a doctor might find himself in a position where he was a fighter as well as a doctor. He has to know how to command men and he has to have a knowledge of military discipline to meet whatever situations might arise. It is therefore thought essential in the armed forces to give doctors basic military training.

Why are gambling and intoxicating liquor allowed in Army camps and naval stations?

I do not think that intoxicating liquor is sold in any Army camp or naval station. You cannot control what a man does when he is on leave. Neither can you tell Americans that they cannot play games for money if they desire to do so. Games that are purely gambling games, like "craps," are always stopped when discovered. Certain essential discipline must go on in the Army and Navy, but an effort is made to leave men some kind of personal freedom.

Am I right in believing that Army camps throw away food not consumed by the men at each meal?

According to testimony given in Congress, the Army is conscious of a certain amount of waste, which has been due largely to the fact that the soldiers will not eat what they do not like and are accustomed in their own homes to wasting a certain amount of food. An effort is being made, and they think that the 20 per cent estimated wastage has been cut to 11 per cent. I know from what I have heard that military police and stewards watch the boys as they come out of mess and try to prevent their throwing away uneaten food—and often send them back to eat their cold potatoes! The Army is making an effort to give the soldiers the kind of food they like. This may not be completely wise, as in many cases boys have been brought up with eating habits which are not consistent with the best nutrition values. I imagine this situation will be corrected as quickly as possible now that it is openly recognized.

CARTOON BY GEORGE LICHTY. REPRINTED COURTESY COLLIER'S



"I send a box home every week."

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

Do you think it right for Madame Chiang to wear mink and sable, and to attend elaborate banquets for her while asking financial help for China?

Has it ever occurred to you that Madame Chiang, like some people in this country, belongs to a family which has had, in the past, considerable wealth? She may have owned one or more fur coats for some years, and I have no idea whether they are mink or sable, but I do know that such things in China do not cost as much as they do here, and I do know a good many people here who are not well off, who own the same kind of fur coats and wear them.

Madame Chiang can hardly be blamed for the type of dinner that is offered her by individuals or groups in this country. Neither can her hosts be very much blamed if they live up to what they considered, in the past, was the proper kind of attention to give to a distinguished foreign visitor.

I entirely agree with you that at the present time, however, no entertainment, even of our most distinguished foreign guests, should be of the type which has been given in the past, but it is hard to make people understand that immediately.

Rationing will very shortly do this, and so I do not think you need worry about the food; neither do I think that you should blame Madame Chiang for something which she could not possibly prevent, since she is the guest and not the hostess.

It is quite legitimate for Madame Chiang to ask for help for China, since the whole of China, including even the very rich people and the very poor, today is, as a whole, poorer than the people in this country could possibly conceive. China is one of the United Nations and has gallantly contributed her share in fighting this war against our common enemy over a long period.

What do you think of Captain Rickenbacker's denunciation of absenteeism and of proposals that "work slackers" be drafted?

I am a little hesitant about saying anything about Captain Rickenbacker, because I have never heard him speak, and only know what is reported in the newspapers as coming from him.

In a general way I have always found that praise for what has been well done brings out greater effort than criticism. There are undoubtedly things in both management and labor that should be corrected, but I rather think that constructive criticism would be more valuable in conversations with the leaders of both capital and labor than in speeches which are reported in the papers and sound like scoldings to a group of citizens who have as much stake in the war as has anyone else.

I understand that the Labor Committee in Congress has held hearings and found that one of the frequent causes is illness. Of course, where you have a six-day working week and are employing women, there are a number of causes which enter into absenteeism, because we haven't yet organized our communities to make it possible for women who have families and homes to care for to work every day in the week. Where it is proved that a man has gone into industry because he hoped to evade the draft and he has a record of absenteeism, I think it is entirely justified to draft him immediately.

Is it true that beer was served at the White House when the President had a group of freshmen congressmen in?

Yes.

What can an enlisted man do to be considered for officers' candidate schools, if his superior officers refuse to consider his application?

Nothing, as far as I know.

What do you think freedom from want means?

Freedom from want means being sure that if you want to work, you can get a job and that that job will pay you sufficient to give you and your family a decent standard of living. A decent standard of living means that your shelter shall be adequate for healthful living; that your food shall be adequate and of the kind which will keep your family and yourself in good physical condition; that you shall have medical care as needed, by some method which your Government may agree on; and that there shall be a margin of income to provide the necessary clothing, educational and recreational needs.

Do you believe the following quotation states accurate facts: "In all of known time, the world has followed the same path on a graph. It starts with a free economy and then inevitably discovers the inequalities of man. Because man is unequal, the wealth under a free economy is gradually accumulated into the hands of a few, and these few ride on the backs of the masses. The mass of man always finds this system of enslavement and starvation intolerable and revolts, and a planned or government-controlled economy results. No matter where the planned economy starts, it always ends by becoming more and more rigid, more and more restrictive and with the wealth accumulating in the hands of the planners, the bureaucracy. So when that situation becomes intolerable, it is smashed and drowned in blood and desperation and the progress begins all over again."

I do not know the context from which your quotation was taken. It is untrue as it stands, because there are no qualifications, and facts of this kind are never just black and white, as this statement is. Through the ages we have gradually progressed, and though there has been a rise and fall and a certain repetition throughout history, each time, it seems to me, some advancement has been made and there is no reason, as far as I can read history, that we should feel we must always have the same results. If we learn from the past we can improve our methods. We do not of necessity follow the same pattern or make the same results.

Is it really true that the President approves of the fourth-term propaganda being sent all over the world to our fighting men?

As far as I know, no fourth-term propaganda has been sent anywhere in the world to our fighting men. If you are referring to the Office of War Information publications which have gone abroad, they are not fourth-term propaganda; they are designed to inform people in other countries as to what kind of people we are, what we believe in and what we want to do. As far as any other information they give on the President, that is purely historical information, and designed to give men in the services and men in other countries a knowledge of the man who is the commander in chief of the united forces of the United States. This is necessary information.

Don't you think you were unnecessarily harsh on landlords in your recent page?

No. I still believe that nobody should ask whether you have children or not in renting you an apartment.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. No letters for this page sent to the White House will be answered. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions either of the Administration or of the Editors of the JOURNAL.

Winning on the Home Front

WHILE MEN ARE FIGHTING BATTLES, THERE'S A JOB FOR EVERY WOMAN, WHICH HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH UNIFORMS, BLACKOUTS, WAR BONDS OR FOOD RATIONING

OUR husbands, sons and brothers now in uniform rarely say much about the things that are really closest to their hearts. They never complain about the hardships that they are enduring for our sakes, but between the lines of their letters coming in from far-off places—Africa, the South Pacific or Alaska—you can read how much they are thinking about home. This is the sort of thing we all get: "Tell my young brother Bill to write." . . . "I hope the cheese sandwiches Susie made didn't make you both sick." . . . "Ma, I am sorry I wasn't with you for your birthday." . . . "I'm with a swell bunch of fellows." They are a swell bunch, and we must do everything that we can to back them up here at home.

I am told that a war correspondent, John Hersey, asked a group of tired, mud-covered marines on Guadalcanal what they were fighting for. He reports it thus: "They did not answer for what seemed a very long time. Then one of them spoke, and for a second I thought he was changing the subject or making fun of me, but he was answering the question very specifically. He whispered, 'What I'd give for a piece of blueberry pie!'"

Blueberry pie meant home to those marines, and it is this home life which we must keep for them. Men's work is fighting the battles; women's is the task of keeping homes warm and true, of seeing that little children eat their oatmeal, that their elbows are patched and that they say their prayers. Women, in wartime, have to be the ones to see that children have a place to play away from street traffic; that older boys and girls, working at war jobs, can have good times, after working hours, in wholesome surroundings; that all the many community services which are the regular safeguards for health and character should function better than ever before.

Today—unless you are closely in touch with such services in your own community—it would probably shock you to know how much their work is being curtailed because of a lack of helpers. There are playgrounds where no children will play this summer because of a lack of supervisors or funds to hire supervisors. Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, 4-H clubs and many other boys' and girls' organizations were never so in need of group leaders. Many have long waiting lists of boys and girls, eager to join in their activities if only adult leaders could be found.

Hospitals, seriously handicapped by the shortage of labor, welcome volunteers to answer telephones, squeeze orange juice, carry trays and do a thousand other tasks requiring no especial training.

Many schools which have been serving free hot lunches to undernourished children—with unquestioned benefits in health and improved schoolwork—will be unable to continue now that WPA funds which paid for the labor, at least in part, are no longer available. Yet this is a time when authorities all agree that schools really should be extending their hot-lunch programs, since mothers employed in war industries are unable to provide the noon meal at home. (Remember it was Winston Churchill who said, "There is no finer investment for any community than putting milk into babies.")

In every city hundreds of boys and girls in the teens are dropping out of school to work, or in addition to schoolwork are taking on jobs requiring four or even eight hours daily. These boys and girls need recreation that is inviting, wholesome and in tune with young ideas.

All these facts, it seems to me, are a direct challenge to the WINS—that great group of America's homemaking women to whom the JOURNAL so rightly accords the title of Women in National Service. I like the name "WINS." It gives us a new sense of our responsibilities and reminds us always of what we are working for: we must win this war.

WINS are the mothers, grandmothers, wives, aunts and sisters who cannot take full-time war jobs



First row: Mrs. Leverett, Jr., and her infant son, Timothy; Corporal Leverett, Jr., U. S. Engineers, Fort Belvoir, Va.; Leverett, Sr., governor of Massachusetts; and his mother, Mrs. R. M. Saltonstall, who helped organize the Red Cross Blood Donor Center in Boston. Second row: Private First Class Peter, U. S. Marines, who was on Guadalcanal all winter; Mrs. Leverett, Sr.; Susan, 12; Bill, 15; and Radioman 3/C Emily, of the WAVES.

BY MRS. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL

Honorary Chairman of the WINS of Massachusetts

because of domestic responsibilities. But community service is a domestic responsibility too—a little broader than the four walls of the home, because it takes in the neighbors', the town's good interests, as well as the family's.

We cannot do without these community services. If the WINS do not do this job, who is going to? That is why, as a mother and homemaker, I am writing about what seems to me to be one of the biggest opportunities before the WINS.

If you live in a city with a Community Chest, you can find your community war job very quickly by a letter, telephone call or visit to the Community Chest office. Depending on your time, training and abilities, they will know where you can be most useful. Or ask a teacher—especially a home-economics teacher—about community projects in which you can share. There is no skill or talent, from canning gooseberries to sawing wood, for which there is not a need.

IN MASSACHUSETTS, as a matter of fact, sawing wood has turned out to be one of the most successful community projects—as well as good outdoor exercise for boys and girls. And a lot of fun too. Boys and girls of Norwell High School, led by their principal, turned out for wood-chopping bees regularly during the past school term, not only to provide wood for fuel for the neighborhood but also to cut logs for local sawmills to turn into boxes so that munitions and food could be shipped to our fighting men overseas. The girls were not permitted to chop, but they liked to saw, and did. The school considered these chopping bees part of its physical-education program—but the whole town had firewood as a result. The slogan was, "Swing the axes to trim the Axis."

The work which boys and girls can do, and will do enthusiastically and well, with a little adult instruction and supervision, is really surprising. Boys can help on playgrounds, serve as lifeguards, grow vegetables, raise chickens, repair household equipment and serve as airplane spotters. Girls can take care of little children, pick fruit and can it for welfare agencies, help in public libraries, grow medicinal herbs, wash dishes and answer telephones in hospitals.

They can think up any number of useful tasks for themselves to do, but they do need adult instruction and advice. This is why the boys' and girls' organizations are so eager for more leaders.

I know one woman who is teaching a group of Camp Fire Girls about home nursing, meeting once a week in a church. The girls have learned how to hold a baby. They will learn soon how to bathe and dress a child, and what it should eat. They love it. These little girls are going to become capable of taking the responsibility for smaller children left in their care in back-yard playgrounds.

WE KNOW that our boys and girls are enormously eager to help in any work concerning the war. But we also know that there is danger of exposing children to too much wartime excitement. That is why playgrounds are so important this summer, and why recreational facilities for older boys and girls, the ones who are full-time workers and who may be newcomers to your city, are such a factor in community life. If there are no organized recreation centers near your home, any mother, or group of mothers, who wants to start such activities can get suggestions by writing to the National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City. This organization will supply instructions for all sorts of indoor and outdoor recreation—the kind the whole family can enjoy.

There should be more family picnics this summer, more get-togethers among neighbors, more quiet evenings on the front porch—the peace and majesty of the summer night accented by the creaking of the porch swing, the sweet smell of honeysuckle or mignonette, homemade music, even if it's not too good.

This is the home life which we must keep. This is what America and the United Nations are fighting for. For boys and girls who can grow up in freedom, with laughter and knowledge and the joy that comes from hard work well done. For the tomorrow and the better world these young people are going to build. Our armed forces are fighting for this, and we, as Women in National Service, cannot let down in our part of the fight, which is to maintain and defend our homes.

What better reward can we have than the knowledge that we are caring for the sisters and brothers, sons and daughters of the men who are giving so much for us, and that we are helping to see that, when they come back, they will find healthy, happy young Americans?

ATTENTION, WINS!

- ★ Are there playgrounds, properly supervised, for children in your town this summer? Enough?
- ★ Are the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and other boys' and girls' organizations handicapped for lack of adult leaders, or are they carrying on their usual programs?
- ★ What recreational facilities does your community offer to boys and girls who have full-time or part-time war jobs?
- ★ If you have taken a first-aid, home-nursing or canteen course, are you using this training now—either as a leader of boys' or girls' groups or in some other community service?
- ★ Does your community have a hot-school-lunch program? Or did it close with WPA? Are volunteers needed to keep it going?
- ★ Are you, as a parent, in addition to your war activities, saving a regular, definite amount of time each week to have fun with your family?



Fresh as lettuce for the lighter jobs: a \$3.50 cotton skirt, a \$1.69 cotton jumper dress.

A \$2.95 overall and a long-sleeved cotton shirt; practical, unbeatable combination for heavy work.



GARDEN FRESH

Summer will be different this year. You'll wield the hoe and rake in one of the millions of Victory Gardens in your own back yard or on a community plot—or perhaps on a real farm. You'll weed and pick vegetables, feed pigs and chickens, can the fruits of the field—even ride a tractor. Fun and health in the sun—a new experience for the city-bred. You'll dress for your job in long jeans and overalls and long-sleeved shirts for the heavy work and berry patches; shortalls and pinafores for milk pails and chicken yards; cool, sleeveless jumpers for the hot indoor tasks—all washable and easy on the ironing board. Guard your feet with sturdy flat or low-heeled shoes, your hands with farmer's cotton gloves. After chores are done, fresh skirts and shirts, a frilly pinafore, a Sunday overall—time for delicious rest, dinner of your own fresh vegetables.

By *Wilhela Cushman*
Fashion Editor of the Journal

PHOTOS BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.



Sundown: time to change to denim and gingham skirts and cool white blouses. \$3.95 each piece.



Milkmaid in a garden-flower washable cotton pinafore, \$3.00; and "play shoes," now become work shoes.



Martha MacVicar feeds the pigs—in denim culotte, \$2.95, blouse, \$1.95; gingham dress and bolero, \$4.50.

DUE TO SHORTAGES AND GOVERNMENT PRIORITIES, SUBSTITUTION OF FABRIC IN THESE FASHIONS MAY BE NECESSARY.

FOR FARMERS MARKET

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

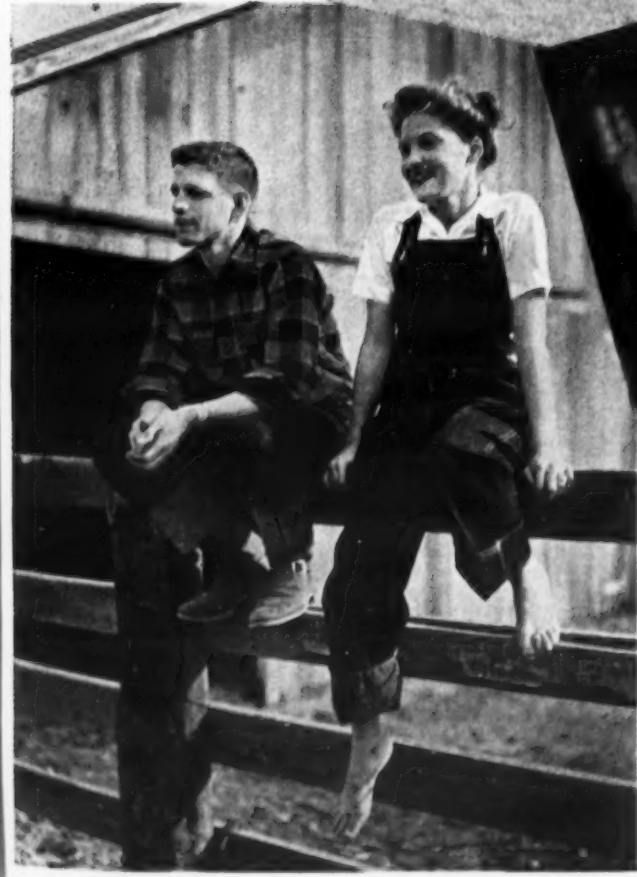
Certain coveralls, dresses and other garments in stores today are labeled for women war workers. They're NOT RATIONED, but they ARE made of PRIORITY FABRICS. If you're a WINS housewife, not engaged in industrial or agricultural war work, it is suggested that you choose similar styles for your homework.



Some like them short: cotton overall, \$2.98; to market, also, a striped cotton dirndl-jumper dress.



Barbara Britton in a gingham-check shoulder-strap jumper dress, \$1.98; cool, comfortable for canning.



Blue jean overalls, favorites on the farm; weights light to heavy, as you prefer. \$1.79 to \$2.95.



Sunday afternoon, time for rest: cheerful red jumper-all, \$8.95, blouse, \$5.95; rayon frilly pinafore, \$7.95.

Short-and-shirt one-piece play suit, part of pattern 1135, sizes 12 to 38; of chambray, piqué, sharkskin.



Barbara Britton, certain enchantment—blue linen-weave with an eyelet-and-velvet-ribbon neckline. 1102, sizes 12 to 38.



Same sleeveless jumper as photographed below; any plain-color cotton. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.



Chintz jumper, chambray play suit, 1135; 12 to 38. Jennifer Jones, star of *The Song of Bernadette*.



Hollywood Pattern 1119, gingham suit, rickrack-trimmed, on Jennifer Jones. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

SUNSHINE BECOMES YOU

By *Wilhela Cushman*
Fashion Editor of the Journal

MAKE your clothes for the summer sun, and the quick new rhythm of your life. Make them cool and pretty: of fabrics that are easy keepers, wrinkle resisters, simple to wash and iron; in colors and styles that will brighten your corner of the world. Plaid gingham goes into a crisp suit for walking to work; flowered cotton into a sleeveless breakfast getter or sun bather; a cornflower-blue linen-weave into the enchanting square-neckline dress with velvet ribbon for afternoons—or your hero's leave. If you're a remnant fancier, perhaps you already have—or can pick up at a counter—a length of candy-striped rayon for the many-purpose, bow-tie shirt dress; or a printed chintz and chambray for the jumper over play suit, for a sudden, welcome holiday. Hollywood Patterns for all these.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
 Washington, D. C.
 Conserve ribbons and trimmings. Silk ribbon is no longer being made. Trimming manufacturers are making cord for parachutes and Army caps, and braid for uniforms. Dig into your scrap bags for rickrack or embroidered braid from an old dress, precious yards of ribbon, pieces of bright taffeta; give them second life on new clothes.

PHOTOS BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.



Afternoon in cotton: pretty shirting, ruching on bodice and above hemline. 1113, sizes 12 to 38.



Sunshine special: white piqué sleeveless dress and bolero, with rickrack, low, U-shaped neckline, 1134, sizes 12 to 18; 30 to 36. Barbara Britton, playing in Bataan Nurse.



Candy stripes for the bow-neck shirt dress, for any day's business. 1084, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.



Flower-garden cotton sun dress with bolero for marketing or shopping; same pattern as at left.



Bare-arm afternoon dress with little cap sleeve, made in pretty rayon print, 1118, sizes 12 to 38.

Back views and prices—page 116
 Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 200 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Short-and-shirt one-piece play suit, part of pattern 1135, sizes 12 to 38; of chambray, piqué, sharkskin.



Same sleeveless jumper as photographed below; any plain-color cotton. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.



Barbara Britton, certain enchantment—blue linen-weave with an eyelet-and-velvet-ribbon neckline. 1102, sizes 12 to 38.



Chintz jumper, chambray play suit, 1135; 12 to 38. Jennifer Jones, star of *The Song of Bernadette*.



Hollywood Pattern 1119, gingham suit, rickrack-trimmed, on Jennifer Jones. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

SUNSHINE BECOMES YOU

By *Wilhela Cushman*
Fashion Editor of the Journal

MAKE your clothes for the summer sun, and the quick new rhythm of your life. Make them cool and pretty: of fabrics that are easy keepers, wrinkle resisters, simple to wash and iron; in colors and styles that will brighten your corner of the world. Plaid gingham goes into a crisp suit for walking to work; flowered cotton into a sleeveless breakfast getter or sun bather; a cornflower-blue linen-weave into the enchanting square-neckline dress with velvet ribbon for afternoons—or your hero's leave. If you're a remnant fancier, perhaps you already have—or can pick up at a counter—a length of candy-striped rayon for the many-purpose, bow-tie shirt dress; or a printed chintz and chambray for the jumper over play suit, for a sudden, welcome holiday. Hollywood Patterns for all these.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
 Washington, D. C.
 Conserve ribbons and trimmings. Silk ribbon is no longer being made. Trimming manufacturers are making cord for parachutes and Army caps, and braid for uniforms. Dig into your scrap bags for rickrack or embroidered braid from an old dress, precious yards of ribbon, pieces of bright taffeta; give them second life on new clothes.

PHOTOS BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.



Afternoon in cotton: pretty shirting, ruching on bodice and above hemline. 1113, sizes 12 to 38.



Sunshine special: white piqué sleeveless dress and bolero, with rickrack, low, U-shaped neckline, 1134, sizes 12 to 18; 30 to 36. Barbara Britton, playing in Bataan Nurse.



Candy stripes for the bow-neck shirt dress, for any day's business. 1084, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.



Flower-garden cotton sun dress with bolero for marketing or shopping; same pattern as at left.



Back views and prices—page 116

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Bare-arm afternoon dress with little cap sleeve, made in pretty rayon print, 1118, sizes 12 to 38.

EAST... WEST...

Home's



By Ann

PEOPLE keep telling me that we are going to *have* to go back to the olden days and ways of living. We're going to have to, they say—never ask me who—eat the home-grown fare we grew up on.

That doesn't intimidate me a bit. Because ever since I was a pigtailed lass—a *few years ago*—with my lunch basket filled with fresh doughnuts and cheese, with fried chicken and butternut cake and a Northern Spy apple, I have loved the ways of home. Inside there is always good living, where the food is plentiful, whether it comes from far places or whether it's largely handmade and home-grown. Outside, the weary world may choose blood and sand and the dark nights of despair. But in the home I dream of there is wholehearted friendliness, cheer and hope and fun. Maybe the piano needs tuning, but there is music in the heart just the same.

And near at hand you always have neighbors. I've tried to put that neighborly spirit into practice here, for whether your home is North, South, East or West, we're all neighbors these days. And there's plenty of good eating to be had in each section of this vast country.

Priority on Chowder. Cape Cod claims priority—and what a word *that* turned out to be—on chowder. Did you know that there are about ninety-seven kinds of chowder?



MENU

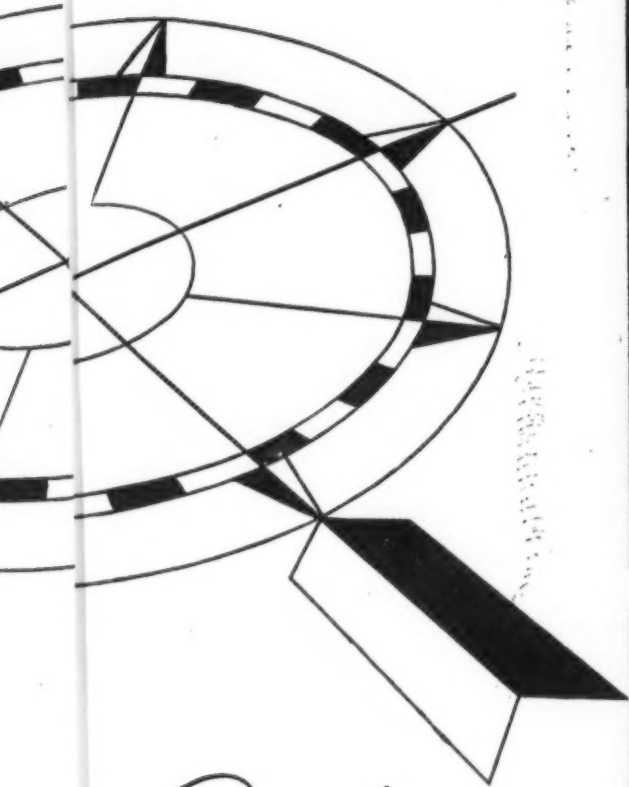
Potato Soup
 ★ Crab Louis
 Stuffed Eggs
 ★ Fresh Cherry Sherbet
 ★ Cereal Macaroons
 Iced Tea



MENU

★ Guacamole
 ★ Frijole Salad
 ★ Tortillas
 with Sauce
 Melon
 Coffee

Best



Batchelder

Or so they say. And Cape Codders know the whole story. Reading about this dish the other day, a certain person had written well of it and wound up by saying, "And please don't serve it in cups!" To that I add my please don't. Deep soup plates are what I want for chowder. With these words I feel that we should go on to the receipts.

Fish Chowder. Remove the rind from a 4-ounce piece of fat salt pork (or bacon). Dice it and fry in a heavy kettle, very slowly, until it's crisp and brown. Don't burn it. Remove the crisp pieces and save to add to the chowder when served. In the fat, cook $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of finely chopped onions. Now take your fish, about 2 pounds of cod or haddock, sprinkle it with salt and pepper and put it in water to cover. Add a small piece of bay leaf. Simmer twenty to thirty minutes. Lift it out and remove the skin and bones. Break the fish into small pieces. Strain the stock and add to the salt pork and onions. In this mixture cook 3 or 4 potatoes, diced, until tender. Add the fish and 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of milk. Season and heat it up, but don't boil. Serve with it either pilot crackers or the hard round water crackers called "common crackers." Be sure your chowder is hot—and I mean hot—when it comes on in its tureen or heated casserole.

(Continued on Page 70)



MENU

- ★ Down-East Fish Chowder
- ★ Garden-Sass Salad Bowl
- ★ Vermont Maple Cake
- Berries
- Tea, Lemon

PHOTOS BY STUART-FOWLER



MENU

- ★ Southern Fried Chicken
- ★ Hominy Grits
- Gravy
- Green Beans with Salt Pork
- Hot Biscuits
- ★ Fresh Lime Pie
- Coffee au Lait



SONG OF JUNE

*What shall I say that has
not been said
Of the month of months, of
the glowing bed
Where the roses droop on
the garden wall,
And the sentinel holly-
hocks blaze and fall?*

*Sing of the Junes that are
gone, that are past,
Of the summer twilights
that will not last.
How shall I sing and this
beauty declare?
(Hark to the thrush in the
thicket there.)*

- 1 This is the hesitating month—it's more than spring, and not quite summer. Not quite full-bosomed enough for that. Lovely as youth, fleeting as a hummingbird.
- 2 Berries are miniature still lifes painted to music. Timely warning: Never put flour on berries destined for shortcake. Never!
- 3 Peanuts are finding their way about in extraordinary places. Ground peanuts, raisins, lemon juice and mayonnaise make a summer sandwich filling. Mix to a spread and use brown bread.
- 4 There *are* such things as June peas. Nothing can stop them. Cook them with a few chopped mint leaves sometimes. Don't forget about peas modeled to be cooked in the pods. All peas need a speck of sugar, pods or no pods.
- 5 Slice up a "mess" of cold boiled potatoes, cut a slice or two of sautéed liver into small pieces, chop a green pepper and slice a large onion. Put in layers in a casserole, cover with milk, season highly and scallop in an oven at 350° F. for thirty to forty-five minutes.
- 6 Perhaps spinach is on your "forget the whole thing" list, but try it in a spinach loaf or in a spinach-and-egg casserole made with cheese sauce.
- 7 *Corner drugstore talk:* There are a lot of folks who *adore* wilted lettuce. Well, who?
- 8 You've got something there if it's hot rice pudding made with honey and a touch of cinnamon, seeded with chopped Brazil nuts. Heat cream with maple sugar to sweeten, with a piece of butter or margarine, and there's your sauce. Plain cream will do.
- 9 *Fact-and-rumor dept.:* Beets are just dandy if cooked, "shucked," sliced and marinated an hour or two in lemon and orange juice with a tablespoon or two of honey.
- 10 Now for the grapefruit bathed in cherry. Prepare a receipt of cherry-flavored gelatin, and use a cup of water and one of grapefruit juice. Let it get partly set. Fold in the sections of three grapefruit, taking off the membranes. Fill a mold or grapefruit shells, chill and serve. Orange juice cooked down with a little sugar to a sirup is a delicious sauce, and here's a dessert the color of new gardens too.
- 11 Instead of always meat balls, make some small meat loaves—the meat-loaf-built-for-one idea. Dress them up with a few fried onions. Serve with baked tomatoes.
- 12 Take a good-sized glass baking dish and fill it with whole peeled tomatoes. Add salt, pepper and sugar. Between the tomatoes, center, sides and on top, press buttered bread crumbs, but *not* stale bread. Bake in an oven at 350° F. until tomatoes are tender and top is brown.
- 13 As appropriate as rosin to the bow is the modest mushroom to an omelet for supper. When tomato sauce baptizes all, there's a dish not to be laughed off. Creamed or sautéed sliced mushrooms in the omelet, sauce on same. Or mushrooms in the sauce.
- 14 Will stuffed peppers go on forever? Let's hope so. Chopped corn done up with a little cream, paprika, crisp bits of bacon and used for stuffing, all covered with buttered crumbs, is one thing. Bake the peppers with a cup of hot water in the pan, or parboil first and bake.
- 15 Little Italian squash—*zucchini*—tomatoes, eggplant, these are all elegant stuffed with a variety of chopped seasoned meat.
- 16 Another nice sandwich spread to go on ginger bread—of all things. Cut the gingerbread into split squares, butter or margarine them, cover with apple jelly, then with a good layer of cottage or creamed cheese beaten up with a little ginger sirup or orange juice. Delicious!
- 17 *From an old cookbook:* "To skin tomatoes quickly, hold over flame until skin cracks." All right, all right, but *whose* skin?
- 18 *Hints-and-pushes division:* Chicken and turkey soup make a Custer's last stand when the birds are only bones and skin. Don't forget the bay leaf while cooking those four or five hours. Likewise a sliced onion and sage—if no stuffing goes in. Chicken broth is best for adding, but water will do. When cold, take off fat, season, reheat, add a cup of hot cream.
- 19 A perfect salad is endive where the peeled white grapes lurk. And there is endive stuffed with sardines.
- 20 One of the nicest things in a green-apple pie is a dusting of grated lemon or orange peel. Dry or fresh, so long as it is grated and honest peel.
- 21 *Herb note:* Up in Vermont sage grows, cheese is made—hence sage cheese. Chopped basil leaves, crushed coriander seeds, crushed sweet marjoram, any of these in cream or cottage cheese fills the bill right here.
- 22 Nothing new to report about trout. Except fry them. Salt pork as crisp as a cinder in your eye is for trout. Baked potatoes and cream gravy—O Lakota, Lake Lakota!
- 23 Fill sherbet glasses with strawberry rhubarb cooked in honey, mixed with a good portion of orange juice and mingled with diced bananas. How sweet it is upon a summer's day, to eat the rhubarb that grew up in May!
- 24 Take off for a cool luncheon with finely chopped cucumbers and scallions in French dressing, all to fill a hollowed tomato in a lettuce-lace collar. Eat these with cottage cheese spiked with dill.
- 25 This salad keeps you smiling through: Small leaves of lettuce with water cress, walnut or blanched minced Brazil meats and a good cup of chopped celery hearts. Toss all these in mayonnaise and serve in lettuce cups.
- 26 Salt cod in cream gravy should, like old friends, "never be forgot." Add a beaten egg at the last minute of cooking. Egg goes, too, for fish hash; a chopped onion *and* a minced green pepper. Brown in pork fat, fold like an omelet. Serve with sliced beets.
- 27 If you broil a lobster, butter it well, season it well and cover with large leaves of lettuce.
- 28 One gourmet sauce for chops or less stylish dishes is black-currant jelly melted with a little Worcestershire sauce, just a dash of mustard, a squeeze of lemon, and then spare a bit of butter or margarine. Heat it up.
- 29 Let's be frivolous and plan a crab-meat or lobster supper. Into a cup of *bechamel* sauce, mix two cups of crab or lobster meat. Add half a cup of grated Swiss cheese. Fill crab shells or little casseroles, cover with grated cheese and buttered crumbs and bake.
- 30 Thirty are the days of June, and every one too short. Walking in the garden in the cool of the day, hand in hand with beauty, we see in the deepening sky Jupiter, wearing his myrtle wreath. Are there any astronomers among us?

FIRST AID

FOR HUNGRY FOLKS WITH JOBS TO DO



BUILD WARTIME MEALS AROUND HOMEY, HEARTY CAMPBELL'S SOUPS.

These are days for careful planning in the feeding of that family of yours. With nourishing food so important on the home front, more and more women are building meals around steaming bowls of sturdy, appetizing

Campbell's Soups. Here is food to please and sustain the whole family.

These substantial main-dish soups are made with the fine meats, chickens and vegetables that keep folks going. Enjoy the rich, deep-down flavor of each heartening spoonful . . . and know that each spoonful gives you sound, sustaining nourishment.

"I HAVE A MAN ON THE NIGHT SHIFT"

And when he gets home you should see him sail into a brimming bowl of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. He loves the deep, rich flavor of the slowly simmered broth, and those tempting pieces of chicken and good egg noodles. Yes, it's a soup made to order for a hard-working man with a stalwart appetite.

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP



"I COOK FOR MY THREE YOUNGSTERS"

And I'm glad their favorite dish is Campbell's Tomato Soup . . . because, along with that tomato-rich flavor I know they're getting the kind of wholesome nourishment they need so much these days. This good soup is a standby food in my house. It's just the dish to round out a wartime meal for hungry people.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP



"I'M BUSY ALL AFTERNOON ON WAR WORK"

But my family sit down to dinner on time. Often we make Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup the important dish of the meal. This excitingly different kind of chicken soup takes almost no time to prepare. It's filled with tomatoes, okra and tender pieces of chicken - hearty eating for these war days.

Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO SOUP



Look for the Red-and-White Label

Campbell's SOUPS





Who'd have thought Donald had rheumatic fever?

IT WAS SOMETHING of a shock to Donald's parents when the school physician advised them to have the boy examined by their family doctor for a suspected heart ailment.

They took him to the doctor at once, and, sure enough, the examination confirmed a slight impairment. "What ever could have caused it?" they wanted to know. Under the doctor's questioning, they learned the answer.

They recalled that, about a year before, Donald had been a little below par for a time. His appetite had been poor and he had failed to gain weight. He had complained of fleeting aches in the joints, and a slight fever. After a while in bed, he began to pick up, so they hadn't bothered the doctor. Since then, Donald had seemed perfectly well. Little did they suspect that he had suffered from active rheumatic fever, a disease which may affect the heart—especially if there are repeated attacks.

Fortunately, the damage to Donald's heart was slight. Now that he had had no fever in months, there was no reason for treating him differently from other children—except in one important respect: *Donald had shown himself susceptible to rheumatic fever, and everything possible should be done to prevent further attacks.* His general health and resistance should be built up and he should be guarded against sore throats and colds.

What every parent should know

Rheumatic fever causes between 80 and 90 per cent of the heart disease in people under the age of 35. The first attack is most likely to occur between the ages of 5 and 14.

Sometimes, as in Donald's case, early signs of acute rheumatic fever may be so

indefinite that the disease is overlooked. Other cases may be accompanied by inflammation of the joints which become swollen, red and painful, and a fever as high as 103 degrees. Additional signs may be severe nose bleeds, and nodules, or lumps, under the skin. Even though the illness appears mild, a child should be kept in bed as long as any of these signs of infection persist.

In most cases, when a child has recovered from rheumatic fever and the disease has been inactive a sufficient time, he can and should engage in normal play and school activities. Parents should continue to be especially watchful to see that he gets sufficient rest, nutritious meals, and cultivates healthful living habits. Furthermore, sick or well, he should be taken to the doctor for periodic checkups.

For additional information about this disease, send for Metropolitan's new free leaflet, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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75th ANNIVERSARY 1868-1943

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Please send me a copy of your leaflet, 63-J, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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The gardener finds cool June evenings right for cultivation.

Summer Starting

By the Gardener's Assistant

NO ONE who wants to get a war garden under way need think it's too late. You could begin right now from scratch with a food plot, and by sometime in August you would be catching up, and by fall you couldn't tell the difference. The gardener has done it when she couldn't help it, and of course every gardener knows that now in June is not only a good time to get certain things in the ground—it's the best. It's the time, too, for second and third sowings—so why not for the first?

You can still get in two successive sowings of beets, of which a good late crop will come in handy for canning and for winter storing; the same with carrots. Early radishes, of course, will pop along any time you plant them six weeks this side of frost. Corn, if you have room for it, can go in every two or three weeks almost through August; but use an early variety, stick to one kind and plant a block of short rows rather than in a single long row, thus facilitating pollination. These suggestions apply equally to the gardener who's off to a late start and to the one who's pondering the problem of follow-up sowings.

Cabbage seedlings for fall can be set out any time in June, even early July. Swiss chard, which is probably the most prolific of all the greens, can be sown right through July; but you will find that a few feet at a time will provide you with plenty. And for late-fall greens which become tasty and tender after frost, there is nothing more satisfactory, and hardly another vegetable more decorative, than kale; June being the best time to get the seeds in the ground. Any time in July or August is soon enough to sow the seeds for a fall crop of turnips, which can be used as they make a suitable size, and then before the ground freezes can be dug to be stored away for winter.

Peas are a cool-weather crop, as you will discover if you try to grow them in the heat. They're the first thing the gardener gets in the ground in the spring, and the last thing, except lettuce, that she plants in late summer. She chooses an early dwarf variety,

and about the middle of August plants as many rows as she has room for. They're ready for picking sixty days later, when the days are shorter and cool nights have come; and if she's had the space to spare there are plenty of peas for the autumn table and a good little surplus for canning or drying. As for lettuce, she keeps a few square feet coming along by sprinkling seed over a fresh little patch every two weeks or so, right into September. She keeps her midsummer plantings delicately damp all the time and gives them some shade with cheesecloth when the sun is at its worst.

Bush beans, onion sets, kohlrabi, parsnips and broccoli (the sprouting type) are more things for which there is still plenty of time, if you don't put them off too long. And if you're thinking about doing any drying, you'll want as many beans as you can grow. The same with onions, easy enough to raise, and easy to keep into winter if you have a cool dry place in which to store them.

In the midst of her fervor for raising as much food as we can reasonably use for the table, for canning and drying, the gardener has not forgotten the fact that flowers are also a war necessity. And because they come up quickly, require practically no attention, and brighten the garden with their bountiful blooms as well as provide plenty of colorful cutting material for the house, she has chosen to sow this month several rows of dahlia-flowered zinnias, which can be picked from latter July until frost—reds, whites, yellows and salmons.

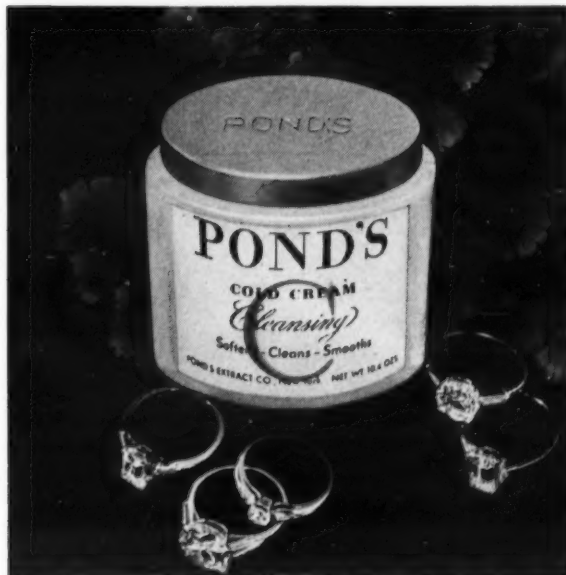
As for what the midsummer food garden requires in the way of care, I can only reiterate the importance of clean, careful cultivation; keeping the soil open and weed-free; sunset watering at the roots in dry weather; fertilizing judiciously with the best complete fertilizer you can buy, and keeping an eye open for insects, most of which can be controlled by prompt and thorough dusting with the nearest thing you can get to rotenone—now made scarce by the war. The same war that you can help win by keeping your garden going.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

Now that millions of food gardens are under way, war gardeners are urged to preserve all suitable surplus crops against a winter of rationing. Information on canning, drying and storing can be had from the Department of Agriculture, your local Victory Gardens committee, and this magazine.



SERVING COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS TO THE NAVY. Jacqueline has completed a year of special volunteer work in canteen training and civilian evacuation methods. She graduated a Lieutenant and on duty wears this becoming deep brown uniform and cap—so attractive with her soft, fair Pond's complexion.



HER SOFT-SMOOTH SKIN is a lovely "thank-you" for the exquisite care she gives it with Pond's!



LIEUTENANT JACQUELINE PROCTOR on communications duty. She trained with the famous Massachusetts Women's Defense Corps—the first state uniformed women in the country.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



HER BEAUTIFUL RING is set with exquisite simplicity—a deep blue sapphire between two large diamonds, and three tiny diamonds set low each side in the platinum band.

Jacqueline Proctor is the pretty and piquant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Otis Proctor of Boston. Her engagement to Guy de Brun of New York, now in the Army at Camp Barkeley, Texas, was announced last spring. She is a descendant of James Otis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

JACQUELINE RADIATES CHARM. Her great brown eyes are like velvet pansies. Her fair skin has an appealing "little-girl" look—it's so smooth, soft, naively fresh and sweet.

"My face just adores Pond's soft-smooth skin care," Jacqueline says. "It's so thorough the way it cleanses, and leaves my skin with such a softer, rested feel."

Copy Jacqueline's complexion care with Pond's: She pats this silky-soft Cold Cream all over her face and throat with brisk, little pats. "It's a grand way to soften and release dirt and make-

up," she says. She tissues it off well—then "rinses" with *more* Pond's for *extra softening and cleansing*. Tissues all off again.

"Do this *every* night," Jacqueline says—"and for daytime clean-ups. You'll adore Pond's, too." And you'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Victor du Pont III and Miss Mimi McAdoo are Pond's Cold Cream devotees.

You'll find Pond's Cold Cream on sale at beauty counters everywhere—all sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes when you buy, you get even more for your money.

Today—more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price!

Just what the doctor ordered..



The new floating soap that's purer than finest Castiles!



Castile purity for babies

For years and years, doctors and mothers all over the country have made castiles their baby soap—because castiles were the very standard of purity.

Now you can get that same marvelous purity—in pure, white floating Swan—at far less than the cost of castile!

And mild? Weeks of bathing tests with babies, made under the supervision of leading baby doctors, show that: "No soap tested—whether castile or floating soap—is milder than Swan."



Castile purity for you

Give *your* complexion this new kind of baby-gentle mildness! Try Swan today—see how beautifully it agrees with your skin—how lovely and

soft it leaves your face and hands. See what gobs of creamy-soft lather it gives—*faster* than you ever dreamed a floating soap could! See how fresh and clean Swan smells!

Castile purity for everything

When Swan's so thrifty, why not enjoy its castile-purity and mildness for bath, dishes, fine things—all your washing? Swan's so firm—it lasts and lasts. Gives you more real soap per penny than any toilet soap tested! Swan up and save!

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"WHEN SO MANY PEOPLE SAY 'SWAN'S BETTER'—IT'S JUST COMMON SENSE TO TRY A CAKE AND SEE!"



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Survival

BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

V

March 10, 1941.

I FOUND Virginia lying face downward on her bed in the dark. Gillian had fetched a hot-water bottle for her feet and covered her with a rug, but the hand I took between my own was still ice-cold. "Rudi!" Virginia murmured. "It is Rudi!" For I had not even knocked, I had gone straight in.

"Adrian isn't dead," I whispered, bending over her, "and he won't, now, try to be."

"Yes, but, Rudi, he loved me. And now he doesn't; he can't—never any more!"

Poor child, she was defeated! As she lay there, trapped in her great beauty, my heart ached for her. She was in the first flush of a young, triumphant love. But it was a love born of an idea to escape, and against the law of human obligation; such loves are always tragedies. In a sense she would never get over Adrian, although I do not think she loved him as she might have loved Michael—if he had taught her how.

I knelt down beside her. "He's very young," I said. "He doesn't know yet how desperately we all act sometimes. You have something to be sorry for—but so has he."

"Oh, no!" she whispered. "He didn't know—I'd never told him about Tom."

"He knew about Michael," I reminded her, "and the children." She did not say anything.

I went over to the window and drew aside the curtains, to let the fresh spring evening touch her with its chill sweetness. In spite of her reddened eyelids and colorless cheeks, Virginia was still beautiful.

"Michael must know something is wrong," she said after a pause. "I wouldn't let him in."

"He knows everything," I told her quietly, "and of course it is better that he should."

"But—but," she said, looking distraught, "he'll never forgive me, Rudi—not if he knows about Tom."

"At present," I said, "he is not thinking about forgiving you. He's trying to forgive himself. As for you, you think now that being despised by Adrian is worse than being dead, but it isn't—not while Michael is alone, and needs you. Now I am going downstairs to get some hot broth for you. Lie down again till I come back—and remember there are still things to live for: the Nazis are not here; your house is not bombed; your children are alive; you are twenty-four and very beautiful, and you have a husband who can learn! Very few wives are so fortunate; for I must admit husbands, as a rule, cannot learn either from their wives or about them. After all, Adrian was a most difficult young man, and one who would require a great deal of any woman—in the long run more, perhaps, than you could have given him. He was really a problem!"

"Oh, Rudi," Virginia said, with a rueful laugh, "how you go on about problems. He was the man I loved!" She, too, said "was," I noticed.

"Yes," I said, "and so were Michael and Tom once, and you survived them. Now I shall fetch the broth."

The house helpers were both out, and Michael came with me into the kitchen to make the broth; but he allowed me to take it up to her.

"She is very unhappy," I told him. "But perhaps it is better to let her be unhappy for a little while longer. You see, she feels ashamed."

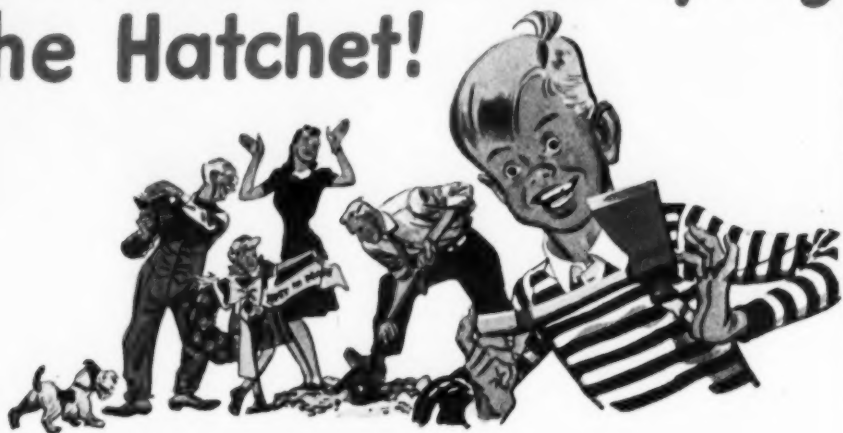
Michael stood at the bottom of the stairs while I went up. "Tell her," he said in a low voice, "tell her I, too, feel ashamed."

March 11, 1941.

I HAD a disquieting talk with Barrow today. He said he and Datchett, the surgeon, were both very disturbed over the state of unpreparedness in Plymouth. There are neither enough, nor sufficiently strong, shelters; there are not enough fire watchers. There are altogether too many unevacuated children, hospitals, maternity homes and helpless people in exposed positions. (Continued on Page 75)

They made a hole large enough for Virginia to hand up the child to me. Then the house wall behind her began to cave in.

Us Fosters are burying the Hatchet!



Mom used to call us the Fussy Fosters because we argued so much about cereals. Post Toasties are the kind I like best. Sis speaks for Grape-Nuts. Grandpa calls Post's Bran Flakes his "keep-fit" cereal! Pop praises Grape-Nuts Flakes. And to Mom there's nothing like Nabisco Shredded Wheat. "But," she used to say, "how can anybody please everybody?"

I found the answer—our five favorite cereals—in one box! I saw 'em in the grocery window, and beat it home to tell Mom. She phoned the grocer right away, and he told her the name—Post-Tens. Ten boxes of those five swell cereals—each just one-person size! Mom asked if they all had the whole-grain nourishment we need every day. "Absolutely," says he, "every one!"

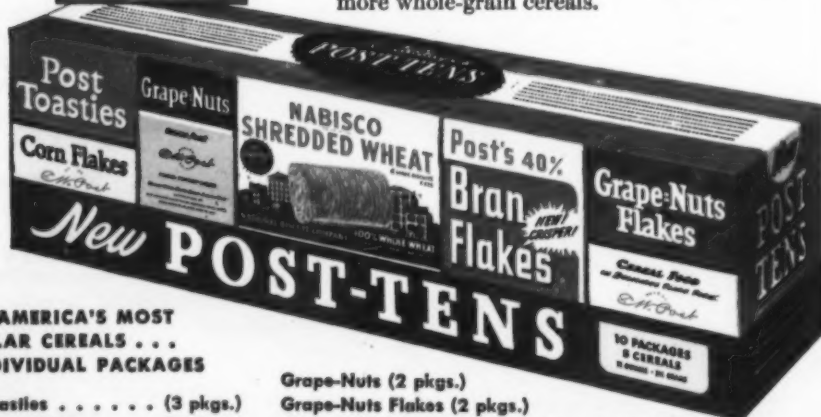


Now breakfast is more fun than a grab bag because every one pulls out the prize he really wants! Pop says I ought to get some extra allowance for discovering Post-Tens. And Mom says the cereals stay crisper, and there's no waste. No more breakfast wrangles at our house since we joined up with Post-Tens!

FOR WHOLE-GRAIN NOURISHMENT EVERY DAY... PICK AND CHOOSE THE POST-TENS WAY!



POST-TENS OFFERS a tempting variety of delicious cereals—and every one provides whole-grain nourishment! For good nutrition and good wartime economy too, eat more whole-grain cereals.



5 OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR CEREALS... 10 INDIVIDUAL PACKAGES

Post Toasties (3 pkgs.)
Post's Bran Flakes . . . (2 pkgs.)

Grape-Nuts (2 pkgs.)
Grape-Nuts Flakes (2 pkgs.)
Nabisco Shredded Wheat (1 pkg.—2 biscuits)

Main Dishes on Your Budget

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUBER

As Good Cold as Hot

FAVORITE LIVER LOAF

(Approximate cost, 43 cents. Serves 4, 2 meals)

Using small knife, grind together $\frac{3}{4}$ pound beef or pork liver, 1 large onion and enough raw carrots to make 1 cup. To this add 1 cup leftover mashed potato, 2 eggs, slightly beaten, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup soft bread crumbs, 3 tablespoons melted meat drippings, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. Pour into a well-greased bread pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., one hour and fifteen minutes.

Mennette: Liver loaf; new potatoes in cream; peas with onion butter; garden-lettuce salad with sugar and vinegar; bread and butter or margarine; cherry tapioca; beverage.

No Stamp for This Soup!

WARTIME MARMITE

(Approximate cost, 23 cents—not including chicken scraps. Serves 4)

This soup starts with the bones and scraps from Sunday's chicken dinner. Put the bones on to simmer with 1 cup stock or leftover gravy, 4 cups water, 1 onion, a few celery leaves and parsley sprays—whatever you have. Shell 1 pound peas—young and tender. Wash pods and add to the soup kettle with some salt and pepper. Cover and simmer slowly about one hour, or until flavor is well developed. Strain thoroughly. Cook the 1 cup shelled peas from the pound in the stock. Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ cup broken fine-cut noodles separately in salted water. Drain and add to soup with any scraps of chicken picked off bones before cooking. Heat and reseason. Pour into bowls. Top each with a thin slice of toast cut into a two-inch square. Serve as the main dish.

Mennette: Wartime marmite; cottage cheese, sliced tomato and radish salad; cereal muffins and butter or margarine; berries and cookies; beverage.

Meat, Plus

VEAL POTPIE

(Approximate cost, 59 cents. Serves 4)

Dice $\frac{3}{4}$ pound veal outlet. Dredge with 2 tablespoons flour. Brown in 2 tablespoons fat or drippings. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water or vegetable liquor, 1 teaspoon salt and a little pepper, 1 teaspoon dry mustard blended to a paste with 2 teaspoons water. Cover and simmer forty-five minutes, or until meat is tender. Now add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced potatoes, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup diced carrots and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion. Cover and simmer just until vegetables are tender—twenty-five to thirty minutes. Additional salt and pepper and liquid may be added, if necessary. Turn into a casserole and top with biscuits. Note: There's a

new cereal-and-soybean combination on the market which has a meaty flavor. It may be used to extend meat and adds to the nutritional value of dishes in which it is used. Here it is in biscuits: Sift $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour with $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the extender. Chop in 2 tablespoons shortening. Add 6 tablespoons milk and stir just until ingredients are mixed. Pat out on a floured board and cut into small rounds. Arrange over top of pie and bake in a hot oven, 450° F., twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Mennette: Veal potpie; tossed green salad; bread and butter or margarine; lemon-milk sherbet; beverage.

Vegetables for Variety

GARDEN-CHEESE SALAD

(Approximate cost, 50 cents. Serves 6)

Dissolve 1 package salad gelatin in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water. Cool. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice. Prepare following vegetables: 2 small peeled tomatoes, chopped; 1 small bunch scallions, chopped fine—tops and all; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced celery; 1 carrot, grated; 3 or 4 radishes, chopped; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup leftover cooked peas. Use what you have. Season vegetables with salt and pepper. Add to cooled gelatin. When mixture is rather thick, season $1\frac{1}{2}$ packages cream cheese and roll into 6 balls. Put part of gelatin mixture into six molds, then a cheese ball in each and then cover with more gelatin mixture. Chill until firm. Turn out and serve.

Mennette: Water-cress or parsley soup; crackers; garden-cheese salad; baked spinach squares; corn muffins and butter or margarine; fresh cherry tarts; beverage.

Something New in Omelets

RIPE-OLIVE OMELET

(Approximate cost, 25 cents. Serves 4)

Make an omelet with 4 eggs, salt and pepper and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk. Beat yolks until light and thick. Add salt and pepper and stir in the milk. Beat the whites until they peak. Pour yolk mixture over the whites gradually. Fold together. Have a nine-inch skillet well greased and heated. Pour in omelet and cook over low heat until it puffs. Then set in moderate oven, 350° F., until done. Have ready 8 large ripe olives—cut away from pit and chopped. Cook in a little butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons cream a few minutes. Sprinkle over half of the omelet. Crease omelet through middle, fold over and turn out on hot platter. The olives give the omelet a delicious flavor, and in texture and looks are much like mushrooms.

Mennette: Ripe-olive omelet; creamed peas and celery; baked stuffed tomatoes; bread and butter or margarine; Dutch cherry cake; beverage.

Kitchen Reminders

Canning season just beginning. Seasons won't wait until you get in the mood! Cherries are ripe. You can can them with little or no sugar or with part honey and corn sirup. Peas are coming on. Hope you've registered with a canning group.

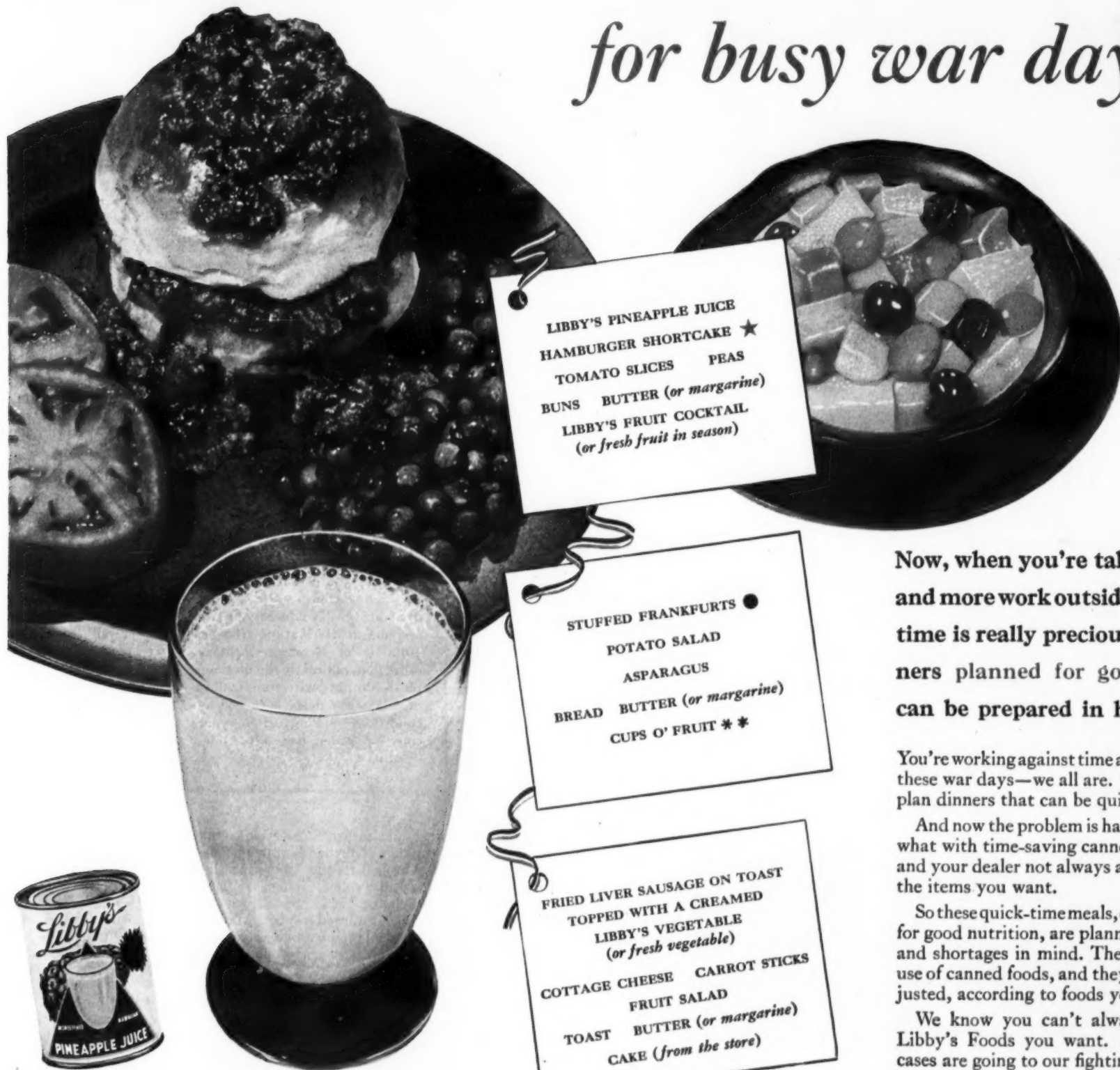
Go in for "ades." Instead of plain iced tea—the stand-by of pre-war summers—stretch iced tea with fruit juices or serve more fruit ades—lemon, orange, cherry, or combine several fruits. Remember the shrubs of grandmother's day?

Mind your B's and C's. In warm weather it's even more important to eat foods rich in vitamins B₁ and C to make up for any of these vitamins lost due to perspiration. For instance, cereals, enriched and whole-wheat breads, milk, eggs, nuts, beans, peas, some meats, lemons, oranges, tomatoes, cabbage, berries and raw salad greens.

Quick-Time Dinners



for busy war days!



LIBBY'S PINEAPPLE JUICE
 HAMBURGER SHORTCAKE ★
 TOMATO SLICES PEAS
 BUNS BUTTER (or margarine)
 LIBBY'S FRUIT COCKTAIL
 (or fresh fruit in season)

STUFFED FRANKFURTS ●
 POTATO SALAD
 ASPARAGUS
 BREAD BUTTER (or margarine)
 CUPS O' FRUIT **

FRIED LIVER SAUSAGE ON TOAST
 TOPPED WITH A CREAMED
 LIBBY'S VEGETABLE
 (or fresh vegetable)
 COTTAGE CHEESE CARROT STICKS
 FRUIT SALAD
 TOAST BUTTER (or margarine)
 CAKE (from the store)

Now, when you're taking on more and more work outside your home, time is really precious. These dinners planned for good nutrition can be prepared in half an hour.

You're working against time and under pressure these war days—we all are. Often you *have* to plan dinners that can be quickly prepared.

And now the problem is harder than ever . . . what with time-saving canned foods rationed, and your dealer not always able to supply just the items you want.

So these quick-time meals, carefully balanced for good nutrition, are planned with rationing and shortages in mind. They make a limited use of canned foods, and they can be easily adjusted, according to foods your dealer has.

We know you can't always find just the Libby's Foods you want. Since millions of cases are going to our fighting men and allies, there are bound to be times when some specific item isn't on your grocer's shelves.

So, in buying for these dinners, just choose from whichever Libby's Fruits, Vegetables, or Juices he may happen to have. They're *all* packed where rich earth and smiling sun produce the *finest* foods. All canned by the scientific methods that best guard nutritive values.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY

This is Libby's 75th year



★ Melt 2 tbsp. fat in a skillet; add 3 tbsp. minced onion and ¼ lb. ground beef; toss with a fork and brown until mixture sticks to bottom of pan. Pour in ¼ cup hot water. Add 1 tsp. flour combined with ¼ cup cold water and stir until slightly thickened. Then add ½ cup chili sauce and 1 tbsp. prepared mustard. Blend and heat thoroughly. Serve shortcake fashion on toasted buns spread with butter or margarine. (Serves 4)

● Suggested fillings: sliced pickles; mustard; pieces of Libby's Pineapple. ** Trim crusts from thin slices of bread, spread both sides with softened butter or margarine, force into muffin tins. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) until golden brown. Fill with 1 cup any Libby's Fruit (cut into pieces); serve with this sauce: Thicken 1 cup boiling syrup drained from fruit with 4 tsp. cornstarch dissolved in 1 tbsp. lemon juice. (Serves 4)

Busy as you are, you must often have to ask someone else to take your ration book and go to the store for you. In that case, be sure they know what the Libby label looks like. You want the most in *quality* for your precious ration points. The white label, with the blue triangle and the red word *Libby's*, promises extra goodness in over 100 Foods.

Shop early in the week! Ampler stocks; greater comfort.

LIBBY PACKS A GREATER VARIETY OF FOODS UNDER ONE LABEL THAN ANY OTHER COMPANY IN THE WORLD



HER BEAUTY WHISPERED

Romance

Former deb has clear, smooth skin—
thanks her Woodbury Facial Cocktail

Bride of Pvt. Douglas Chambers, former Atlanta deb, Betty Anderson, has a recipe for skin sparkle. It's a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. She says: "I promise to keep my skin lovely always. I can trust Woodbury Soap to help." Safeguard *your* skin against coarsening dirt. Woodbury Soap is gentle—contains a costly ingredient for extra mildness. Try Woodbury!



1. Betty and Doug first meet while Doug is visiting in Georgia, months prior to his induction into Army. He's enchanted by her bud-fresh skin. (She's devoted to Woodbury.)



2. "I smooth on a luscious lather of Woodbury Soap," says Betty. "Crowd out alien dirt. Then whisk away soil with a clear, cold rinse." Woodbury Soap is made for the *skin* alone.



3. Lovely as a story-book princess, Betty gives her "dream girl" complexion daily Woodbury Facial Cocktails. Made of pure oils, Woodbury helps prevent clogged pores.



4. "For the skin you love to touch," use the soap made especially for *skin* care. Let Woodbury bring you new beauty, as it has to America's loveliest girls. Get Woodbury today. 10¢.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

BEAUTY'S RIGHT

(Continued from Page 27)

The big excitement for Christmas Eve was a box supper and dance at the Grange.

One day Elly came in the back door. Yvonne was with her. You couldn't help but notice how different they were.

"Miss Mary," Elly said, "Yvonne wants you to make her a new dress for the supper. Her mother bought the material. Isn't it beautiful? Won't she look beautiful in it?" She spilled out yards and yards of pink net.

Yvonne said, "It's to have a tight waist and a full skirt and a low neck, with little tiny sleeves. And rosebuds over the whole thing." She took it for granted that I'd make it for her.

"Well, I don't know, Miss Lane," I said. "I have a great deal of work to —"

She turned on Elly. Her mouth tightened up like she had been tasting lemons. "You told me she would do it," she cried. "You said that she was a special friend of yours. I might have known that you wouldn't have any—any influence."

"Now, now," I said, taking a quick look at Elly's face. "I didn't say I wouldn't. If a friend of Elly's wants something, she can have it."

Yvonne's face smoothed out into a beautiful smile. The white look went out of Elly's face like she had decided to breathe again.

Yvonne looked mighty lovely in the dress when it was finished. She stood in the middle of the room and twirled around and around, as graceful as a bird. But I didn't like the way she ordered Elly around, or the way Elly seemed bound to please her.

Christmas Eve Elly came over with her present for me. It was a sewing box, all quilted satin and filled with every little thing I'd need.

"Thank you, Elly," I said. "It's the nicest thing I've ever had." I meant it. "Why aren't you at the box supper?"

"Nobody asked me," she answered. I kept my eyes down. "You could

have gone with your mother and father."

"No," she said. "No, I couldn't. Maybe you don't understand, Miss Mary. I mean no boy asked me. Four boys asked Yvonne. She didn't know which one to choose."

It was like walking on eggshells. I wanted to help her if I could. "That's because Yvonne is older," I said.

"No, it's because Yvonne is beautiful."

I looked at Elly. There wasn't a trace of jealousy on her face. She just looked happy for Yvonne. *Yvonne has taken the place of her beauty. I ladies in the books, I thought. That's the way she used to look when she read about beauty to me.*

"How would you?"—I stopped a moment, then hurried on—"how would you like to walk over to the Grange with me and watch the party?"

"But nobody asked me, Miss Mary."

"Well," I answered briskly, "nobody asked me, either. That's two of us, and why shouldn't we enjoy the music, eh?"

"I don't have a new dress."

"Oho. Don't you?" I walked over to the closet and pulled out the dress I had made for her. "It's my Christmas present to you, Elly."

She reached out her hands and touched the cloth. Blue it was, and as soft and fluffy as Yvonne's. Only I had made it plain, with a little round neck and long full sleeves. "Miss Mary," she cried, as soft as could be. "Miss Mary."

There was a lump in my throat. I scraped it out fast and started unbuttoning her woolen skirt. "Come on. We'll put it on,

And I'll braid your hair all around your head."

Suddenly she was wild, as excited as a chickadee with a new nest. She raced out of her clothes and stood quiet while I slipped the dress over her head. I brushed her hair back from her face and put the braid up around it, with a blue bow on the top. Then I led her over to the long mirror in the door.

She looked real nice, I told myself. Yet I was scared of what I'd done. She was just a homely little girl, in a blue dress that made her look skinnier and sallow than ever. But she stood in front of that mirror with her mouth open, her eyes bright for once.

SHE sang out, "Oh, Miss Mary. It's lovely, lovely. Let's go to the dance. Like Cinderella."

So we went. When I got home I cried myself to sleep, so miserable and ashamed for what I had started and Yvonne had finished. You see, when we got there, nobody noticed us. The Grange was all trimmed up with Chinese lanterns and the lights were soft and colored. At first Elly hung back, but pretty soon she came right out and stood there, looking for Yvonne. It took a while to see her, because she was surrounded by boys.

"There! There she is," Elly cried, and the expression on her face couldn't have been any more excited if she'd been standing among the boys in Yvonne's place.

I steered her over to where I could see her mother and father sitting with friends. Mrs. Marks looked up, surprised. Elly twirled around three times, the way Yvonne had. She looked like a stiff-legged bird of some kind.

Mrs. Marks put out her hand. "Elly," she said, "what a pretty dress."

"Miss Mary gave it to me—for Christmas. Oh, mother—don't I look nice? Isn't it

marvelous that I'm at the party? Won't Yvonne be glad to see I came too?"

"Yes to all those questions," Mrs. Marks laughed. "Here comes your father. Wait till he sees who this young lady is."

Mr. Marks crossed to us, a big, sort of burly man, with a healthy, handsome look to him. "No," he cried, in his hearty, loud voice, "it can't be! But it is—Cinderella! Come to the ball."

"Daddy"—Elly grabbed his arm—"you guessed. You knew how it was."

"But why shouldn't I?" he answered. "Considering that I'm Prince Charming. And we're going to dance."

They moved away, struggling a little at first, until Elly got the hitch of it. I watched them. Funny how a child like that, one that isn't even your own, can get under your skin.

Mrs. Marks patted my arm. I turned and saw tears in her eyes. "Mary, it was a wonderful thing for you to do. She looks real nice, doesn't she?"

"And happy," I said. "I never saw her look so happy."

Oh, Elly was beside herself all right. After a while her father brought her back to us. She stood there, not seeming to notice that no boys asked her to dance. Her eyes were on Yvonne, floating by with one young man after another. It was like before, as if she were dancing in Yvonne's shoes. Every time Yvonne came near us, Elly raised herself on her tiptoes and waved. Yvonne was so busy talking that she didn't see her, I guess.

Mr. Marks asked me to dance and, although I felt silly, I did. It seemed good to

(Continued on Page 49)

If Your Copy is Late

Because of the uncertainties of wartime transportation, many periodicals will frequently be late arriving at destination. If your JOURNAL or Reference Library order does not reach you on time, please do not write complaining of delay. The delay is caused by conditions arising after your copy or order has left Philadelphia.

Save $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. on a 4 lb. roast by roasting at 325°



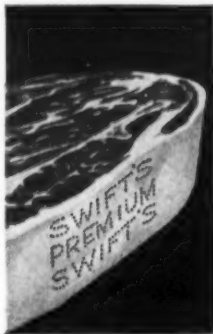
Actual tests in Swift's Home Economics Kitchens show that a 4-lb. beef roast shrinks approx. $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. when roasted at 450° but only $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. (approx.) at 325°.

Time Table for ROASTING MEATS			
Oven temperature: 325° F.—(moderately low)			
	Minutes Per Pound 3 to 5 lbs.	Minutes Per Pound 6 to 8 lbs.	Internal Temperatures (Meat Thermometer)
BEEF			
Standing Ribs, rare	26 min.	22 min.	140° F. 160° F. 170° F.
medium	30 min.	26 min.	
well done	35 min.	33 min.	
Rolled Ribs—add 5 to 10 min. per pound.			
PORK			
Leg	45-50 min.	40 min.	185° F. 185° F. 185° F.
Rib and Loin	35-40 min.	35 min.	
Shoulder	40 min.	35 min.	
Boston Butt	50-55 min.	185° F.
LAMB			
Leg—medium	35 min.	30 min.	175° F. 182° F. 182° F. 182° F.
well done	40 min.	35 min.	
Crown—well done	45 min.	
Shoulder, well done	35 min.	
Boneless Roll, well done	40 min.	182° F.
VEAL			
Leg	35-40 min.	30 min.	180° F. 180° F. 180° F. 180° F.
Loin	35 min.	30 min.	
Shoulder	40 min.	35 min.	
Boneless Shoulder Roll	45 min.	40 min.	

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR MEAT RATION



BE OPEN-MINDED WHEN YOU BUY. All kinds and cuts of meat give you delicious flavor to highspot your meals. And they're all nutritious, supplying valuable proteins, B vitamins, minerals. So get acquainted with new meats. Then you're prepared to make the best possible use of your ration points.



FOR QUALITY—WHAT-EVER THE CUT—it's wise to get a Swift's brand if you can. The beef Swift experts choose is branded on the meat, *Swift's Premium*, *Swift's Select*, or *Swift's Arrow*. The fine flavor and tenderness these brands assure you is specially important now that you're limited on quantity.



PROTECT IT BY PROPER STORAGE. To protect the fine meat flavor, and guard against spoilage, you should wrap uncooked meat loosely and store it in the coldest part of refrigerator. Ground meat is particularly perishable. Cooked meats should be covered and put in the refrigerator soon after the meal.



COOK IT CORRECTLY. Only the tenderest beef cuts—roasts and steaks—should be cooked by dry heat. Other cuts should be water-cooked or braised (browned, then cooked slowly in a small amount of liquid in a covered pan). Your ration stamps will go further if you use meat "extender" dishes often.



SWIFT'S WARTIME POLICY

We will cooperate to the fullest extent with the U. S. Government to help win the war. We will do everything possible to safeguard the high quality of our products. Despite wartime difficulties, we will make every effort to distribute available civilian supplies to insure a fair share for all consumers all over the United States.



SWIFT & COMPANY

Food Purveyors to the **USA**

ASK FOR SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM, BACON, BEEF, VEAL, LAMB, POULTRY, FRANKFURTS, TABLE-READY MEATS.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Here's what one leatherneck dreams about!

One Marine's dream of the post-war world is a mountain of strawberry ice cream. He wrote his girl from Guadalcanal that he wants it three times a day, every day for five years. In standard servings, that's more than 900 quarts!

Strawberry ice cream was a symbol, of course, to a hot, tired fighting man in a fox-hole — a symbol of his home town and the corner drug store — a symbol of America. It must have appealed to lots of folks, for many newspapers carried the story.

There are good reasons why ice cream is on Army menus regularly — good reasons why busy war workers eat so much of it.

It's more than a delicious dessert — *it's a valuable food* — rich in vitamins and calcium.

Right now, of course, ice cream must come from the same milk supply that furnishes milk, cream, butter and cheese to soldiers, civilians and allies alike. That means less ice cream for your family's use. But if you'll be content with your fair share—if you'll accept part of your order in fruit ices — *you* can continue to enjoy ice cream.

And *we'll* continue to improve ice cream processing and packaging — controlling its quality — keeping it pure and good.

We'll continue our intensive laboratory research... developing important new products

from milk... bringing to America's fighters, workers and friendly allies the full benefits of nature's most nearly perfect food.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food... as a base for the development of new products and materials... as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

**NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION**
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Originators of the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection

(Continued from Page 46)

move around the room in time to the music. So good that the dance was over in no time at all. We started to walk back, and there was Elly, running toward Yvonne. Yvonne was alone for once.

Elly's voice rang out: "Yvonne!"
Yvonne stood still, caught between us and Elly.

"Yvonne," Elly cried, not even noticing her father and me, "Yvonne—look! Miss Mary made me a dress too. Isn't it pretty?"

Yvonne just looked at her. Her eyes weren't nice. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "You're too young."

"Why—there're lots younger ones than I am, Yvonne."

"All right, all right," snapped Yvonne. "But you'd better go now. My partner for the next dance will be here any minute."

"Oh," said Elly quietly. "Oh. It's just that I thought you'd be glad to see my new dress, to see that I came too."

"Well, I am, silly. Only—oh, here he is. Here's Dick. You go now, Elly. Go along!"

Elly just gave her one look, then she turned and moved away, slowly, as though her feet were shuffling. Her father and I caught up with her, one on each side. But before we could say anything we heard the boy's voice, sort of piercing. Changing, it was, I suppose.

"Who's that freak?" he asked. He was laughing when he said it.

Yvonne laughed, too, a nasty, nervous, high sort of giggle. "Oh, just a dumb kid," she said. "She hangs around me all the time. Drives me crazy, but what can I do? She's got a case on me, I guess."

"She's not the only one," he said.

That's all we heard because they started to dance. But it was enough.

Elly's father turned around as though he were going back to hit somebody. I shook my head at him and put my hand out to take Elly's. She almost pulled me with her to the cloakroom. We got our coats and went outdoors, the music starting up behind us.

It was a lovely night outside. Just started to snow a little, lazy and quiet, the way it so often seems to on Christmas Eve. The church bells were ringing way off someplace. I felt terrible.

She didn't cry until we were almost home. And then she didn't make much noise of it. We went into my house and I stirred up the fire in the kitchen stove, letting her cry. I might as well have been dumb for all the words I could think of to comfort her. I poured her a glass of milk and brought out my molasses cookies.

AFTER a little she blew her nose and sat up straight. She looked right at me and she said, "It didn't work, did it, Miss Mary? You thought if you made me a pretty dress it might make me pretty. But I'm a freak, just like that boy said."

"Elly—" I started.

"And I'm a dumb kid, like Yvonne said. I hate Yvonne. I hate me. I might just as well be dead as—as—a freak!"

If she had been crying or raving I wouldn't have felt so bad. But she sounded like an old, old woman. She was thinking out every word.

"Well, one thing I got through my head all right. People aren't much like they seem to be in books. I'm never going to have another friend again. Never."

The next few years run together in my mind. Elly graduated from high school and got a job in the library. Her folks called me over to try and change her mind. She sat in the big chair in the living room, her shoul-

ders hunched a little bit, as they always seemed to be by the time she was eighteen. She looked as soft as putty, but she was stubborn.

Her father got red in the face, arguing with her. "We've saved the money for you, Elly. I want you to go to college."

"No, daddy," she answered, firm as a rock.

"Elly—for the life of me I can't understand. You're a smart girl. You got high grades in school. Why won't you go?"

"It's such a wonderful chance for you, Elly," I put in.

"No, Miss Mary. Don't you start at me."

"But why? Why, Elly?"

SHE turned and looked at me. There were enough tears in her eyes to wash them paler than ever. "I thought you would understand, Miss Mary."

I understood all right. She was afraid to go away from home. At school there would be girls, pretty girls, who might treat her as Yvonne had. Or, even if they were kind, would empty her life with their fun and parties and the men they knew.

Even her father gave up after a while and bought an automobile with the college money, one of the first in our town.

When I think of Elly during that time I see her starting out in the morning, with her quick, almost hoppy walk, her shoulder blades bent forward, her eyes straight ahead. I think of her long dark blue skirts and the shirtwaists with the stiff collars and the way

her hair never would stay put in a pompadour.

It has always seemed strange to me how many weeks and months and years can go by without your saying more of them than just such little things. Then all of a sudden everything happens in a hurry. That's the way it was with Elly.

It was early in the evening in the spring. I've never forgotten the year, either. Nineteen hundred seventeen it was. Elly came up to the back door, and for a moment when I looked up I didn't recognize

her. The sun touched her, too, and the look on her face was as warm as the spring.

She came in and sat down on the footstool by my chair. "Miss Mary!" she cried. "What do you think? I'm going to New York!"

"New York?"

"Yes. To a librarians' convention. They'll send me if I pay my own expenses. I've got enough saved and you're going with me."

"Me? To New York? Rubbish!"

"Oh, yes, you are. You're not to argue about it. We'll leave on the morning train day after tomorrow."

"Now wait a minute, young lady."

"It's really business for both of us. It will do you good to see what the ladies in New York are wearing this spring. I'll have meetings to attend and notes to take. But in between times, we'll see everything in New York. The art galleries, the Statue of Liberty and the plays. We can go wherever we like and nobody will notice us—or care."

"Elly, I can't go. I'd be lost in New York. Why, I've never been anywhere."

"Neither have I, Miss Mary. That's why we should go together."

"No. I'm not going. Thanks just the same."

So we got the early-morning train. Her father and mother waved us off, after they filled our arms with candy and magazines and a box of lunch. We settled back in our seats, smelling the dusty, bitter smell of a train for the first time.

We must have been a queer-looking pair. Elly was tall and spare, almost gaunt. She

Wanted: 1,000,000 more Women

to make the wiser, safer choice of
PHILIP MORRIS

RIGHT NOW, Government figures show an all-time peak in smoking.

Has any change taken place in your own smoking habits? Here's why we ask:

Smoking less—or smoking MORE—you're safer smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

Why? Eminent doctors reported in medical journals—that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared completely or definitely improved!

NOTE we do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this test of actual smokers—not laboratory "analysis"—proves they are less irritating . . . safer . . . for your nose and throat.

Besides—you'll like PHILIP MORRIS' finer flavor and aroma!



WATCH IT! See how many discriminating women smokers enjoy PHILIP MORRIS now.

Finer Pleasure—
PLUS
Real Protection!



CALL FOR

PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

Reunion at Grand Central

By May Rickstone

With that first glimpse of you
Shouldering through the throng,
Straight and tall and khaki-clad—
O love, the time was long.

With that first tiptoe hug
All tears and heartache cease
And for one breathless shining
moment
The whole world is at peace!



La France blues baby's sheets snow white And it'll keep your whole wash bright!

NO MORE bluing streaks or spots when you blue with wonderful La France! The La France method of bluing clothes completely does away with those old bluing bugaboos.

Yes'm, the La France way is a great improvement over old-fashioned bluing methods because it's so safe and easy!

All you do is dissolve La France—along with your regular soap—right in your washing machine or tub. La France blues clothes *right in the suds!* Blues WHILE you wash! And what a beautiful, thorough bluing job it does, too! Use it regularly and you won't know your own wash—it'll be so gleaming, dazzling white!

Baby's sheets or Daddy's shirts,

party frocks or curtains—everything will be snowy fresh! Best of all, this fine product is really economical. Try La France!

Blues right in the suds!

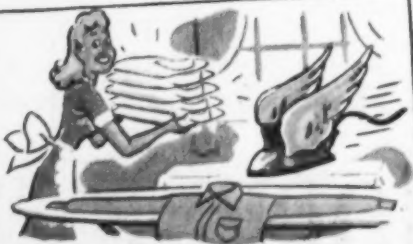


LA FRANCE

STOP IRON-STICK!
IRON-DRAG!
IRON-WEAR!

SATINA

Speeds your Iron... gives clothes a "like-new" look



2. SATINA gives wings to your iron... and the freshest, smoothest finish to your starched clothes!



1. SATINA smooths the way! Just add a little SATINA to any kind of starch you use and you'll enjoy (we mean it!) the easiest starched ironing ever.



P.S. All the wonderful help SATINA gives you costs just a few pennies a month!

had a big tan straw hat with a feather on it and a spotted veil tied to the back. The way she bounced on the seat and pushed her nose against the dirty window, tilting her hat back, made her into a little girl, although by my reckoning she must have been twenty-four in the spring of 1917.

As for me—well, my hair was beginning to be pretty gray and I had let my figure go until my brown broadcloth suit pushed at all the seams. But we were reckless and laughing, and that was something new for us. We threw the box lunch away and went into the diner for our meals. We were shy and a little scared of undressing in the berths. And our eyes slid away from the men in the train as if they were monsters.

I could go on and on about the huge station in New York, the women's hotel, the places we saw. But there isn't time, and anyhow it wasn't important except that we had a wonderful two days.

And Elly met Joe. That was the most important thing that had ever happened to her.

I didn't know for a long time exactly where she met him. She was off to one of those meetings the second day we were in New York. I was walking down Fifth Avenue looking at the fashions.

They say it happens all the time in big cities—but I was mighty surprised when up ahead of me I saw Elly; no mistaking her. She was going into a restaurant and I stopped dead still when I caught sight of her. I couldn't believe my eyes. Elly was with a man. I didn't get a good look at him. Just the back of his coat. I went back to the hotel and had a cup of tea. I needed it. It was the first time in my life I had seen Elly with a man, except her father. A stranger, in a big city like New York!

I sat there in the room, thinking about all the things I'd heard of city slickers and women alone. When the knock came on the door I had worked myself into such a state that I near jumped out of my skin. It was a boy with a telegram addressed to me. I gave him a dime and stood with it in my hands. They were shaking so hard the letters all blurred. It was from Doctor Barton. I read it over three times before the words sank in:

MR. AND MRS. MARKS KILLED IN CAR ACCIDENT. SKID ON WALNUT CREEK HILL. NOTIFY ELLY. RETURN AT ONCE.

Hours went by until I heard Elly's steps. The clock marked out just twenty-five minutes, though. She burst in the door, shut it and stood there, leaning against it, her breath all gone.

MAYBE if I hadn't been so taken up with the terrible news and how to break it, I might have seen something about Elly then. A radiance that lit her face like a candle was behind it. I must have felt it, or I wouldn't be thinking it now.

"Elly!" I cried, and walked over to her. I put my arms around her.

"Oh, Miss Mary, Miss Mary," she said. I felt that she was trembling. "Something's happened."

"Yes," I answered her. "Who told you?" "Nobody told me. I was just going to tell—Miss Mary, what is it? Your face—you look —"

I handed her the telegram. It was like the light had been shut off inside of her.

The rest of it, packing and calling about a train and a taxi and the trip home, is all covered with the gray mist of painful things like that. I don't recall any of it much, except that Elly sat beside me like she was turned to plaster.

Once she turned to me and said, "I thought I had something so wonderful today. Something mother would have been so happy to know. But it isn't wonderful. Mother will never hear it."

AFTER the funeral I asked Elly to come to live with me. It seemed the sensible thing to do. She sold her family's house. I fixed up the front room for her, with fresh flowered paper and my grandmother's crazy-quilt spread.

For a long time after her folks were gone Elly used to go up there every night. I never asked her to stay down with me. I knew her pretty well.

After a while she came downstairs of an evening. She started to read out loud to me again, books she brought home from the library. I couldn't make much sense out of them. They were mostly poetry and about love. One of them stayed in my mind.

"Elly," I'd say, "read those lines about beauty again."

"Thomas Campion." She would nod and say the words: "Give Beauty all her right. She's not to one form tied."

I don't know why those lines always remind me of Elly. But they do.

Then the letters began to come. She came home from the library one night and saw the letter leaning against the lamp on the living-room table. She picked it up and turned it over. I knew what it said on the back: "Joseph Dailey. 3425 Mocklin Street. New York City." She read the name out loud. I didn't ask any questions, although I must admit curiosity was nibbling at me like a mouse with a piece of cheese.

She said, "It's from him. He's written me a letter."

I went out in the kitchen and got the supper going. After a while she came out and sat down at the table.

"Miss Mary," she said to me, "wonderful things do happen to people. Mr. Dailey wants to write to me. He wants me to write to him."

"And who is Mr. Dailey?" I asked, as if I didn't have a pretty good guess.

"I met him in New York," she said, dreamy and quiet. "He was in the art gallery. He took me to tea. It was the day—the day we got the telegram."

"Oh," I said.

"Imagine his remembering where I lived! He's wonderful, Miss Mary. Dark and gentle. I've never seen eyes like his. And he has a smile—a very small smile—that seems to understand all about you. He—he's wonderful."

"Seems to me you said that before."

I sounded sour, but I had begun to fret. Yvonne came into my mind, and the way Elly got herself hurt, just because she loved beauty so. I couldn't figure why this wonderful man was writing to Elly.

Well, it went on and on. The letters flew back and forth as regular as clockwork for half a year. Elly changed in that year as I didn't think a homely woman could. Oh, not that she was pretty, but there seemed to

(Continued on Page 52)

Shall You Have a Baby?

A century and a third ago men were following with bated breath the march of Napoleon, and waiting with feverish impatience for the latest news of the wars. And all the while, in their own homes, babies were being born. In one year, lying almost midway between Trafalgar and Waterloo, there stole into the world a host of heroes! During the one year 1809, William Gladstone was born at Liverpool, Alfred Tennyson at Somersby and Oliver Wendell Holmes in Massachusetts. On the very selfsame day of that year, Charles Darwin made his debut at Shrewsbury and Abraham Lincoln drew his first breath in old Kentucky. Music was enriched by the advent of Felix Mendelssohn at Hamburg. But nobody thought of babies, everybody was thinking of battles. Yet, viewing them each in the truer perspective which the distance of a hundred and thirty-three years enables us to command, we may well ask ourselves, "Which of the battles of 1809 mattered more than the babies of 1809?" —FRANK BOREHAM.

LAST CHANCE to get in on this big Modess Contest!

\$25,000 FREE!

IN CASH AND WAR BOND PRIZES!

**Hundreds of women have already won!
You may be next! 427 more prizes this month!**

- 1-\$1000 WAR BOND*
- 1-\$500 WAR BOND*
- 5-\$100 WAR BONDS*
- 20-\$25 WAR BONDS*
- 100-\$10 PRIZES IN CASH
- 300-\$5 PRIZES IN CASH

*Maturity value

**Just complete this statement:
"I'm glad I switched to Modess because..."**

**Nurses' Committee selects all winners.
Your name will never be revealed!**

Tips to help you write a winner!



I used to be one of the "worry girls" the ads talk about. But no more! Modess is the safest thing I've found...

A NURSES' AIDE:

Are you a regular user? Then it will be easy for you to sit down and write a winning letter this minute, from the wonderful things you already know about Modess.

Never used Modess? Then try a box, and find out how much softer and safer this wonderful napkin is. You'll be so enthusiastic, you'll easily write a prize-winner!

Safer by test! A group of hospital nurses, 209 of them, tested Modess napkins against nationally known layer-type napkins. The test was supervised by the United States Testing Company, Inc. These nurses found that the layer-type napkins "struck through" almost 3 times as often as Modess! *Proof that Modess is far safer!*

You see, each Modess napkin has a *triple, full-length* safety shield, in place of the single, part-way shields some napkins have. Greater protection, greater safety!



A SCHOOL TEACHER:

I tried many brands before I discovered Modess. And I'd like to write this fifty times, 'Modess is softer, softer, softer!'

3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer to the touch in a nationwide poll. And if you'll look at a Modess pad inside, you'll see why. Modess is made of exclusive soft-spun filler instead of close-packed layers. You hardly know you're wearing it.

YOUNG MOTHER:

I like Modess because it never tells! Not even when I wear summer slacks and shorts!

Here's the secret that keeps your secret! Modess' soft fluff just naturally adapts itself to body contours. And in place of hard tab ends, Modess has filmy gauze... that *can't* show!

Modess comes in 2 sizes—regular and junior. For a slightly narrower napkin, buy Modess junior. Ideal for small women and young girls.



JUST FOLLOW THESE RULES!

1. Simply complete this statement in 25 words or less: "I'm glad I switched to Modess because..." Use pen, pencil, or typewriter. Write on one side of the paper. Print your name and address plainly.
2. Mail to Dept. E, The Personal Products Contest, P.O. Box 31, New York, N. Y. You can enter this contest as often as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by a small piece cut from the end of a Modess box, showing the words, "The Personal Products Corporation."
3. A special committee of nurses will choose the winning letters. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
4. 427 prizes, as listed above, awarded every month, for 5 consecutive months. Contests close in this order: 1st—midnight, February 28, 1943; 2nd—midnight, March 31, 1943; 3rd—midnight,

- April 30, 1943; 4th—midnight, May 31, 1943; 5th, and last—midnight, July 10, 1943. All letters must be postmarked before midnight of this final date.
5. Letters will be judged on originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final. No letters returned. Letters, contents, and ideas therein become the property of The Personal Products Corporation.
6. Any girl or woman in the continental United States or Canada may compete except employees of The Personal Products Corporation, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State, and Dominion regulations.
7. All winners will be notified by mail within 30 days after the close of the contest. *Prize-winners' names will not be publicly revealed*, but a certified list will be maintained as part of the contest records.



First for Safety—First for Softness

MODESS SANITARY NAPKINS

Copr. 1943, The Personal Products Corporation

BOX OF 12 — 22¢

ECONOMY BOX OF 56 — 89¢

Busy-Family Breakfast!



**TEMPTINGLY GOOD...
EASY TO SERVE...
HIGH IN ENERGY VALUE**



RECIPE

Mothers—Try this tasty "Help-Yourself" Breakfast!

**IT'S A GOOD SOURCE
OF VITAMIN B₁—
AS NATURE
PROVIDES IT!**



Does your family come to breakfast at different times? Then this "help-yourself" arrangement should make things easier for you!

- 1 On a large plate place a dish of fresh juicy strawberries. Surround it with enough Nabisco Shredded Wheat biscuits for your family.
- 2 Arrange cereal bowl, pitcher of cream or milk and sugar for self-service.

Attractive to look at, good to eat—certainly! But just think of the hidden values! For Nabisco Shredded Wheat gives your family all of the energy of 100% whole wheat, plus valuable minerals including iron and phosphorus. Serve Nabisco Shredded Wheat—now!

**WHEN YOU SEE
NIAGARA FALLS
ON THE PACKAGE
YOU KNOW IT IS
THE ORIGINAL**

**NABISCO
SHREDDED WHEAT**

12 LARGE BISCUITS... 100% WHOLE WHEAT



BAKED BY NABISCO...

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

(Continued from Page 50)

be a shine about her. It started when she picked up the letter at night under the lamp. It kept glowing when she went up to bed to think about him, or when she came down in the morning fresh from dreaming of him. All the time I was wondering where it was going to end.

Then there was the night when Elly looked up from her letter with a very real terror on her face. "He's coming here for his vacation. Oh, Miss Mary, what can I do to stop him? He mustn't."

"And why mustn't he?" I echoed.

Elly started to cry.

"There, there," I comforted, pulling myself from my chair and going over to her. "Whatever has gotten into you, Elly? You've told me what a grand young man he is. Don't you think I've got a right to see him?"

"It's not that," she said. "It's because of me. He's seen me once. But oh, Miss Mary, how will I look to him when he sees me the second time?"

"The same way you did the first," I answered briskly. "Now, stop this nonsense and tell me when he'll get here."

We sat making plans. But after I went to bed I couldn't get to sleep. I kept seeing it all against my closed eyes. The tall, dark, handsome man coming to the door. Elly, even in the best dress I could make her, looking thin and awkward and homely. I could see the shock on his tanned face. His eyebrows raised, a short polite visit, an excuse—and he'd be gone again, leaving Elly with a real broken heart this time. Funny, how clearly I saw it, as if I'd looked at a picture or read it in a book.

The night that Joseph Dailey was to come to our town for his vacation, Elly Marks was a crazy woman if ever I saw one. She combed her hair fourteen times by actual count. She got all dressed in the blue wool dress I had made her. Then she took it off and put on the green one. She was just going to change back into the blue when the doorbell rang.

"Miss Mary," she whispered. She sat down on the bed as if all the strength had slid out of her legs. "I can't go down and face him. I can't."

I don't know what made me say it. I wouldn't have believed I knew the words. But I quoted, "'Give Beauty all her right. She's not to one form tied.'" I pushed her to the head of the stairs.

It happened just the way I thought it would, except for one thing. Elly went to the door. I heard a man's voice rumbling in our quiet women's house. They moved into the living room and all I could hear was the hum of their voices for a long time.

Then Elly called me. I went down. I'm frank to say I was a little shaky myself. I loved Elly.

SHE came over to me, and I was so busy looking at her face that I didn't see the man for a minute or so. "This is Joe," Elly said, and her voice sounded as if trumpets were playing a fanfare.

It was Joe. I'm so used to him now that I don't even notice the bald spot on the back of his head, nor his thick eyebrows, nor the way his ears stand out, sort of surprised, from his head. I saw them all that night, though. I saw how short he was, so that the uniform bulged and wrinkled where it should have been smooth and neat. I didn't have a word in me, not even a how-do-you-do.

"Joe's enlisted," Elly said. "He has a fur-rough. We're going to spend it together."

"That's—that's nice," I answered.

Joe smiled. He had a big mouth, but I knew what Elly meant when she said his smile seemed to understand all about you.

"Here, Miss Mary," he said, as friendly as you please, "sit down. No wonder the wind's gone out of your sails. It isn't every day your best friend gets married."

"Married?" I echoed stupidly.

"Yes," Elly smiled. The glow of her face was almost too much to look at.

"Maybe I had better sit down," I said. And I did.

I looked from one to the other of them and watched the way their faces lighted when their eyes met. It didn't seem possible that Elly and Joe could understand each other as well as they seemed to. Only meeting once like that.

BUT there it was. I can't put it into words. Nobody can, even real writers. Only it was a togetherness from the very beginning, that warmed your heart just to be near. Maybe if the man from Des Moines had felt that way, pa couldn't have separated us.

I thought of the letters and remembered what they had done for Elly. Yes, when I looked at Joe and saw how little and ugly he was, I knew those letters had given him all the poetry and excitement and loveliness Elly had hidden inside of her. He had taken it, grateful and surprised.

Well, they were married. It was a quick wedding, because Joe didn't have much time. I never sewed so fast and furious in my life. It was two o'clock in the morning of the day of the wedding when I finished pressing the wedding dress and straightened my back. I hung the dress up on a hanger and started up the stairs. Elly met me halfway there, put

her arm around me and led me to my bedroom. She helped me get undressed and then brought me a glass of warm milk.

The bed felt good. I stretched out, sipping the milk slowly, thinking that I wasn't as young as I used to be and watching Elly, curled up on the foot of the bed. Her hair was in curlers, the flannel robe was tied loosely around her waist, she had cream on her face. She was a sight. Yet, watching her, and knowing that the white satin dress with its tight waist, long full skirt and big puffed sleeves couldn't possibly make

her a beautiful bride, I had a feeling that everything was all right with Elly.

"I can't believe it," I murmured, sort of half asleep. "You're going to be married, Elly. I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you, too, Miss Mary. But it's just until Joe goes abroad. When they send him over, I'll come back."

"Aren't you—well, afraid to have him go?" I asked.

"I am—and I'm not. When a miracle happens to you once, you get so that you believe in miracles. Having a man like Joe want to marry me—well, such things don't happen just to be wasted. He'll come back to me."

"I do believe he will."

Elly leaned forward, her pale blue eyes very serious. "Miss Mary, you know how I feel about you. You've always known how I am inside. All my life I've been beautiful inside. Does that sound silly?"

"No," I said. "No, it doesn't."

"You see, the way I felt would always have stayed inside—if it weren't for Joe. I was afraid to let it out, for fear somebody would laugh at me like—like Yvonne did." Her face was so eager it hurt to look at it. "But now—with Joe—I can go right ahead, acting as though I were beautiful. I'm not afraid any more. Not of people, or my looks—or of the war." She turned her head and looked out the window. It was a clear night and the moonlight laid a finger on her cheek.

After the wedding they left right away for the camp where Joe was stationed. Elly

(Continued on Page 54)

It is no good for Quakers, or any other body of men, to uplift their voices against fighting. Human nature is too strong for them, and they don't follow their own precepts. Every soul of them is doing his own piece of fighting, somehow and somewhere. The world might be a better world without fighting, for anything I know, but it wouldn't be our world; and therefore I am dead against crying peace when there is no peace, and isn't meant to be.

—THOMAS HUGHES:
Tom Brown's Schooldays.

IF A GIRL ISN'T
DAINTY, NO OTHER
CHARM COUNTS. A
DAILY **LUX SOAP**
BEAUTY BATH
MAKES YOU **SURE!**



BETTY GRABLE

Star of 20th Century-Fox's
"CONEY ISLAND"



SCREEN STARS ARE
RIGHT—THIS CREAMY
ACTIVE LATHER DOES
THE TRICK! LEAVES
SKIN DELICATELY
PERFUMED, TOO.



BETTY GRABLE, like so many other Hollywood stars, uses her complexion soap as a bath soap, too. Lux Soap's **ACTIVE** lather is so rich, so creamy, swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves skin soft, smooth, delicately perfumed with a fragrance you'll love!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap —it leaves skin SWEET!



ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR
PRESENT DEODORANT?
TEST IT! PUT IT
UNDER THIS ARM...

PUT FRESH, THE NEW
DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM,
UNDER THIS ARM! SEE
WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION—
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Three sizes
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NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

• See how effectively Fresh #2 stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty or greasy. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that Fresh #2 is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

(Continued from Page 52)

wrote to me regularly. They had found two rooms near the camp where Joe could come week ends. She was happy as she had never thought she could be.

Just before Christmas in 1917 Joe got his sailing orders and Elly came home.

I'm taking altogether too long to tell this and I haven't the slightest idea how to make you see the difference in Elly when she got back. She was still a mighty homely girl, only she wasn't a girl any longer, she was a woman. There was something wrapped around her like a coat. She had a dignity and an easiness.

She kept me humping too. For the first time in her life Elly went out to meet the world. She wrapped bandages, and worked afternoons in the children's nursery. She started a reading club; she took over my housework so I'd have more time to sew. Always and always she sat at the little desk and filled page after page with words for Joe.

If she was worried, I never knew it. Somehow I never felt as though Joe was away from her. I don't know. It was as if they were together even when she didn't know where he was, or whether he was in danger, or even dead.

And did people love her? Goodness, our house was filled with old friends I'd known for years but got out of touch with. We'd go shopping and everybody would stop us to talk to her. She gave off something. Strength, I think you'd call it. It was a time when there was need for strength, and folks forgot that there used to be a shy, homely Elly Marks. Instead, they learned to know Mrs. Joseph Dailey, and considered it a privilege.

So the months went by. My heart started beating steady again when the clamor and shrieking of the Armistice celebration came along and there had been no telegram from the War Department. I shook every time I thought about something happening to Joe.

Peace was good after the war years. Joe came back. There was a scar running from the corner of his mouth up to his temple. It should have been dramatic, but it only made him look uglier than usual. I'll never forget the way he came in the door, looking very pale. He put his arms around Elly. His face eased itself out of its set look and the blood seemed to start moving again.

His job was gone, so he came to our town to stay. After a little he found a job. Then they took their savings and bought the little brown house down the street.

From the time they moved in, there was something wonderful about that house. I'd felt some of it when the two of them were together. But once they had a home of their own it grew until everybody could feel it. The minute the door opened you caught the warmth of it, the smell, the feel, the touch of happiness that filled every corner.

It was kind of like the way a street lamp reaches out in the dark corners. You know, at first and in the center there is the bright light, and it makes a circle, a wide shining circle, for passers-by to guide themselves with. A lot of passers-by stopped in the light of Elly and Joe's house. They had friends, all kinds of them, from Mr. Lapulus, who ran the corner sweet shop and always sent Elly candy on Christmas, to Betty Dana, who came from the finest house in town, yet seemed to prefer an afternoon at Elly's.

The years went fast. One day in the winter of 1922 Elly stopped over to see me. I

hurried to the door when I saw her coming up the path. Elly came in like a breath of fresh air. She had a little piece of holly fastened on her coat, and her eyes were as clear as stars.

"Miss Mary," she cried, her voice all furry, "oh, Miss Mary. We're going to have a baby."

Lands, did I feel good. My heart did a jump and a skip that set me back in my chair.

"I thought we never would," she cried, and her eyes shone. "The doctor said we never would. And now—now we're going to. A baby, Miss Mary. A baby. Joe's and mine."

I DON'T expect you can understand what it meant to Elly. Not unless you have been married five years and have given up hope. Then it comes true.

Well, like I said, Elly wanted me with her when the baby was born. The morning of the day, Joe called me and I went over to the house. It was long and hard. The smile never left Elly's face for a second. Tears rolled down my cheeks, I know, and I found Joe in the kitchen once, his head on his hands, his shoulders shaking. But Elly never lost that sweet bright smile which was her one beauty.

After it was all over, Joe went in to see her. The nurse let me take the baby in to them.

I knocked on the door and went in, feeling like I was walking on a cloud with that little flannel-wrapped bundle in my arms. Elly lay flat on the bed, her hair limp and lifeless around her face. She was as white as the sheets, but her hand was in Joe's. There was that light around them. When they turned to look at me, it dazzled me. I couldn't say anything. I just put the baby down in the hollow of Elly's free arm. I pulled back the quilts and they turned their faces toward the new one.

I'm not a sentimental woman—and I'm certainly no poet. But the tiny face was like a flower, like a poem, like music gen-

tle and dimmed with distance. Cream and pale pink. The little nose was straight and perfect. Her mouth curved like a petal. Her head was covered with fluffy gold. Then she opened her eyes and looked straight at us. Deep, cut from blue velvet, thickly lashed. We all sucked in our breaths as she seemed to study us with those magnificent eyes. Then her mouth turned into a smile, and the tears chased down my cheeks.

You could hear the clock tick. "Beauty," it said. "Beau—ty. Beau—ty."

From the kitchen, where the doctor was having his coffee, there was the sudden sound of voices.

The nurse said, "Doctor Barton, how could such a thing happen? I never saw two such homely people in all my life as the Daileys. Good folks—but so terribly homely. The baby—the baby —"

"Yes," Doctor Barton answered slowly. "I've brought a lot of babies into the world in my time—but that's the most completely perfect, the most beautiful child I've ever seen."

"Well," the nurse persisted, "how can it happen? How can the baby be so beautiful—with those parents?"

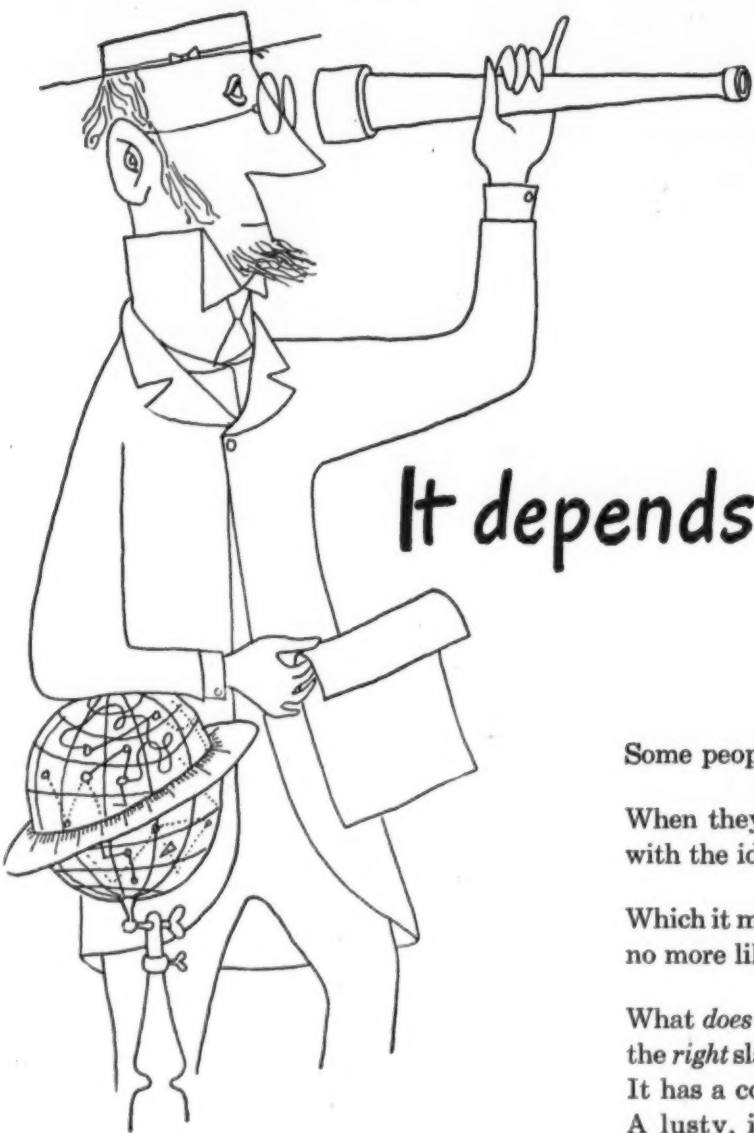
I looked at Elly and Joe. They had heard too. They turned to each other and their eyes seemed to hold like hands, like arms, close and warm. Then they looked at the baby. They knew. I did too:

"Give Beauty all her right. She's not to one form tied."

Youth, 1943

BY BRYEN GENTRY

More grief than joy we've known—
But if we found
One hidden murmur in a sea of
sound;
If we have seen one star unknown
before
And wept for peace, yet learned to
laugh in war;
If we who wanted all
Did not disdain
To seek great things in small
And strength in pain—
Then we have justified
Our silent oath.
We have not lived in vain.



It depends on how you look at it...

Some people have the wrong slant on Postum.

When they try it for the first time, they try it with the idea that it's going to taste like coffee.

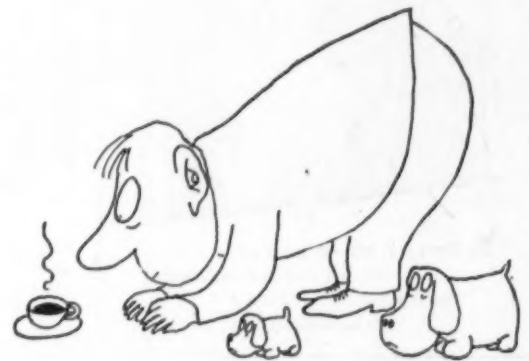
Which it most distinctly does *not*! Postum tastes no more like coffee than coffee tastes like tea.

What *does* Postum taste like? Well, to give you the *right* slant on it—Postum tastes like Postum. It has a corking good flavor that's *all its own*! A lusty, invigorating flavor that's a heart-warmer to everyone who tries it.



Millions of regular Postum drinkers recognize it as one of America's great mealtime drinks. The whole family enjoys it, too, because there's not a bit of harm in it.

And Postum's especially appreciated these days of tea, coffee, and cocoa shortages... *and* limited budgets (economical—costs less than 1/2¢ a cup). You can get Postum in two forms—Postum Cereal, which you boil, percolate or drip, and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by simply adding boiling water.



P. S. Tune in *The Aldrich Family*, Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, sponsored by Postum.



POSTUM—One of America's great mealtime drinks.



STEINBERG

Thrifty Ways for War Days

By Margaret Davidson



1. Sergeant Sam, who was tough as an old rusty nail, Gave commands in a voice that would make privates quail.

2. But his wife, giving orders on house-cleaning days, Found that Sam begged off working, in all kinds of ways.

3. Then the sergeant's wife hit on a marvelous plan—A quick, easy way to make glass spic and span!

4. With Windex the labor's so easy to shirk, Even Sam, like a lark, sings a song with his work!

5. Spray it on—wipe it off—for much less than a cent, Each pane has a shine you'll acclaim heaven-sent!

6. So when house-cleaning time comes around you can bring Your WINDEX to work, and you'll shine while you sing!

DON'T TRUST CHEAP SUBSTITUTES!
NO STREAKING...NO FILM...WHEN YOU INSIST ON

FOR ECONOMY —
REFILL FROM THE BIG 20-OUNCE SIZE

WINDEX

COSTS ONLY 1/4¢ PER WINDOW

DON'T START house cleaning without this non-inflammable, oil-free cleaner that costs but a fraction of a penny for each pane cleaned!

And—Windex is grand for cleaning windshields, mirrors, anything in the house made of glass!

**WINDEX SAVES TIME • SAVES ENERGY
SAVES YOU**

You can get Windex in two sizes—6-ounce and the 20-ounce economy size.



Copyright, 1943, The Drackett Co.

It's Fan Time—warm days are ahead. In the past, we've been grateful for fan-made breezes—but paid little attention to the care of fans. Many need oil—although some new fans have oil sealed in the motors at the factory, so they do not need oiling at home. Forcing dry motors to run short-cuts their lifetime, so set up an oiling schedule for fans—and other household motors.

1. Examine motor-driven appliances—including washing machines and vacuum cleaners as well as fans—and find out which ones need oiling. If you aren't certain, call your dealer, give him the model number, and he will give you oiling directions.

2. Check instructions for recommended frequency, type of oil and spots where oil should be applied.

3. Mark up oiling dates on a dime-store calendar, as a reminder to keep the oiling schedule running.

4. Use an oilcan with a long narrow spout, so oil can be directed into the proper places.

5. Use amount of oil suggested—too much may be as harmful as too little.

6. Wipe off the appliance after oiling, so excess oil won't collect dust.

For Limp and Lifeless Silk and Rayon. Frequent tubbings sometimes leave silk and rayon blouses and dresses limp and tired-looking. To give these garments a new, fresh, crisp look, use gum arabic—available at a drugstore. To make a stiffening solution, dissolve one tablespoon of the powdered gum arabic in a quart of boiling water, strain it through a fine sieve or cheesecloth and add to three quarts of lukewarm water. After the garment is washed and rinsed, dip in the gum solution—finish by pressing with a medium-hot iron.

Economy Lesson. Plan ahead for the summer parade of cooling beverages. Keep a bottle of drinking water in the refrigerator. Chill soft drinks, tomato and fruit juices in the cans and bottles they come in. Refrigerate oranges before juicing. Moral: less ice-cube freezing—lower refrigerator-operation costs.

Pans Bright? We miss handy little metal pads for brightening our pots and pans and taking off cooked-on food. Who doesn't! But there is good news in new products in household-furnishing and dime stores to make pot-and-pan cleaning easier. A pad of colored spun plastic whisks off cooked-on food—and is kind to the hands. Treated terry-cloth squares have an abrasive surface that brightens and cleans cooking utensils. New creams and new powders brighten discolored metal surfaces. Not to be forgotten are old favorites of powdered cleansers—and the stand-by dishwashing short cut of soaking utensils as soon as food is removed. . . . Discolored aluminum can be brightened by boiling a cream-of-tartar solution in it—using one teaspoon of cream of tartar to each quart of water. Hard-water scale that coats the inside of teakettles and the bottoms of double boilers can be removed by boiling a vinegar solution in the utensil—using one teaspoon of vinegar to each quart of water.

Slip-covered Slip Covers. Invariably the back and arms of a chair get soiled first. When you make—or have made—slip covers for chairs, plan extra small slip covers to fit over these areas. If made of matching fabric to follow structural lines of the chair,

they hardly show. If tailored to fit snugly, they will stay in place without fastenings; if not, use tapes on the top cover and loops on the bottom one to keep them in place. When these get soiled, they can be removed for washing or dry cleaning to save expense and time involved if the entire slip cover were to be cleaned. There's a bonus too—these sectional slip covers protect the chair cover in strategic spots, where wear is greatest. When they are worn threadbare, they can be discarded and the complete slip cover will still be serviceable.

Timesaver. Candlesticks, picture frames and other decorative silver tarnish just on exposure to the air. There are available several special clear, transparent liquids to rub on the surface after silver has been polished—and the next silver-polishing bout is put off for a spell.

YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF

Touch-up Jobs. Cracks or chips on enamel finish of ranges and refrigerators won't actually influence performance—but there is a chance that in time the exposed metal will rust. Besides, cracked finish is unsightly. To patch the spots, get a touch-up enamel from your appliance dealer or from a paint store. If rust has already started eating away at the metal, sand the metal clean. Then use a small brush and cover the bare metal with the enamel.

ANGLES ON IRONING

Go Easy With the Sprinkling. Many people really "damp" down the clothes and then it takes extra time and electricity to iron them dry. In the Workshop we find it takes two and a half times more electricity to iron clothes when they are generously sprinkled—but still not noticeably wet—than when they are just moist enough to insure good finish and complete crease removal. For best results, sprinkle with warm water and roll the clothes up for two hours or so before ironing. Find out how little water is needed.

Iron in Order. First iron clothes needing low iron temperatures, such as unsprinkled cotton knits, silks and rayons. Then iron lightweight cottons, heavyweight cottons and finally linens, like tablecloths and dress linens. Such an orderly arrangement takes less current than switching from high to low heat and back again.

Consider Comfort. Pick a comfortable place to iron—near a window where there is a view and where it won't get hot and stuffy. The only limiting factor in the locale chosen for ironing is that the iron should be connected to a wall or base outlet—not to a light cord, which doesn't have heavy-enough wire to meet the iron demands. Plan the ironing setup so everything will be within reach. Using a low table or chair for the clothes-basket saves stooping. A shallow pan of water and a sponge or cloth to moisten dried-out areas, and pins to fasten in pleats, should be within reach. Hangers or racks for holding ironed clothes should be near by. Try sitting down to iron—it may seem awkward at first because it's new, but with practice it becomes natural and easy. Usually a high stool with a back rest is most comfortable, and it's doubly important to have supplies assembled before starting sit-down ironing.

WINS

ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

Conserve Tires—Be sure of having tires next year by recapping the ones you have. The proper time is when the nonskid pattern has worn off—not when fabric shows through. The ceiling price for recapping a 6:00x16 passenger tire is \$6.50—and buys thousands of additional miles. Let an expert decide if your tires can be successfully recapped. A good tire can be recapped up to five times—so guard against damage due to improper inflation and bruises from striking curbs.

"NEW improved LUX helps us WAR ON WASTE," say thrifty wives



"Nowadays we're giving more washables—all colors—super-safe Lux care to make them *last longer!*"

MRS. HARRY INSKIP, Farmingdale, Long Island, wife of Aircraft Supervisor



Dad's home from his war job—Mrs. Inskip, Dickie and baby David joyfully rush to greet him.



Mrs. Inskip's job on the home front is important, too... "Part of it is conservation—making things last longer," she says. "That's why I'm using new, improved Lux for *more* washables. Of course Dick's sweaters, all the baby's things, get Luxed.



"Undies are Luxed after each wearing. Rayon prints—gay cottons, like my matching curtains and bedspread chintz, stay color-fresh longer, too, with super-safe Lux care.



"I know new, improved Lux is so mild it keeps things like new *much longer*. I Lux stockings every day to cut down runs. My house-coat looks like new after *beaps* of Luxings.



"Dresses, blouses—all our colored things—stay lovely so long with Lux care. Lux gives such rich, long-lasting suds it's thrifty, too, so I never risk strong soaps, cake-soap rubbing, washday methods."

CHECK ✓ this list for Safety NOW!

Give all these washables super-safe Lux care so they'll last longer—avoid putting any of them in the family wash:

- Stockings, undies, men's socks:** Lux cuts down runs. Saves undies.
- Girdles:** Lux care saves precious elastic. Dry away from heat.
- Blouses, dresses:** keep them lovely longer the Lux way.
- Sweaters, knitwear, blankets:** gentle Lux care guards against shrinking.
- Gloves, accessories:** washable leathers, fabrics last longer with Lux care.
- Children's clothes:** cottons, socks stay color-fresh longer the Lux way.
- Household things:** washable curtains, table linens last longer with Lux.

In the same familiar box—your dealer has it NOW!



In wartime, more things need LUX care. LUXed things *last longer!*

ONLY GRANDMOTHERS NEED APPLY

(Continued from Page 25)



*Never
before
so
confident
so
comfortable*

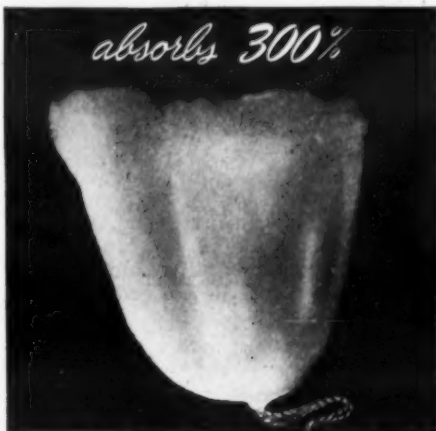
The Meds insorber — because of new exclusive features—brings you perfected internal protection. It's designed to absorb so much more so much faster!



This photograph — actual size — shows you the Meds insorber—tiny, easy-to-use. It's quickly and correctly placed with its own individual applicator.



Dipped in water, the expanding insorber shows why Meds' exclusive "safety-well" gives quick deep-well absorption—assures extra protection and comfort.



Here is the Meds insorber after it has absorbed 300% of its own weight in moisture! Its soft cotton expands into a protective cone-shape which adapts itself instantly to individual requirements.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO TRY MEDS

Box of 10 insorbers each with applicator regularly 25¢ now on sale



older ones, some of them physically handicapped. "Older women, we find, are one of the best sources of leadership material for supervisory or administrative jobs," Miss Davies explains. "As for the older paralysis victims—they can't walk far, or even well, but their finger dexterity on assembling is excellent. A middle-aged blind woman we have is doing a splendid job of gauging automatic-screw-machine parts. They're all getting top wages for top-grade work."

The Wright Aeronautical Corporation, using several thousand women in their Paterson, New Jersey, plant, say they have stopped talking about age or even sex when it comes to hiring workers. They say, "We simply employ a machine-tool operator, or so many bench hands. These may turn out to be 63-year-old grandmothers or men of 30. They seem to produce the same amount of work. The only way in which we take age into consideration is to assign older women to jobs where the lifting is lighter. For example, a woman of 58 and a husky man may work side by side on identical drill presses, drilling the same number of holes per day, but the pieces the woman works on may weigh only a pound apiece, while the man may be machining forgings or castings of heavier weight. Even with the lightweight parts, however, she is doing a standard shop job which in another section of the same plant may be performed by a younger and huskier woman or man."

Take Fable No. 2—older women are more of an insurance risk because they're more susceptible to disease and accidents, consequently they run up overhead expenses.

This certainly doesn't agree with records of 95,000 accidents collected by the Swiss National Accident Insurance Fund, nor with a ten-year Wisconsin Industrial Commission survey of 350,000 accidents, nor with the tabulated injuries of the State of New York under its workmen's compensation act, covering 346,000 cases, nor with the report of four large utility and manufacturing companies with a working force of 26,000 employees.

Injury frequency for workers of 60 or more turns out to be less than half that for ages 20 to 29. Accident frequency, it seems,

reaches its maximum for workers between 20 and 30, and thereafter falls off steadily with advancing years. All of which is another way of saying that youth's impatience light-heartedness and willingness to take a chance result in a greater proportion of accidents; whereas the older person's prudence more than compensates for his slower reaction to danger.

However, accidents, when they do occur to older people, are likely to have more serious consequences. There is a higher invalidism and more frequently death. Some of this is due to the fact that older people are put on more hazardous jobs, but there is no doubt that increasing brittleness of bone and the lessening of the recuperative powers of the body have their effect also. Yet this tendency to suffer more severe results from their injuries is more than offset by the lesser frequency of accidents to them. Premiums remain constant for ages 20 to 64.

So the higher cost of compensation for elderly workers is an erroneous idea. The Compensation Insurance Rating Board says, "We base our rates, not on age but on the physical hazards of the plant and on the experience of risk covering the previous five years."

A March, 1943, analysis, by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, of state reports on industrial accidents to women in the United States, shows that the effect of injuries falls most heavily on younger groups of women, and concludes, "There is no evidence to prove that accidents involving older women are more expensive than accidents involving younger women." They also point out that in the 50-to-59-year age group women have about half the number of days of incapacitating illnesses as men of that same age.

This is borne out by a survey made of sickness among women working in the Namm Store, a large Brooklyn department store whose employment roll is 72 per cent feminine. The under-40 employees amount to 66 per cent of the total, and accounted for 69 per cent of the illness, while the over-40 women represented 34 per cent of those employed and yet only suffered a 31 per cent incidence of illnesses.

Love Well . . . American

BY STRUTHERS BURT

The young men sought the horizon
While the old men sought the loam;
Distance to the young men
Was sweet as a honeycomb.
But the young men and the old men
Found that both meant home.

You have been harsh and ruthless,
And you have been unwise,
But you've given men the clearest sun
That ever met their eyes,
And you've given them the deepest fields
And the highest, bluest skies.

So wherever there's a mountain
And wherever there's a stream,
Some man has come upon them
In answer to a dream;
Along the winding valleys
The brown, bright furrows gleam.

Is there not, then, a thing to love
With all the heart of man?
Love long, love straight, love tenderly,
Love well . . . American.

I think that spring and orchards
Are a dagger of delight,
To pierce the hearts of native men

And women with the sight;
But then—there's dusk and autumn,
And the corn against the night.

And summer with its sudden rain,
The murmuring of eaves,
To make a mind forgetful
Of anything but leaves,
Until the winter binds it in
With fire's yellow sheaves.

There are few crosses in the land,
And never a roadside shrine,
But living water builds a house,
And a house builds a vine;
And wherever a house and manger are,
Is hope of bread and wine.

The young men sought the horizon,
But they heard a meadow lark,
And there they stayed and built a house
To stand against the dark,
Where the smoke curls up by early dawn
And the brave dogs bark.

Is there not, then, a thing to love
With all the heart of man?
Love long, love straight, love tenderly,
Love well . . . American.

PAINFUL FEET

Don't Let Them Slow Down Your War-Time Efforts!



To help do your part for Victory, conserve your health and energy. You can't if you are tormented by your feet. Painful feet slow you up. And when your feet hurt, you hurt all over!

Foot suffering is needless, for there is a Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort* Remedy, Pad, Plaster, Appliance or Arch Support for your foot trouble that will give you quick relief. The cost is very small. You can get this noted foot consultant's reliefs at Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toilet Goods Counters everywhere.

CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; lift shoe pressure; soothe, cushion. Prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.



CALLUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain, soothe, ease pressure on sore spot; quickly loosen and remove callouses. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, relieve tender and enlarged joints; lift shoe pressure. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.



WEAK ARCHES

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise relieve tired, aching feet, foot and leg pains, when due to weak or fallen arches. \$3.50 pair.



PAIN HERE?

Dr. Scholl's LuPAD, a soft feather-weight cushion; loops over fore part of foot; relieves pains, callouses at ball. Washable. \$1.00 pr.



HOT, TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves, refreshes feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet, due to exertion or fatigue. 35¢.



TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, chafed, perspiring, odorous feet; eases tight shoes. 35¢.



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. 50¢ each. Leather Bunion Protector, 75¢ each.



ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Solux relieves itching feet and toes; kills fungi it contacts; helps heal Athlete's Foot. Liquid or Ointment. 50¢.



FREE Foot Book, also sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns. Address Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Name _____
Address _____
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So much for insurance companies and surveys. What about individual examples? Well, Mary Pegg, of Finchley, is England's oldest full-time munitions worker. She is 77, has never had an accident, been late or absent in twenty-four years. Another shell plant in England employs only women between 40 and 65 to fill shell cases with powder. They have been working on twenty-four-hour schedules since the beginning of the war, and have never had an accident.

Here in our country, doctors and health experts agree that to get the maximum efficiency from the older woman worker, jobs must be tailored to come within the range of her physical endurance. Tasks at which she can sit down part of the day are essential. A cardiac case, for instance, is quite capable of good sustained work if she's given a bench job requiring only small repetitive motions. On the other hand, an overweight is a liability, due to her varicose veins and foot trouble. Jobs calling for climbing, continuous lifting, in prolonged heat and excessive noise may very well result in poor work quality and low production.

The tendency to jump to erroneous conclusions about the stamina of elderly women is illustrated by what happened recently in one of Philadelphia's largest plants. The women workers, especially the older ones, were fainting often and complaining of prolonged exhaustion halfway through the day. The foreman, attributing it to their age, turned in a pessimistic report on the advisability of hiring elderly workers. Some time later it was found the safety uniforms the plant provided for the women were made of a cravenetted cloth which was completely airtight. Shutting out the circulation of fresh air to the body was a quick way of inducing fatigue.

William Guthrie, plant manager of the Allison Division of General Motors Corporation, is an enthusiast regarding the employment of older women. Allison experience in its six Indianapolis factories lists seven distinct points for the older women. They are: 1—more conscientious and anxious to make good; 2—more apt to follow detailed instructions to the letter; 3—less likely to loaf on the job; 4—more appreciative of advancement and increased pay; 5—take their work more seriously, even though it's highly repetitive routine; 6—more respect for company property; 7—more economical with tools and supplies.

The post engineer at Camp Kilmer, in New Jersey, has grandmothers driving half-ton pickup trucks, weapon carriers and dump trucks with five-gear shifts. He says they're the most conscientious drivers he's had, and have had fewer accidents and less damage. Now he's looking for grandmothers who are carpenters and electricians.

OLDER colored women often have three strikes against them when they attempt to go into industry—their race, sex and age. Yet the several heavy manufacturing plants which have employed them turn in this report:

"Our experience is favorable. They show greater interest in pre-employment training than the whites in our districts. They are less given to absenteeism, and are willing to do heavy-duty work. They are not, as a group, accident prone, and appear to be less allergic to oils and other lubricating materials. They stand heat better than the older white women."

Take Fable No. 3—that the older woman is not mechanically inclined, is gossipy and is not adaptable to factory working conditions.

Stanch supporters for older women admit this is a more difficult accusation to disprove than the others, simply because it isn't the sort of thing that can be factually proved or disproved. It becomes a contest of one set of case histories against another.

However, this very fact—that there is a pro for every anti—indicates the accusation is far too sweeping, far too arbitrary. Instead, it should be some older women are not mechanically inclined, some are gossipy, some are not adaptable to factory working conditions.

Former work experience seems to play a large and important part in this. Any job before marriage—behind a bakery counter, clerking in a department store, teaching, nursing, ticket taking; any job that has given a woman training in punctuality and the other work habits—makes it easier for her to fit back into those same work habits again. It means that she is less inclined to take the petty neighborhood affairs onto the assembly line with her. Pre-employment training courses, arranged by the United States Employment Services in co-operation with local boards of education, also help to establish good work habits.

ON EVERY side, though, we see women who have never come closer to mechanics than defrosting a refrigerator or running a vacuum cleaner, who are now manipulating intricate machinery. There's the grandmother who's a keel bender at the Cramp Shipyards in Philadelphia—having sold cosmetics for ten years, she turned around and stepped into the dual controls of a 1700-ton machine which bends keel plates into shape; there's the woman of 70, a dental hygienist in New York schools forced to retire on account of her age, who's now a top-flight welder in an Atlanta metalworks; there's the grandmother at the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland who test-fires Thompson submachine guns with the same aplomb with which she once used a can opener in her kitchen. She blazes away from an unpadded shoulder until the barrel expands or the mechanism fails, to determine endurance. She also assembles guns, and admits that putting each of the 170 parts of a Garand rifle into its proper niche is a little more complex than mixing an angel-food cake.

In Chicago there's the case of the 46-year-old woman who ran a gift shop for fourteen years, and is now chemist assistant in a manganese-steel plant; there is the 49-year-old social worker, now operating a turret lathe; a woman of 58, formerly a news editor, burring and filing on the three-to-eleven-P.M. shift; a 50-year-old housewife who began as a trainee last December, has been upgraded three times, is now operating a 2800-ton deep-draw hydraulic press and feeds fifteen-pound shell blanks to form 155 mm. shells; a 41-year-old handicapped woman who, without previous experience, has been upgraded three times in six months, and is now operating a precision lens-grinding machine, grinding three-power eye-pieces for drift meters, an aircraft instrument.

As for being gossipy and unadaptable—there's this evidence to the contrary: Dorothy Cline, personnel director for Aeronautical Products, Inc., makers of precision aircraft parts in Michigan and in Ohio, says, "It is our experience that the older woman is especially aware of the necessities of this World War and sees her relationship to the objectives for which we are fighting, and hence makes a definite connection between the particular part on which she is working and the planes that arrive in Tunisia, China or Russia. Primary concern with the job she is doing means thinking less about soiled clothes, dirty hands, tedium and irritating conditions that arise in any work condition."

Servel, Inc., of Evansville, Indiana, employing 4000 women ranging from teen age to 62, says:

"The mature woman who realizes her responsibility toward the war effort makes a good hand in our plant, better than the younger ones who stay on the job a few days and then want to transfer to a more desirable spot in the shop."

The Goodyear Aircraft Corporation, of Akron, with a pay roll more than 50 per cent women, says, "The older sisters [those over 40] don't keep the path to the personnel office hot complaining about small matters. They never ask for special concessions, and are less interested in job shopping."

This brings us back to employers who have hired older women and have seen them fall down on production. There, perhaps, the fault lies inside the personnel office, in the kind of hiring that is done. It may

How to choose a good summer powder shade

If your tan is rosy

you'll look prettiest in a fresh, rosy-beige powder like Pond's new Dreamflower "Dusk Rose." It's not too dark—not yellowy—gives your tan glow! Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, blonde society beauty says, "'Dusk Rose' is the most attractive summer shade I've ever found!"

If your tan is golden

your summer powder must be rich and bronzy. Pond's new Dreamflower "Dark Rachel" is superb for you. It enriches your tan—never dulls it with a pale powdery film. "Pond's new Dreamflower 'Dark Rachel' makes my tan look so rich, smooth!" says Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jr., brown-eyed social leader.

Pond's exquisite new Dreamflower Powder

For summer tan
DUSK ROSE—deep, glowing
DARK RACHEL—rich golden

For year-round flattery
NATURAL—creamy shell-pink
RACHEL—soft ivory
BRUNETTE—rosy-beige
ROSE CREAM—delicate peach

49¢, 25¢,
10¢



Pond's "LIPS" —stays on longer!

Match your lips and cheeks with Pond's glamorous new match-makers—Pond's "Lips" and Pond's "Cheeks" (compact rouge). Five wonderful shades!



For Contented Calves!

AFTER APPLYING LIQUID STOCKINGS, I USE KLEENEX® TISSUES TO GIVE MY LEGS A SMOOTH, EVEN TONE!

(from a letter by J. W. Olympia, Wash.)



P.S. BARE FEET IN SHOES NEED SOFT, ABSORBENT KLEENEX AS AN INNER SOLE FOR COMFORT!
(from a letter by R. S. P., San Jose, Calif.)

WIN \$25
WAR SAVINGS BOND
WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.
ADDRESS: KLEENEX, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO



For Butter or Wurst!

PICNICS AND WIENER-ROASTS NEED A SUPPLY OF KLEENEX TO WIPE GREASY CHINS AND FINGERS. SAVES CLOTHES AND HANKIES!
(from a letter by G. J. E., Great Falls, Mont.)



Oh Say Can You See?

ON A SUB IT'S VITAL TO SPOT THE ENEMY FIRST! OUR LOOKOUT SAYS YOU CAN'T BEAT KLEENEX TO KEEP BINOCULARS CLEAN AND DRY!
(from a letter by M. B. F., U. S. Navy)

OH BOY!
Remember Delsey?
—soft like Kleenex

Hope there'll be more **DELSEY®** Toilet Paper after the war



(Windsor Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

take two or three times as many interviews and physical examinations to select one hundred healthy, energetic, capable women over 45 as it does to find the same number of 30-year-olds, but many personnel managers feel this is a small price to pay for steady and consistently careful workers.

Many plants are finding it pays in production returns to modify bench heights, put footrests on high stools, reduce stretching limits, provide smaller hand tools, and so right a dozen small wrongs that add up to labor trouble. The Grumman Aircraft Company, on Long Island, has provided an emergency motor corps that visits employees' homes to relieve them of household worries.

The Sperry Gyroscope Company, in Brooklyn, has placed women counsellors on the floors of its factory to listen sympathetically to women who want to talk over their troubles. Personal problems are thus discussed in strictest confidence. Sperry's next step is to install a branch of a New York department store right in the plant for the convenience of the women workers.

Such realism toward employment means that hiring can be done on the primary bases of skill, aptitude and physical demands. It may mean, too, that after the war men and women over forty will not be wasted, sitting in arm-chairs waiting for a weekly dole, but will be using their capabilities for the common good.

FIRST HOUSE PARTY

(Continued from Page 19)

But she was. Her head tipped back and her eyes smiling up at one boy after another.

Leith mumbled, "There's Sue."
Todd said stiffly, "I see her. She came with Jink Redding."

Todd's sorry he didn't ask her. Her chest was so tight her lungs could not get air.

She danced set after set with Todd and then one of his friends cut. But she knew it was only to help Todd out; not because he wanted to dance with her. After a brief "Hello" she did not venture to talk to him. She saw Todd cut on Sue, laugh down at her. When another cadet took Sue away from him he cut back on Leith.

She said unhappily, "We don't have to stay here, do we? I mean if you're tired of dancing with me?"

He looked angry and uncomfortable. "All right. Let's go, then, if you want."

When she went to get the hat she had left upstairs, Sue was adding lipstick before the mirror. She turned and smiled at Leith. "Hullo. Having fun?"

"Yes," Leith said defiantly.
"Todd's looking pretty sour. What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know."
The other girl dropped the lipstick in her purse. "I hope it's not that he's still mad at me. It wasn't my fault if he got the impression I had a date with him for this binge when I didn't." She was still smiling and her tone was confidential—but Leith understood.

Todd had had a date with Sue first. Sue was the one he had wanted to have down. He'd only asked Leith because he was mad at Sue. She wanted to throw herself down in a chair and cry. She wanted to run away—run home. But she couldn't. She had to go down to Todd, who hadn't wanted her in the first place. She couldn't live through it.

All the rest of the day she dragged her leaden self about. Supper and a play later, and she could not even pretend she was having fun. Todd had grown silent, speaking to her only in short, embarrassed sentences. Tomorrow before anyone was up she'd sneak out and take the train home.

At the play, a dark-haired boy she had seen at the tea dance was watching her—he was Bryce Willard, Todd told her. A

THIS IS A SHOE-SCUFFER

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A SHOE-SCUFFER

By Munro Leaf

This poor silly thing is a Shoe-Scuffer. It dragged its toes and scuffed and scraped its shoes, so that now it's worn them right out and its toes are sticking through. This Shoe-Scuffer is going to have a hard time now, with shoes rationed as they are.

WERE YOU A SHOE-SCUFFER THIS MONTH?

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Delicious Hot or Cold

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Important! Because of war conditions, some grocers may be temporarily out of Bosco. We are doing our best to fill orders promptly . . . but we need your help!

Try Making Your Bosco Go Further! If you've been using 2 or 3 spoonfuls in a glass of milk, see if it isn't delicious with 1 spoonful. This will help us not to disappoint you when you order Bosco.

BOSCO
and Milk

"The Milky Way to Health"

smoothie. But his glance did not give her hope. He was wondering why Todd had brought her.

Todd took her back to the house where she was staying and stopped before her on the lowest of the porch steps. He said, "Well—so long."

"Good night." She could not say more.

His face in the lamplight was tight and furious. "I don't know what came over you all of a sudden, Leith."

"Nothing did." She started to go and he grabbed her arm.

"Wait. How about a kiss then?" She thought confusedly, *Maybe if I kissed him it would be different.* She put her arms up about his neck and he kissed her. He said "Say" in a funny voice and kissed her again. But it wasn't like the dream. It was flat and lifeless. When he kissed her a third time she pulled away.

"Don't be stuffy," he said.

"No." She backed up the steps.

"I can't make you out," Todd said.

She went up and undressed, and as she took off the pretty blue velvet dress she began to cry. She had not cried in so long a while, but now she could not stop the tears. It was all wrong. The dream had cheated. Todd wasn't the one. He didn't even like her. He was in love with Sue. Why had he tried to kiss her at all? *Tomorrow I'm going home.*

The door opened and a girl came in. Her hair was a coppery pile of curls and she wore a brown silk dress. She said, "Hi—are you my roommate?"

"I guess so," Leith said. She turned away and blew her nose on a piece of tissue she had brought. The girl began to talk, kicking off her shoes.

"What did you think of the tea dance? But dull. I don't know why — What's the matter?" She had caught sight of Leith's face in the mirror.

"Nothing," Leith choked. "It's—nothing."

"It must be something." She had a cheerful, matter-of-fact voice. "Why don't you get it off your chest? My name's Gay Mendes." She sat down on the bed beside Leith and put an arm across her shoulders.

The friendly gesture was too much. Leith told in gusts:

"Todd—he only asked me because Sue couldn't come with him. I was stuck—it was horrible. I kissed him good night and it wasn't any good."

"Is that all?" Gay said. "Why, Leith, you'll be stuck plenty before you're through. It happens to everyone at first. But you have to die to get to heaven, don't you? I'll give you a tip. Never let a boy know you know you're stuck. Just keep talking and smiling at him no matter how it kills you. Get yourself a line. Anything as long as it's silly and makes him laugh. Make believe you're having a good time. Don't go home. You're licked if you do. And another thing—you shouldn't have kissed him."

"I had to do something," Leith said.

"Not that. That's realistic. Not moral. If you didn't have a good time at the dance and then were willing to kiss him, he'll think that's what you like to do. Don't worry about Sue Tressler. She's out for quantity, not quality, and Todd's quality. He's a swell guy. He'll catch onto what she's like—he'll catch onto you the right way if you

A Prayer in Wartime

For the Word Made Flesh
Which Dwells Among Us

By the
Reverend Dr. George Stewart

Lord, for Thy Son, the Word made
flesh
Which companions all our days,
We bless Thee.
How could we live
Without our faith in Him?
As little children
We turned to Him
As the One altogether lovely.
In Him is the Church's reason for
existence,
Her faultless leader,
Her hope and her example
In valor and in faith.
In this hour of grim trial
Restore within us
Resolution and clarity of purpose,
And remember Thou us,
Even when we forget Thee
In weakness or any sin,
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Amen.

throw him a hook. There are a lot of angles in this game." "I don't understand them," Leith said.

Her skirt brushed the floor lightly as she moved along toward the gym with Todd. Dancers swirled in the doorway ahead. The sweet, fast music was a lure, each note a beckoning finger.

LEITH did a little dance step. "Oh, it's just marvelous! I don't know how I can stand to dance to Rusty Miller." She put a hand up to the corsage of sweetheart roses that were the same color as her net evening dress. She said, "Todd, this is the best corsage I ever had. How did you know what to pick? You must be psychic, to know just what I wanted." He grinned. "Maybe I am."

Her heart was beating furiously. It worked. It did. She had set out this morning to show Todd she was having a good time, and now she was. He liked her again. *Maybe my dream is going to come true. Oh, let it.* If only she could make this new magic formula work for the dance. If a miracle would happen and she would not be stuck.

They went on, and at the edge of the floor Todd took her in his arms. She lifted her head. She smiled. She talked. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the line of stags. None of them had noticed her yet. She saw Gay's bright head against a succession of shoulders, and the crowd that followed Sue. A chill stole to her heart. But she wouldn't give up.

Then, quickly and simply, it began. A hand came down on Todd's shoulder. "Cut." It was Jack Whitlock, Gay's date.

Leith said, "Gay sent you," but it wasn't the flat statement she would have made yesterday. She used the little trick of looking up through her lashes.

"I've had worse punishment from Gay." "Cut." The friend of Todd's who had danced with her yesterday. "Cut." A stranger. A line of strangers.

She was popular. She scarcely needed to say a word. Just a smile was enough.

"Cut." The dark, slight boy was smiling down at her. "Here we are at last."

"At last?" she said.

"I've had my eye on you. Name, please."

Leith leaned back and smiled slowly. "I don't know my name."

"Oh, a mystery woman. Loss of memory?" "Yes. I woke up in the library and there was a bloody dagger in my hand—and I can't remember anything that happened before that. But I have a feeling I'm in terrible danger."

He laughed. "I'll save you. What did you do with the dagger?"

"I hid it," she whispered, "in Major Whipple's back."

His arm tightened around her. "You need a strong man's protection, woman."

"M'm-m-m. I guess I do."

"Maybe when we look up your dark past, you'll find I belong in it." He laid his cheek down against hers. Without warning a wild, sweet tingling flooded her, running down her arms, her legs, her spine. "What do you think?" he said against her ear.

Her tongue had become furry. She wanted to close her eyes. Her heart stammered in her breast. The dream—the dream. *This is it—this is the way I fell. He must be the one.*

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Try the **NEW KIX** for breakfast!

DOWN

(and I don't mean maybe)

REMEMBER how glorious it all was . . . landing your job the very day school ended? It was your way of enlisting . . . doing a man's work while he's away fighting for freedom!

You can still see Mom when you brought home your first week's pay, safely salted away in War Stamps. And Dad, proud as punch . . . with his glasses all misted up.

But today it's different . . . you wish you'd never even started! And you wonder how other girls always manage . . . never seem to feel down in the dumps. They'll sail through their full eight hours and their dates, too . . . without a care in the world!

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THUMBS UP? THUMBS DOWN? "Difficult days"—and what to do about them!

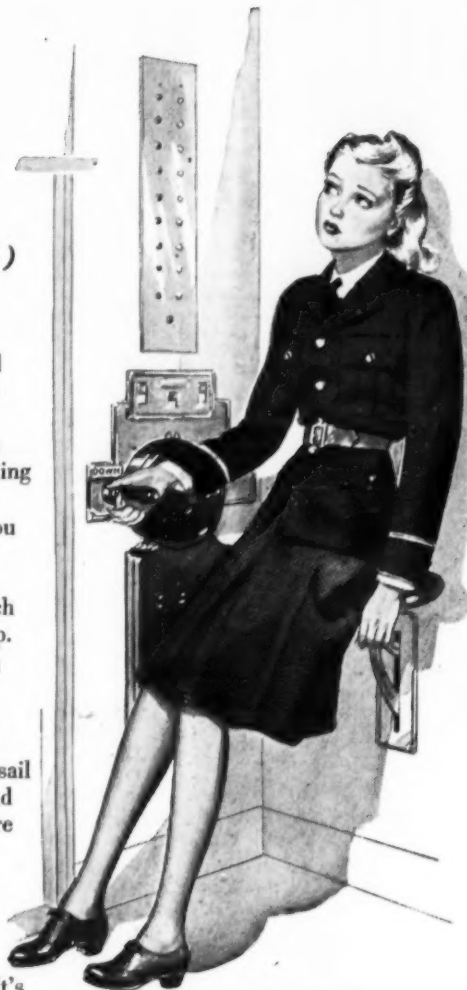
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★T. W. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Not Todd. He didn't do this to me. Bryce. Bryce Willard. She could scarcely hear the music for the pounding in her ears.

Bryce stopped dancing. She knew by the way he looked at her that the same crazy, miraculous, sudden thing had happened to him. "Get your coat," he said. "We're going out."

"Where?"

"On the track of your past." He locked his fingers through hers.

She saw Todd's tall, towheaded form moving toward her, but the glory he had held for her was dimmed. She did not want to be with anyone but Bryce.

In an ecstatic daze she got her coat and went out with Bryce into the clear, chill night. The buildings of the school were dark and hunched. The wind spoke softly to the grass of the quadrangle, and couples spoke softly to each other under the trees.

Bryce caught her hand and raced her along to the library. The massive doors were open and a pale light shone out. They went up the stone steps. Gloom lurked in the corners and the huge beams of the high ceiling were in shadow. Bryce took her into one of the reading rooms.

"Is this where you came to?" He pulled her down to a green leather couch.

"I think so," Leith said. She was weak and trembling.

Bryce put his arm about her. "You hit me like a ton of lead, you know that? When I first saw you—did you ever have anything happen to you like that?"

"No," Leith said. "I don't know." As in the dream, she was half frightened.

"I've been waiting for this," Bryce said. He put a hand under her chin.

Now. She closed her eyes.

"Oops—pardon us."

Her head turned of its own volition. Gay and Jack were in the doorway.

"DON'T let us worry you. We're moving right along," Gay said brightly. "I'm not trailing you, really, Bryce, but it does seem that every time I stick my head in a room I think is deserted, there you are." She drew Jack away.

Bryce said, annoyed, "Don't let her kid you, Leith."

But with a sudden, deep, instinctive feminine insight Leith knew—she knew Gay had been warning her. She wasn't the first girl Bryce had kissed or tried to kiss tonight. And she understood with an age-old wariness that if she kissed him now, he would be

rushing another girl before the evening was over. His arm was slipping about her again, but she had found she could stem that tide of feeling.

She said, "Oh, but this isn't where I woke up," and jumped to her feet.

"Ah, Leith"—he rose, too, taking her hands—"be a sport and kiss me."

She shook her head and laughed.

"You know you like me. Kiss me." He spoke aloud and in the empty room the echoes whispered, "Kiss me—kiss me."

SHE laughed again and turned and ran out of the library, out across the grass, and Bryce ran after her.

"I never had a girl treat me like that before."

"You have now," she said.

"If you think you can get away with it—if you think I'm going to give up—"

All the rest of the evening he tried to persuade her out again. She refused to go. Though he held the dream for her, she knew she would lose it if she went with him tonight.

"When can I come to see you, then?" he demanded. "I'm going to. I'm going to get you where you can't run out on me."

It was late and still on the street when Todd walked her home. With all her being she wished it were Bryce beside her. Todd was just somebody ordinary. There was no magic in him. Yet the same instinct that had come to her earlier prevented her, now, from taking her hand from his when he caught it.

He stopped by a stone wall and leaned against it and she leaned beside him. "Are you still glad you came, Leith?"

"Oh, you know I am."

"You were sure getting a rush tonight," he said.

Leith said nothing.

"Leith, look, I want to tell you something. I can't put it like Bryce would. He knows how to put a couple of words together and make them sound like a whole lot, but I don't. Gay told me you know I asked Sue first. Well, I did and I just asked another girl to make her mad and I asked you because you were the first one I thought of. You can be sore if you like."

"I'm not sore," she murmured.

"Well, if you are I'll do anything so you aren't. It was the best thing that ever happened to me—her not coming with me. I like you a lot. I know why you acted funny yesterday. Gay told me it was on account of Sue.

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

PARENTS should work together like two good dishwashers; what one overlooks, the other polishes off.

Food rationing is only doing for us what self-control should have done.

Fools rush on while smart men save their tread.

A father was injured recently. He attempted to settle a gang fight for his son.

Tribute from a cleaning woman: "I enjoy cleaning your house because there's such a change when I get through."

Eating without conversation is only stoking.

Child's description of an elephant: "It's that animal that wears his face down low."

Never put off until tomorrow the tin can you should flatten today.

Beginnings in raising a child or a building are important. A wrong start on the Tower of Pisa made it a leaning structure.

Surely the people running around frantically in search of alarm clocks do not own a boy.

The griefs and joys of children are just as important as their elders', but, due to lack of perspective, are much harder to bear.

Mothers-in-law are being turned out as fast as machine guns these days, and are almost as important to the war effort as the guns. Their wisdom, love, strength can help young wives through hours of waiting for babies to arrive and husbands to return.

Unless you can tell a story the same way twice, word for word, do not talk in front of children.

My husband is no longer delegated to do the grocery buying since the Saturday he switched pie shortenings on me because a woman with a pretty hat told him she always used another brand.

Compliment from an adolescent: "Mamma, you're great, not like other girls' mothers; you never pretend to know more than we do."



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But, Leith, right from when I met you at the train—well, I like the way you look and talk and dance, and everything, Leith. If there isn't any other guy, I wish that you'd be my girl."

Leith swung his hand with hers. "What would you do if there was another guy?" "I'd take a poke at him."

Was this the way things always happened? A boy saying what you'd hoped he'd say—when it was too late? But she mustn't tell him it was too late.

He moved before her and put his hands on either side of her head against the wall. He was going to kiss her again. And this was the right time to give her a kiss, whether it was the dream kiss or not. She raised her face and he bent and touched her lips gently with his, dropping his arms to hold hers with his fingers.

The street light shed a pale glow about them and their mouths were fresh and cold as flowers after rain. Something tenuous and shimmering stretched between them, delicate, perishable, precious as the promise of the first green blade of a daffodil, as dewdrops threaded on a strand of spiderweb.

"Does that mean you're my girl?" "I guess it does."

Now I don't know at all—because it was just like this I dreamed it too. Bryce—and then Todd when I didn't think it could be him. I'm all mixed up.

It was late Sunday evening when she got home. Her parents were up, but Bunny had gone to bed.

"Did you have a good time?" her mother asked her.

"Oh, yes. Wonderful. Is Bunny still mad at me?"

"She'll get over it," her father laughed.

SHE went up and tiptoed into the room, turned on the lamp on her dressing table. Bunny slept on her side, her pigtailed crazily spread on the white pillow, her brown little face snuggled deep. Her arms clasped her panda. Leith wanted to wake her—to tell her everything.

Then she saw the note against her own pillow: YOU TRAITOR, in big red crayoned letters on a cardboard.

She sat down on the bed. She couldn't wake Bunny. Bunny wouldn't understand. To Bunny she was a deserter. Bunny lay in sleep, dreaming not of kisses but of winged ponies, of pirates, of spies, all that belonged to her world. She was Sleeping Beauty—but it would take more than Leith's hand to wake her. Leith looked at her for a long moment and a tightness caught her throat.

She was so tired—and so bewildered. She thought of the things Gay had told her—of Todd and Bryce. Of being stuck and pretending you were not. Of the times it was right to kiss and the times it was wrong. One boy laid his cheek on yours and you thought he could make a dream come true. And another kissed you and something that had not belonged to the dream, and yet was a part of it, was born.

It shouldn't be like that, Leith thought. You ought to know for sure. I think it's Todd—but I still want to see Bryce again.

She pulled off a shoe. Bunny stirred and smiled. Somewhere she must be riding a black-and-white pony across the sky. In a quick vision, Leith saw how it was to be like Bunny—as she had been. Walled in a private and delightful secret garden—safe in the magic circle of childhood. A circle Leith had left. She could never go back. She sensed that she had entered a kind of purgatory, a labyrinthine place of new codes, strange demands, confusing desires and uncertainty. Now, in the moment where her own dream was close to realization, it was no longer a dream, but reality, and her make-believe world was forever behind her.

She undressed and then, instead of getting into her own bed, she climbed in with Bunny, needing one last contact with what she was leaving. But even as she caught a plait of Bunny's hair between her fingers she was thinking of Todd.

And Bunny was not dreaming, tonight, of a pony with wings.

THE ARMY ★ NAVY SCRAPBOOK

"From the men in the service for the folks back home"

"I DON'T CARE IF YOU DID SEE IT DONE IN THE CIRCUS—COME OUT OF THERE!"



L. H. HAPP
S 1/c U.S.N.R.

DAFFYNITIONS

- BARRACKS**
CRAP GAME WITH ROOF OVER IT
- SAILOR**
WOLF IN SHIP'S CLOTHING
- MORON**
SOLDIER WHO STUDIES ALL NIGHT FOR A BLOOD TEST.
- SIR**
WHAT A SERGEANT SAYS TO AN OFFICER, INSTEAD OF "HEY, YOU!"
- S/Sgt.**
LAWRENCE MacDONNELL
A. U. S.

What's wrong with this picture?



THERE ARE EIGHT MISTAKES IN THIS OFFICER'S UNIFORM. CAN YOU FIND THEM? ANSWERS BELOW.

Pic.
WILLIAM WILLIAMSON
U. S. M. C.

THESE MISTAKES ARE:
1. NO SHOES ON FEET
2. NO BUCKLES ON BELT
3. NO BUTTONS ON COAT
4. NO COLLAR ON COAT
5. NO CUFFS ON COAT
6. NO TIE ON COAT
7. NO GLOVES ON HANDS
8. NO HAT ON HEAD



OUT HERE THERE'S A SQUARE JAWED MASTER SERGEANT, A HEAVY BOMBER GUNNER, WHO CROCHETS. HE SAYS IT CALMS HIS NERVES. HE HAS FINISHED A DRESSER SCARF AND IS NOW WORKING ON A BEDSPREAD.
SGT. GEORGE E. TOLES
A. U. S.

"AND THERE—STANDING BEHIND THE TWO MEN WAS AN UGLY MONSTER"

CPL.
ROBERT SALLOW
A. U. S.



CPL. R.C. SALLOW

MEN AND WOMEN IN THE SERVICE!
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A MEDAL FOR SPRINGY

(Continued from Page 21)

jumping clean and in nice arcs. They like to jump in hackamores and without saddles. I guess it is like going swimming without any suits, all cool and free.

When we got home there was a big car in the yard. It was a very expensive car, with white-walled tires and all polished. "Do you suppose it is somebody after the ponies?" Debby said. Her eyes got very big again, and I thought about turning around quick. Then I did not. It would not have been fair. We rode on in.

There was a very large man with a red face and a checkered waistcoat and riding boots that shone like mirrors and were too new. He had jowls. He had three other people with him. One was a lady in a funny kind of hat, like a bird perching, and a lot of veil and white gloves and a smile that never did go away or get bigger. It just stayed on her as if it were painted. She sat in the car.

Then there were two boys. They were out of the car. They were about the same age as Debby and me, and they were fat and like pictures in the paper. I mean that they had on jodhpurs that fitted very tight, and they both had the same kind of riding coats that fitted close to them, too, and caps of the same kind of cloth, and shirts and ties alike, and they did not look as if they thought much of our barnyard or of our dungarees. I did not think that they could ride much.

Michael was there, too, standing to one side. He winked at Debby and me. I did not feel like winking.

We said, "How do you do," and the red-faced man said, "So these are the ponies," and my father said yes. He did not look at all happy.

"Would you like to try them?" my father said to the two boys. They just sort of hunched their shoulders and looked silly. My father told Michael to get out the saddles and bridles and put them on the ponies. I had an idea.

The saddles and bridles were all soaped and polished, the way we keep them. The man with the red face said, "All right, Alfred, you and Arthur get on." Arthur and Alfred did not seem to want to, but their father's eyes went into little slits, so they started to get on.

"I will help you," I said to Arthur. I led Springy over to one side. "Do you ride the hunting seat, or the show seat?" I said.

Arthur looked at me. "I dunno," he said. I was glad.

"Well," I said, "when you want Springy to gallop, just touch a hand back of the saddle, on her rump."

"On her rump?" Arthur said.

"Yes," I said.

ARTHUR and Alfred walked the ponies out of the yard and up the lane. They looked awful on the ponies. They both rode sitting way back on the cantle of the saddle, with their feet way out front, and they balanced on the reins. The ponies pulled at the reins, trying to get their heads free. Arthur and Alfred kept them walking.

"Trot," their father called. They kind of jounced around in the saddles and, after a while, the ponies trotted. With their ears back. They did not like it. "Canter," their father called.

I saw Arthur start to move a hand back. Debby saw it too. She looked at me and put a hand over her mouth and grinned. Arthur put his hand down on Springy's rump. Springy does not like that. She never has

liked it. Springy moves very quickly. She put her head down and kicked out and she bucked, high, and Arthur went sailing up over her head and landed all sprawly on the soft turf. Then he just lay there and began to bawl.

It made me feel funny, seeing him bawl like that. We cry, sometimes, but it's because we are mad when we are thrown off, and we get on up again fast. Arthur just bawled. So did Alfred. I do not know why Alfred bawled. We all went out and picked Arthur up and led the ponies in.

"I do not think much of that horse," the red-faced man said, "but the white one might do."

MY FATHER started to say something. Then my mother called from the house. "Telephone, Jim," she said. My father went on in.

The fat man looked Misty over.

Michael sidled up. "There's a nice pony," he said. He wagged his head. "Keep a close watch on her feet, and you won't have no trouble with her."

The red-faced man looked at Michael. "What do you mean?" he said. "Does she go lame?" He looked very keen, as if he were finding something out.

Michael shook his head. "Not a bit. Not to amount to anything. You watch her hoofs and keep 'em from contracting and

you won't have hardly no trouble with her."

"Have you had any trouble with her?" the fat man said.

"Not to amount to a thing," Michael said, "not to amount to a thing."

Debby kind of gasped when Michael said that. I was afraid she was going to say something. Misty had never taken a lame step except once when she had a nail in her foot.

The red-faced man looked as if he had been very smart. "So," he said. He went over

and got in the car. "Get in," he said to Arthur and Alfred. They got in.

My father was coming out. "Sorry," he said. The fat man started his car. "You're not interested in the ponies?" my father said.

The fat man twisted the wheel around. "When I buy a pony," he said, "I want to be sure it's sound. I can tell about that." He backed the car away.

My father started to say something. Then his face got very red, too, only a nice mad brown red, and he turned and went on into the house. Michael winked at us.

Debby said, "Michael, you lied."

Michael said, "I did not lie. I said her feet get contracted and she goes lame. She would. Only she never does."

Debby and I went into the house and got washed for dinner without being told. We had lamb. My father carved, and I said, "I am glad they didn't buy the ponies, anyway."

"So am I," my father said. He gave me a piece with crisp on it. He knows I like crisp.

The only trouble was that there would be other people to buy the ponies. We would have to sell them. Unless something happened.

All that week we had to be in school, and we were afraid, every day, that at night the ponies might be gone. But they were not, and the week end came. On Saturday morning we got up very early, before six o'clock, and put some sandwiches in a knapsack and some oats in a bag, and we went

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out on the ponies. It was quite cold and we had to ride fast and that was good, because it kept us busy and from thinking that this might be our last ride.

We rode a long way, past the Coast Guard station off on the high beach bluff. When we had gone another three miles we came to the wilderness. We stopped there, and then I said, "Why don't we ride in a little way? If we ever are going to do it, we had better do it now." Deborah did not want to at first. She was scared. So was I. But when you are scared, something makes you keep on going ahead. Like the first time you have to jump a horse over a high hurdle. So we started in.

It was soft, muffy sand in the wilderness, and the horses' hoofs did not make any noise. Springy walked in long strides, with that quick dainty way she has. Her ears were up sharp and her nose was out. She likes to explore. The path was very narrow. Sometimes it was not a path at all, just holes through the brush and scrub pines, and everything was so quiet that I could hear my heart go plump-plump. Once in a while a sea gull went wheeling over, sounding that harsh kind of caw or scream, and we did not like that. But we kept going. I guess we kept going too long. It must have been half an hour, almost, and we had never gone anywhere near so far into the wilderness.

FINALLY I said, "If we turn now we ought to come out to the road pretty soon. The ocean is over there, so the road must be that way." We started across.

I guess we got turned around and lost a little. Anyway, we had gone for ten minutes, maybe, and it was so quiet that it hurt your ears, and then, suddenly, Springy stopped. She put her head way up, and the eye toward me got big, the way it does, and she heard something. Or smelled something. My stomach jumped up and stuck in my throat.

We sat there on the ponies for seconds, not daring hardly to take a breath, and then Springy gave a loud snort. I wanted to turn around and run for it, but I did not. I tightened my legs on Springy and she moved on slowly through the brush, looking ahead very carefully and feeling as if she were going to explode under me any minute. We went maybe the length of a football field and then, all at once and right ahead of us, there it was.

We had been moving so quietly that we were in the tiny little clearing before we knew it. It was a very small clearing, only twice as long as a horse, and at the end, in the high brush, was a khaki tent. The flaps were open and we could see inside. I could anyway. Debby was behind me in the narrow path.

On a table in the tent was a large black box, like a radio, with a great many dials and things on it, and, sitting in front of it with round metal ear muffs on, was a man. He was quite a big man and his shoulders were hunched and heavy and his hair was blond. I was so scared I could not even make a move to turn Springy around.

All I could hear was Debby taking a deep breath, like a gulp. In another second maybe we could have swung around and gotten away without being heard. But we never did get the chance. Because Springy gave another great snort. And the man inside the tent jumped a foot and the bench fell over and he yelled something at us. Something harsh and deep in his throat and funny. I remember how it sounded. I will not forget it. Then he started out across the little clearing after us.

"Debby," I said, "turn around! Hurry!" I did not have to tell her. Misty pivoted high on her hind legs, and I tried to get Springy turned and the man was calling, "Stop, stop there," but we did not stop. Except that the path was so narrow and the man so close after us that I could not get around quick enough to get away. The man was so close that his hand was reaching out to grab at me.

Then I remembered something. Or I guess I did it without even remembering. I reached back and slapped Springy hard on

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the rump. I hoped she would do what she usually did. She did. She lashed out hard with both hind feet, and they hit something. I heard a crack. And I heard the man cry and he fell down, holding his leg, and I went after Debby.

She was going very fast, with Misty's fat rump almost flat out and Debby's pigtailed straight in the wind. The scrub scratched our faces but we did not feel it. The ponies seemed to know enough to follow their own tracks. They were very smart about it. We did not stop until we were all the way out of the wilderness.

I do not think anything ever looked so good as that big field outside the wilderness. When we were in the middle of it, we stopped.

"What was he doing in there?" Debby said. Her eyes were enormous and she shook, sort of. So did I.

"I do not know," I said, "but we had better go and tell somebody." We went down to the Coast Guard station. On the gallop.

Captain Pierce was there. He is young and nice and he looks at you straight and understands things quickly. He called to some men and they got guns and came out and Captain Pierce said, "Now show us where you went in." We showed them. We wanted to go on in with them, but Captain Pierce said, "No, I guess you'd better let us carry on from here." He started to go on. Then he turned around. "And don't say anything about this to anybody, will you? Promise me now." So we promised and they went on into the wilderness, following the horse tracks.

We waited for them. It was a long time. More than an hour. Then finally they came out. They had the man from the tent on a stretcher that they had made out of coats, and he had a splint on his leg. He looked very sick. The men looked very pleased, but not smiling.

Captain Pierce said, "I want to tell you kids that you've done a swell job."

"Can we tell at home?" I said.

Captain Pierce grinned. "All right," he said, "but nobody else. Remember." And we went on home. At a gallop. And bursting.

Mother was in the yard and when she saw our faces, all red and scratched, she called to my father and then we told them. I would tell a piece and then Debby would interrupt and then I would and they kept asking questions and mother was white, kind of, and my father looked very square across his mouth.

"Springy kicked him, father," I said. "She broke his leg. That was the way they could catch him. Captain Pierce said so." I leaned over Springy's neck and patted her. I was very proud of her.

MOTHER made us come into the house and have hot chocolate and father got into the station wagon and went away. When he came back he had a grin and he put an arm around me and one around Debby.

"You kids are O.K.," he said, "you're O.K.," and we were very pleased and warm inside.

"Why can't we tell people?" Debby said. "Because," my father said, "they want to catch the men who were in on it with this man. He was probably sending messages to submarines off the coast, so that they could sink our tankers and ships." He told us a lot more about that, and we promised that we would not say anything about it. Ever. And we didn't.

But, as Debby said that night when we were in bed and discussing it, "The trouble is, it all doesn't mean that we can keep the ponies. We still can't afford to." And she was right. Maybe somebody would come for the ponies the very next day.

But they did not come that day, and they did not come the next week or the week after that. It was not until that third Sunday, in the morning, and we were helping Michael clean out the stalls and we were very dirty and smelly, probably, in our dungarees, and we had on our ski caps because it was cold, and a car came up the lane. It was quite close before we could see that it was from the Coast Guard, and we just stood there with the stable forks in our hands and looked at it. Captain Pierce was in it, and a lot of other men from the station. Only they did not come right up to us. They stopped at the front gate.

CAPTAIN PIERCE got out and he was very stiff and straight, and he called some orders and the men formed in a line and put their guns up over their shoulders and Captain Pierce said, "March," and they marched. Right at us. Debby's eyes got huge again. We could not say anything. They were after us.

They came right up to us, not smiling, any of them, with Captain Pierce in front, and then he said, "Halt!" and they put their guns down at their sides, clunk, and still they did not smile. And Captain Pierce said, "Miss Deborah Moreton? Miss June Moreton?" which he knew very well, and we could not say anything. Not a word. "Will you come into the house?" Captain Pierce said, and we started kind of slow, forgetting to put our forks down. The men marched on each side of us and we went right up on the porch and on into the house and mother and father were there waiting for us. I was glad of that. So was Debby.

Then Captain Pierce started talking at us, and he said a lot of things I could not understand or hear, really, but about being of service to our country. Then he said, "I wish to present you with this citation," and he gave me a roll of paper with a ribbon around it, and he gave Debby one, and then he took out two little boxes and opened them. They had medals in them. With a bit of ribbon. They were very pretty. And he went up to Debby and he pinned one on the pocket of her jacket, and then he pinned one on me, and then he saluted very sharp and the men all put their guns up in front of them.

We just looked at them. We could not say anything. Mother was smiling, but she looked funny. So did father. Like the way they looked when we won the jump pairs at the Hunt Club show. Captain Pierce and the men went away. Very clump, clump and marching straight.

"I got a medal," Debby said, looking at it. She was very pleased.

"Springy should have mine," I said. "She kicked the man."

I looked up. Michael's face was at the window. He was grinning very wide. Then he went away. He did not even wait to be paid that morning.

It was after dinner that another car came up. It was Mr. Huston's car. It had Mr. Huston, the blacksmith, in it, and Mr. Manning, the grain man, only he was clean for Sunday, and it had Mr. Albertini in it and he was smiling. Mr. Huston got out first and they all walked over, sort of slowly and awkward, and Mr. Manning said:

"Hello, kids, how are the ponies?" We said, "All right," and kept an eye on Mr. Albertini. We were not very sure about Mr. Albertini.

Then Mr. Huston said, "Say, you kids, we're in kind of a spot. We need help," and he wagged his head and Mr. Manning and Mr. Albertini wagged their heads and Mr. Huston said, "We can't get anybody to give us a hand with the work. All the men have gone away, most of them, and gee, there just isn't anybody." We didn't say anything, and then Mr. Huston said, "Wonder if you

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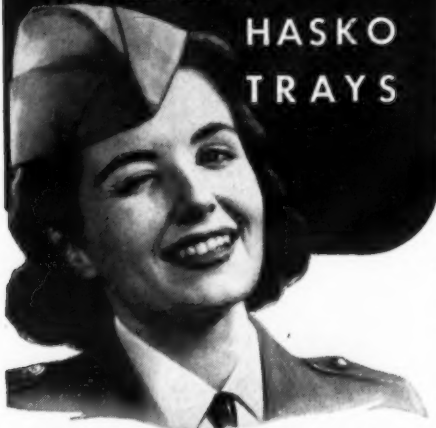
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kids'd be open to a proposition? A proposition to help us out." He did not wait for us to say anything. "Tell you what," he went on, "you kids come work for me Saturday mornings, and hold the horses while I shoe 'em—got to have somebody keep 'em quiet an' the flies offen 'em, you know—and I'll pay you. Tell you what I'll do"—he thought a minute—"you do that and I—I'll shoe your ponies for you every month and we'll be even. What do you say?"

But before we could say anything Mr. Manning said, "I need sacks," he said. "Nobody saves 'em for me and you can't hardly get 'em. Burlap's scarce. You kids collect sacks for me and I'll pay you five cents each for 'em. Matter of fact, you do a good job and I'll furnish you all the grain them ponies'll eat. Regular."

And I began to think, "Gee —" and my father came out and Mr. Albertini said, "Me, I got to have help around the place summers. My kids are all going to work in the factory. I need somebody for chores week ends, and to help with the haying and to let the cows out to pasture. I got a lot of things I need help on. I could pay you some. I could pay you hay. Maybe five, six tons, you do good. Some days."

It was a wonderful idea. It was marvelous. I looked at father. Debby looked at him. "Could we?" we said together. "Could we? Then we could keep the ponies."

My father looked at Mr. Huston and Mr. Manning and Mr. Albertini and just raised his eyebrows a little and grinned at them. "Well," he said, "on that basis—what can I say?" and they all went in the house and stayed quite a long time and seemed to be enjoying themselves a great deal.

MICHAEL came back after a while and we said, "Michael, Michael, we can keep the ponies. We're going to work for them. We're —" and Michael did not seem at all surprised. Michael seemed to know all about it.

When we went to bed that night mother and father both came up and father fussed around and finally he put out the light and said good night. Then he said, "You're a pretty good little pair of punks. You really are." And he and mother went on downstairs and Debby said, "Boy! Will we work to keep those ponies!" And I said, "Boy! Will we!" and we went to sleep with the medals under our pillows.

GOOD-BY BEFORE BREAKFAST

(Continued from Page 29)

Her mother was sweet, really, with her quaint ideas about being ladylike. Usually she was quite liberal—for a parent—in her middle-aged way. Ebba decided to confess everything when she got home. By then she would be engaged, or—who knows?—perhaps even married to Ronnie Atwell, so everything would be all right.

"Don't you want it?" the tall boy was asking.

Blinking, Ebba saw he was handing her his address. "Of course." She tucked the slip of paper into her red purse, picturing how she would tell its sad little story to Ronnie. She would describe how pathetic the tall boy was, missing the good-by she and Ronnie were having, going off to war to martial music, with his girl not even there. The tragedy of the little slip of paper, given to a girl who didn't care, would make the happiness she and Ronnie were having more precious by contrast.

"You can have dates while I'm away," the tall boy was conceding, "as long as they're not serious."

"You're very generous, Dick," she answered gravely. "A man and a girl should trust each other. At first I doubted Ronnie, but now I'm going to trust him—forever and always."

The tall boy looked annoyed and impatient.

"Just as you must trust Marylin," Ebba urged.

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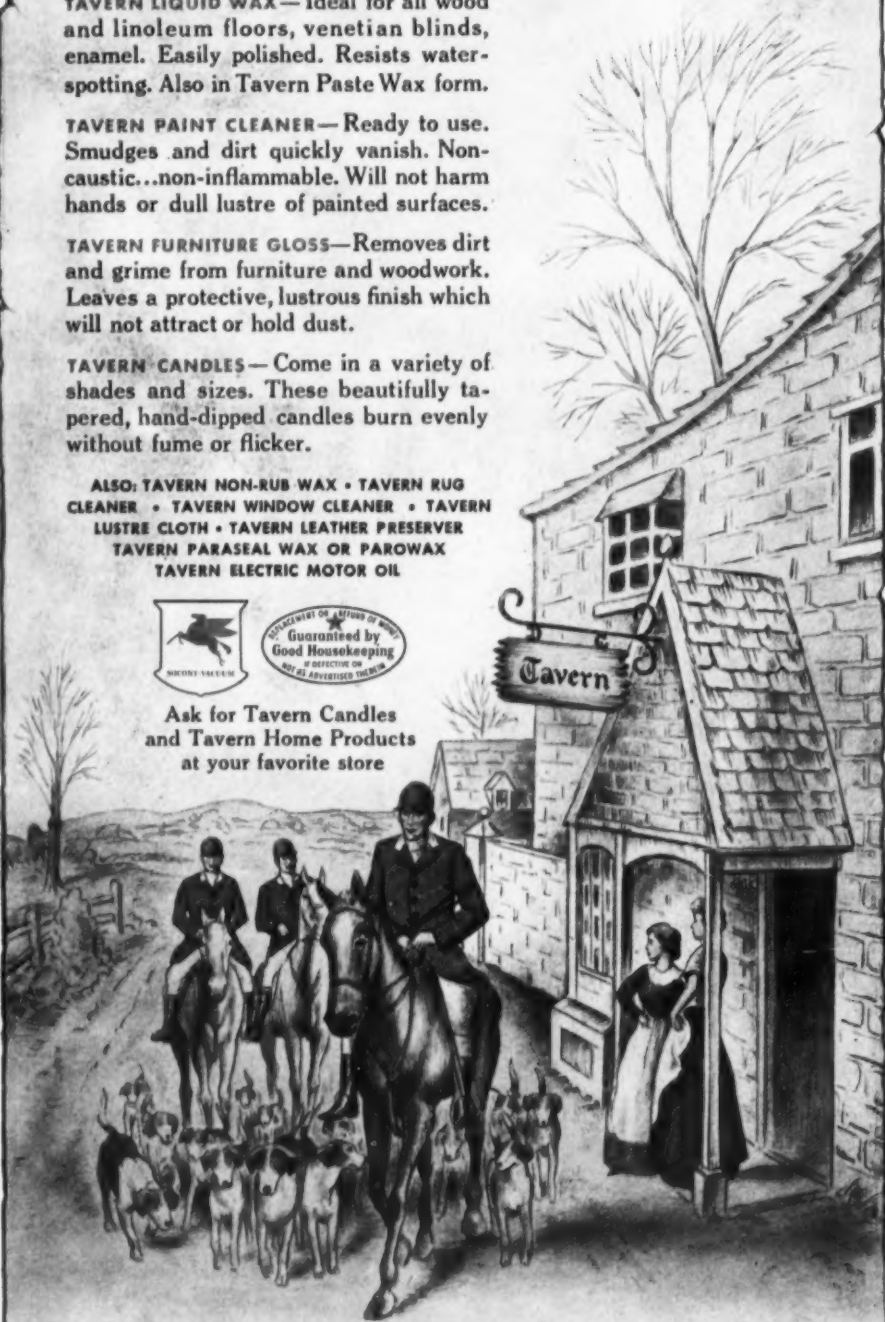
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"We're not talking about Marylin!" he snapped. "She promised to be there—at the station, at seven-thirty-five—and she wasn't. That ends her. Finis, Marylin."

Glowing, he fell silent, ending Marylin with tormenting, elaborate details. Torturing himself, Ebba could see. Impulsively she reached over and laid her hand on his. Instantly, defensively, he aroused himself and concentrated on Ebba.

"We're talking about you," he said with forced lightness. He began playing idly with her finger, twisting it experimentally. "It doesn't come off," he commented. "Funny, I thought it would. It's so tiny." Then he leaned over and tweaked her ear. "It doesn't come off either."

"Silly!" She slapped his hand.

He folded his arms and surveyed her sternly. "I don't want you kissing anyone else," he warned.

"That's not likely," she promised absently, then blushed, realizing she was on her way now, deliberately seeking a man's love-making. It brought back her mother's remark about camp followers.

Then her mother's admonition and the boy's voice faded as she remembered and lived again in Ronnie's kiss. One moment she had been an immature child—a nice little girl, obedient to her mother's teachings, objecting to parking in a dark lane—and the next, with Ronnie's demanding mouth on hers, she was a woman, awakened to a new and rapturous world, in love with every fiber of her being.

SOMETHING the tall boy was saying brought her rudely, guiltily back to the dusty train. "Remember the first time I kissed you?" he repeated just as if he had read her mind.

"Oh, yes." In her confusion, Ebba was willing to agree to anything.

"You were six and I was seven. You were wearing a pink dress and carrying eggs in from the barn. When I kissed you, all the eggs smashed," he told her. "Even at six, my kiss made you smash things."

"But you got spanked for it—breaking the eggs, I mean." Ebba made a little mouth at him.

He grinned down at her as if she were still just six years old. "How old are you?" he demanded, challenging her to be actually grown up.

"I'm twenty and you—you're —"

It was funny, really funny, but he had guessed her age exactly right. Ebba was just a year younger than he. If she hadn't been in love with another man, she might have considered it a prophetic sign—one of those amazing little miracles that happen to a boy and girl.

For all he was so immature, so bitter about Marylin—considering that he was a boy, he seemed to know an awful lot without being told. Perhaps he sensed things more keenly, because he had been hurt so much. Like a mother—or maybe like some large-hearted courtesan; she'd read in a book about one who comforted soldiers—Ebba threw herself into the game of pretending to be the boy's sweetheart. She was aware of one of Dick's comrades down the aisle, taking it all in. She didn't care. The war lifted what would have been a cheap train pickup into something selfless and noble. She tried to match the boy's heroic efforts to be gay, to pretend they were completely happy, all-absorbed in each other.

The conductor's voice warning Brooklynites to change startled her. The train was pulling into Jamaica. The time certainly had flown. It wouldn't be long now before she'd be telephoning Ronnie Atwell. A sudden panic seized her. What if mother had been right? What if Ronnie Atwell only thought of her as just another girl he could kiss? Maybe it wasn't gas rationing, after all, that kept him from asking for a date.

She wished her mother hadn't mentioned the phrase, "camp follower." She tried to shut out a vision of Ronnie, big and blond and jovial, flattered at having another easy conquest dropped into his lap. Maybe a kiss didn't mean as much to a sophisticated man like Ronnie. What if he didn't mention marriage and expected her to stay in some

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room he'd hire? What would she do then? She began to tremble. She knew she loved him. She loved him—even if he didn't love her.

Dick was giving her elbow a reproving little shake. "Snap out of it. Get a new guy."

"Mind your own business," she blazed. "I know how to run my affairs better than you do. Better than you know how to run yours."

"Making a fool of yourself, running after a guy!"

"You don't know a thing about it. You don't know the meaning of the word 'love,'" she stormed. "You and your kid flirtation. You haven't the remotest comprehension of what it means when a man and woman —"

"Big words for a little girl," he teased. "You and mother—you don't understand," she raged. "It's—it's —"

"The love of your life, I suppose." He took the words out of her mouth and mocked them.

She almost choked with fury. Angry tears started flowing.

He dug into his pocket. He offered a big handkerchief. "Blow your nose and you'll feel better."

She snatched the handkerchief from him angrily and blew her nose violently to show she wasn't crying at all.

With a maddening air of patience, he launched into the condescending kind of talk parents love to give, proving it was youth, not love she was feeling. "This love-of-your-life business is just sentimentality," he explained.

"It isn't!"

"Sentimental rot," he continued.

"Funny, just this morning the old man, my dad, told me something he read in a book. He said Nature does not merely produce what is necessary. Nature supplies an overflow. An abundance—a superabundance, my old man called it. There isn't just one mate, and one mate only, for each of us in this world. Nature always offers a second chance, a hundred, a thousand different chances of finding happiness. If it didn't, the human race would die out."

"The human race can die out, but Ronnie's the only happiness I want," she protested and dried her eyes with a fierce determination. "I'm going to get it, too, no matter how. If you want to let pride and a lot of theories cheat you into losing —"

"The girl who overslept?" he sneered, and then, gulping down his bitterness, proceeded, unconsciously imitating his father's sober tones, "I tell you, Ebba honey, all this love-of-your-life business simply doesn't square with the facts."

Impatiently, angrily she listened as he expounded what seemed to her a lot of irrelevant examples of the prodigality of Nature. What did the innumerable seedlings of a maple tree have to do with what she felt for Ronnie? How could tree grafting or the persistent way locust shoots spring up when the parent tree is destroyed prove she could love another man? She didn't care if wisteria did bloom a second and third time the same season!

ONCE or twice she tried to refute his logic by describing some grand passion in history, but her history was a bit hazy. For the most part, she just sat there, steeling herself against the boy's arguments by concentrating on her love for Ronnie, nourishing it, cherishing it, growing to love him more and more. Abundance! Abundance! The only abundance she felt was her overwhelming, consuming passion for one man.

"You might be happy, much more happy with some other man than with that Ronnie of yours. Just as I could be a hundred times happier with some new girl." He paused and then admitted honestly, "Maybe I don't believe it myself right this minute, but I know it's true."

"You're just a parrot, imitating some dried-up, stuffy old fogey." She deliberately, knowingly, described his father as sneeringly as she could.

"He's not —" His pride and love for his father flamed up. Then he bit back his words, finding a crueler way to strike back at her: "You mean you'll be an old maid if the one man doesn't come back from war?"

SHE was stunned for only a second. "I'll be an old maid and glory in it!" she proclaimed. Then the pain of Ronnie's not returning caught up with her. She wanted to lash back at the boy, but she could only murmur inadequately that Dick was a coward, giving up love because his feelings were a little hurt.

"You're the coward, denying life." "I'm not going to deny life." She emphasized each word, each syllable. In that instant all her doubts vanished. Her head held high, she resolved to offer Ronnie fearlessly, honestly, selflessly, all that she could give. "I'm going to do anything Ronnie asks."

"You little fool"—the boy shook her roughly as if he would shake all her silly exaltation out of her—"you deliberately twisted my words. You —"

An insistent tapping on the pane broke into their quarrel. It was one of Dick's friends, already outside, mouthing unheard words, gesticulating for Dick to hurry. They looked up and saw the train was no longer in motion, all the seats vacant, all the rest of the passengers emptying out down the aisle. Their journey was ended. Their divergent ways had begun.

The boy hauled down his suitcase, snatched up her small bag. Together they stumbled out, the last passengers to leave the car. On the bustling, impersonal station platform, they paused uncertainly. A luggage truck almost ran them down, but they scarcely heard the porter's profanity. They did not see Dick's friend beckoning him to hurry and catch up.

They still had so much left to say, neither of them could speak. There was so much to be settled so quickly. They had so little time. The tall boy dropped his suitcase as if to continue the argument. He searched for a final, convincing word, shifting her tiny overnight case from one hand to another, as if he didn't quite know what to do with it. At almost the same moment they both began laughing—at themselves, at each other, at the silly little overnight case, at the absurdity of their violent quarrel.

"I go the other way." Ebba smiled, reached out her hand to take her case. Misunderstanding, he took her hand and wrung it. "Thanks awfully," he mumbled incoherently. "Meeting you and all that—thanks for everything."

He was thanking her, she knew, for helping him over some bad moments. Impulsively she reached both arms up around his neck and drew his face down toward her. "This is good-by—for Marilyn," she said and kissed his astonished mouth—with all the warmth and love she planned to give to Ronnie—trying to make up to Dick for the parting he had missed.

Like a schoolboy faltering in his recitation, spellbound by the discovery that his

ODE TO A VICTORY GARDEN

1. Your Victory Garden grows for you,
With work and care and seeds,
The vitamins, and minerals too,
Which everybody needs.



2. The salads that you make from it
Will guard your family's health —
And, in these times, their keeping fit
Is worth far more than wealth.



3. Give rationed meals variety
With salads when you sup —
To keep them tasty as can be
Let WESSON dress them up!

Avoid Salad Sameness—Use WESSON'S "Quik-Change" Dressing Recipe

Mix! Shake in jar! 2 minutes!

½ teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon sugar (if
desired) ¼ cup WESSON
OIL
Dash white ¼ cup vinegar (or
pepper lemon juice)

The recipe above makes a delicious
dressing for general use.

For variety add and blend well:

4½ tablespoons India Relish for
tossed green salads;
½ cup strained honey for
fruit salads;
2 tablespoons finely chopped
celery for
seafood salads.

Salads make the most of the vitamins in your Victory Garden vegetables. Cooking destroys some vitamin content, so serve a fresh vegetable salad every day. Use Wesson Oil "Quik-Change" dressings to give variety to salads.

The Wesson Oil & Snowdrift People, New Orleans, La.



RATION HINT: Wesson Oil has many uses. You need it as a fine salad oil, but it's excellent also for frying, for making waffles, muffins, etc., and for seasoning hot vegetables.

words were actually true outside of class, he stared down at her, his big hands still clutching her silly little case. The bustling city station vanished. He was seeing only her eager face, the happy smile she was putting on for him, her brave, foolish little hat. Then, swiftly, he bent down and kissed her—not with Ronnie's demanding arrogance, but with an awkward, bashful tenderness, much as he had kissed his mother, hiding his real feeling, trying to make it offhand, casual.

He was several steps away before either of them realized he had left his bag behind and was carrying off her tiny case. Their farewell melted into one of those confused, laughing, almost family partings—all last-

minute flurry and mistakes. A fleeting kiss landed on her small chin—and he was racing down the platform to catch up with his friends.

Jostled by passing strangers, Ebba turned into a near-by telephone booth and sat down. She couldn't seem to remember just why she happened to be there, nor did it seem to matter very much. After a long time she went out without telephoning. All day long she shopped until she found just the right gift for a soldier—a box of stationery to show she kept her promises. It was to be sent to Northport and then forwarded to an address unknown. She warned the clerk to wrap it carefully.

EAST . . . WEST . . . HOME'S BEST

(Continued from Page 37)

Garden-Sass Salad. What you put in *your* salad will depend on what is in *your* garden—or your neighbor's, no doubt. But here is a general rule.

Wash and dry that early lettuce. Cut up little red radishes, scallions and tomatoes, liberally sprinkled with young and aspiring basil leaves. Toss with a French dressing, made with 3 tablespoons of oil to 1 scant tablespoon of vinegar. If you are short on oil you can reverse the proportions; but in that case dilute your vinegar—you can't expect a little oil to do all the work. Season with salt and pepper and a little dry mustard—if mustard happens to be your dish. Personally, I prefer my mustard in other ways, but there you are. The choice is definitely up to you.

Vermont is Home to Me. When we used to motor up through the hills and valleys of beautiful Vermont, there were certain farms and special crude and temporary roadside stands where we bought our maple sirup and laid in a supply of "soft sugar" in bright tin pails or little wooden tubs. There were certain places known to all stray travelers; but to us old familiars, very special stop-overs were sought out year after year, and those were the well-known groves where the butternuts grew and were whaled off the trees in the fall, dried on the loft or attic floor all winter, and by force of will, and much more, made to bring forth the meats that add grace to maple sugar. Right now, deprived of their summer trade, the folks up there can use the lovely things they've made. That's where a maple-sirup cake comes in.

Vermont Maple Cake. Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of shortening and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar thoroughly. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of maple sirup, a little at a time, and 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Cream well again. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and mix—but more than mix. Sift $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups of cake flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt and $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of baking powder. Add alternately to the creamed mixture with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk. Lastly, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped nuts. Pour into two greased eight-inch layer pans and bake in moderate oven, 375° F., for twenty-five to thirty minutes, or until done. Remove from pans. Cool. Frost with maple icing and sprinkle with additional nuts. If you can, get butternuts—they spell "Vermont" as well as "maple" does.

Maple Icing. Cook 1 cup of maple sirup until it forms a firm, but not hard, ball in cold water. Let the sirup stand a minute while you beat 2 egg whites with a pinch of salt until stiff, but not dry. Add sirup in a fine stream, beating all the while. When the icing stands up well and takes on a real "crease," frost the cake. It is well to flavor this icing with vanilla. That goes best with maple.

We'll All Eat Chicken. The way things look now, we won't need to go South to eat chicken. But for a change from fricassee, broiled, roast or diced chicken, we can all pay tribute to the way the South cooks its chicken. That is, if we have gone easy on the fat situation.

Fried Chicken. Have a good young chicken cut up as for a fricassee. Wash and dry the pieces, and take out the rib bones. Put some flour with a little salt and pepper in a paper sack and shake the chicken in the sack, so all the pieces will be dredged thoroughly.

Take a deep, heavy frying pan and heat fat in it to the depth of an inch. Brown the chicken on all sides, then fry slowly until tender. Add a cup of chicken stock or water, cover and finish cooking in the oven or on top of the flame. Set aside the chicken to keep hot, take off all the fat you can, then add a cup of evaporated milk (no more cream). Stir in a little flour and milk thickening and cook until the consistency of a good creamy gravy. Season with salt and pepper. Serve with the fried chicken. If it suits you better, instead of this way, dip the chicken pieces in batter and fry in deep fat. But the gravy goes for both ways.

Hominy Grits. Hominy is good eating, anywhere, any time. And with chicken it's superb. Stir 1 cup of hominy grits into 5 cups of freshly boiled water. Add 1 teaspoon of salt. Cook slowly until thick. Then put in the double boiler and cook about an hour. Pour into a square or oblong glass baking dish, chill overnight and slice. Dip the slices in beaten egg, then in fine cracker crumbs, and fry until crisp and brown. Or you'll get an elegant thing if you slice and fry without benefit of egg or crumbs. Serve with maple sirup or plain, with butter or margarine.

Lime Pie. First provide a fine, deep, baked pie shell. For the filling, mix together $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon of salt and 6 tablespoons of cornstarch. Add 2 cups of boiling water and the grated rind of 1 lime. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Lower heat and keep stirring while it bubbles and plops. Don't let it burn and don't let it splatter. It must be well cooked. It will look too thick, but there's more liquid to go in. Takes about twenty minutes. Be sure no taste of starch remains. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of butter or margarine. Beat 3 egg yolks a little and mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of fresh lime juice. Pour the hot sugar-and-cornstarch mixture into it. Stir till blended. Cool a little. Pour into shell. Top with a meringue and bake.

Crab Louis. Mix 1 tablespoon of horseradish, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of chili sauce, 2 tablespoons of chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons of chopped pickle, 1 tablespoon of chopped green onion, 1 tablespoon of lemon juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing. Season with salt and pepper to taste, adding a dash of that old stand-by, Worcestershire. Serve on fresh-cooked or canned crab meat which has had a light sprinkle of lemon juice. Or mix the sauce together with the crab meat. This is delicious served in avocado halves or in lettuce cups or in tomatoes, à la surprise—surprise. You haven't forgotten them, I hope. Garnish with stuffed eggs, pretty highly seasoned—at least I like them so.

Cherry Sherbet. Wash and pit 1 quart of fresh cherries. Chop fine and let stand with



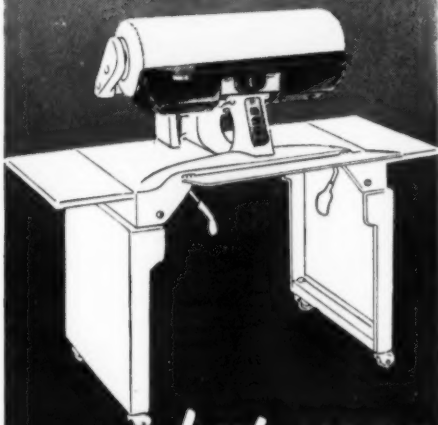
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$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sugar. Strain juice. Heat. Dissolve $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of gelatin in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of orange juice. Add hot cherry juice. Combine with cherries. Pour into freezing tray. When it begins to freeze around edge, pour into chilled bowl and beat until foamy. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Return to freezing tray. Freeze two to three hours. Stir occasionally.

Cereal Macaroons. Beat 1 egg white with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt until stiff but not dry. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar by spoonfuls, beating well after each addition. Flavor with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of almond extract. Fold in 1 cup of cereal flakes and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of chopped nuts, drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheet and bake in a moderately slow oven (325° F.) until a golden brown.

Deep in the Heart, Etc. I guess it's because the sunny South and the hot Southwest are so raked by heat that the folks down there like their food hot too. No one need feel sorry for the Southwesterners if they don't have our New England clam chowder. And in a pinch you may find it helpful to go ahead and make some of the Southwest's zestful dishes. Go right in for guacamole and tortillas and frijoles, and don't tell me I didn't speak of the heat. Including that little international affair of the hot tea.

Guacamole. Peel 1 avocado, remove the pit and put avocado through a sieve; or if it's very ripe, mash it with a fork. Peel and chop 1 tomato. Mix into avocado to keep it from darkening. Add 1 tablespoon of lemon juice, 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, 1 small onion, minced, and 2 dashes of hot pepper sauce. Chill and serve as an appetizer to be spread on crackers.

Frijole Salad. Soak 1 pound of red beans overnight. Cook in salted water with an onion and a piece of bay leaf until tender. Cool and drain the beans and add 1 cup of diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper, chopped, 1 chopped onion, salt and pepper. Drain 1 small jar of stuffed olives and add part of

them, chopped, to the salad. Save the rest for garnish. Put all this together with mayonnaise to moisten and season well. Ripen in the refrigerator about an hour. Line the bowl with greens and fill with the salad. Garnish with sliced olives.

Tortillas. Add 1 teaspoon of salt to 1 cup of corn meal, and stir into $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of boiling water. Let stand a few minutes. Pat out into thin pancakes, but wet your hands first so you can manage the batter and won't get stuck up. Fry each on both sides on a well-greased griddle; and when you first put the tortillas on it, take a spatula which has been dipped in water, and spread the batter as thin as possible. Be sure to have your griddle really greased. There's no fat in the cakes, you see. Keep these cakes hot in a folded napkin. They can be made some time ahead and reheated on the griddle in a little fat. Any Texan will tell you that you have to have real Mexican corn meal. But let me tell you these are good—if not just as good. Serve with a sauce which is definitely hot.

Sauce. Brown $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of hamburger and 1 chopped onion in 2 tablespoons of salad oil. Add some chopped green pepper and $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of canned tomatoes. Season with 1 teaspoon of chili, salt and pepper. Simmer all together, adding a little tomato or water if necessary. And serve on the tortillas along with some chopped onions, shredded lettuce and grated cheese rolled up in them, if you can get them to act like ladies.

East or West. And there will come an evening when you will settle down in the old rocking chair wherever you are, East or West, and you will sigh a long, long sigh. Not of discontent nor of loneliness nor yet of old-fashioned boredom. And you will gaze on the familiar, maybe shabby things that are yours and hum a little—that is, if you are the humming kind. That's the tune, all right, an immortal one, I guess. "Mid pleasures and palaces, ta, ta, ta te, ta"—I never can remember the words—"there's no place like home, there's no place like home."

THIS CAN BE AMERICA ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
By Struthers Burt

★ THE BIG ONES FIRST ★

SHE was a fairly old ship, about ten years old—she was launched March 9, 1933—and the man in supreme command standing on her bridge was not young either; he was fifty-two. It was a dark tropical night and America and Australia's control of the South Pacific was tenuous. There had been Midway, to be sure, a great victory, but Japan was immensely strong. Steaming south to the relief of Guadalcanal was a powerful Japanese fleet: battleships, cruisers, destroyers, troop-laden transports; a more powerful fleet—on paper—than the American fleet on guard. If the Japanese got through, Australia would be in grave danger and the American life line threatened.

And then contact was made, and in the soft dark the American ships spoke, the night red with their thundering mouths. Straight between the oncoming Japanese the San Francisco struck, firing to port and starboard, Admiral Callaghan on her bridge, the other ships following. "We want the big ones first," said Admiral Callaghan, and three minutes later was dead. But the San Francisco, victorious, battered but triumphant, came home a month and a half later to the Golden Gate and the city that had given her her name. All this in the tradition of ships named for cities, and of cities proud of ships. All this in the American tradition that, once you see the end, daring alone succeeds.

Straight down the years they come, the fighting ships and their fighting commanders: Farragut on his wooden frigate, the Hartford, at the entrance to Mobile Bay on August 4, 1864, and his famous order, "Damn

the torpedoes! Go ahead"; Dewey off Manila; Decatur in the harbor of Tripoli in 1804; and scores of others. And down the years come names of fighting soldiers, and of fighting civilians, too, who have made this country what it is. That's a triple foundation—sailors, soldiers and civilians.

There are 135,000,000 of us—135,000,000 Americans—and back of us is the richest and most productive country in the world. One hundred and thirty-five million is a lot of people. It's so many people that, within the limits of human endeavor, they can have exactly what they want if they want it enough. If they'll hew to the line, keep their eyes on the end, "damn the torpedoes" and take "the big ones first." They can leave the details to the experts; all they have to do is to elect to office the men who, like themselves, are after "the big ones." They'll instruct the experts.

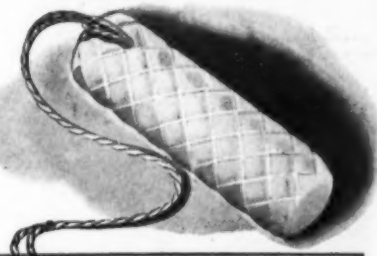
And what are "the big ones"? The big ones at the moment. That's simple. International peace and domestic peace. A world where decent men and women can go about their business unarmed, unafraid and sure of making a living. Can we have that? Of course we can. There are 135,000,000 of us. But the first thing to do is to pay no attention to those who say we can't. That's merely getting into position to go after "the big ones." And the next move is to use your vote for what you want and what you know is right. It was reserved to you for that purpose by the founders. They were wise men. They knew what they were doing. It is the civilian's weapon.

AND THAT CAN BE AMERICA.

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ONLY 20¢ a package—and with Fibs you can be free as a breeze. Slip into slacks, shorts or even a swim suit with nobody the wiser. Worn internally, Fibs provide invisible sanitary protection... no pins, pads or belts... no chafing, no disposal problem.



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How YOU can have her dazzling Honey Skin-Tone



Lana Turner Confides:

A film star is constantly meeting her public. She must look her very loveliest *always*. "That's why I choose Woodbury Powder," Lana Turner tells famed Louella Parsons. "It does more than blend with skin-coloring. It gives the perfect color-tone for glamour. I use super-lovely new Woodbury Champagne Rachel—it gives the luscious pale gold tone I love."



Louella Parsons explains: (Noted Hollywood Columnist)

"Hollywood directors are experts in glamour. They advised when Woodbury shades were created. So no wonder Woodbury shades do such gorgeous things." And thanks to the marvelous Color Control process, Woodbury tints are "homogenized"—made so fine, so even that the clear, fresh, younger look seems your own natural beauty.



HE'll talk of Love

Yes—Woodbury shades are potent! Try Woodbury Champagne Rachel—or choose from the other magic shades. Three times refined, Woodbury's sheer texture helps hide tiny flaws, lines—imparts new smoothness—never looks powdery. Today wear your Woodbury shade. See if you aren't *pursued—woed—perhaps soon wed!* Boxes \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

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SUN PEACH—NEW! Glowing, rosy tan
TROPIC TAN—NEW! Rich, golden shade
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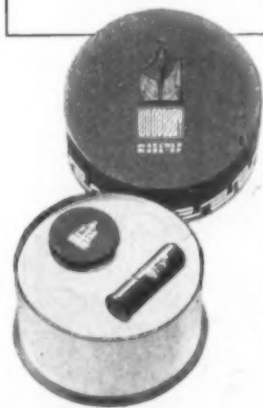
Lana Turner's shade, *Champagne Rachel*—gives a Honey Skin-Tone.

Hedy Lamarr's shade, *Rachel*—gives a stunning Ivory Skin-Tone.

Rita Hayworth's shade, *Windsor Rose*—gives an American Beauty Skin-Tone.

Lucille Ball's shade, *Natural or Flesh*—gives an exquisite Cameo Skin-Tone.

Dorothy Lamour's shade, *Brunette*—gives a glorious Tropic Skin-Tone.



Her Matched Make-up

Lana Turner's rouge and lipstick shades are in the \$1 box of Woodbury Champagne Rachel. Or buy the \$1 box in any shade—with it are matching rouge and lipstick at no extra cost!

WOODBURY Color-Controlled POWDER

The baker's cap in checked gingham, and a petal-shaped bag, to wear with plain-color cottons. Set, 2010.



Keep a Cool Head

make these for summer

BY NORA O'LEARY

THREE clever hat-and-bag sets to keep you cool, make you pretty, save you money. The hats, made of gingham or piqué with open crowns, feel as light on your head as the play hats you used to make of newspaper—and are almost that simple. The horseshoe-shaped piqué one can be worn as a collar too. The bags are drawstring styles, in matching fabric, to swing easily over your arm or shoulder.



Horseshoe bend—it's a hat or a collar; white piqué with a pleated edge. Four-gore bag with a flat bottom. Set, 2011.



Shady brim of plaid gingham caught with a bow in front, and cylinder-shaped drawstring bag with shoulder strap, 2012.



1. Does she give a moo about butter and beef scarcity? Or taxes? Not Bossie. She just chews her cud and relaxes. How different from us hectic, fretful humans!



2. Take Bossie's boss. He does a heap of worrying about help, taxes, and prices. To make matters worse, he's one of those people whose nerves are affected by the caffeine in coffee.



3. Even in small doses, caffeine can jangle some people's nerves enough to rob them of that miraculous refresher, sleep. Bossie's boss loves coffee, loses sleep, acts ornery.



4. Well, he needn't give up that delightful beverage—and neither need you. You can enjoy a steaming good cup of coffee without upsetting your nerves. Here's how—



5. Switch to Sanka Coffee—it's 97% caffeine-free! It can't get on your nerves, can't rob you of sleep. Only the caffeine is removed. The delicious flavor and aroma stay in!



6. It's real coffee, all coffee, swell coffee! It lets your tired nerves relax and can't keep you awake nights. Next time you get your coffee ration, get Sanka Coffee.

SANKA COFFEE



NOTE: Your grocer probably has the new "all-purpose" grind Sanka, swell no matter what kind of coffee-maker you have! And it's vacuum-packed!

BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS!

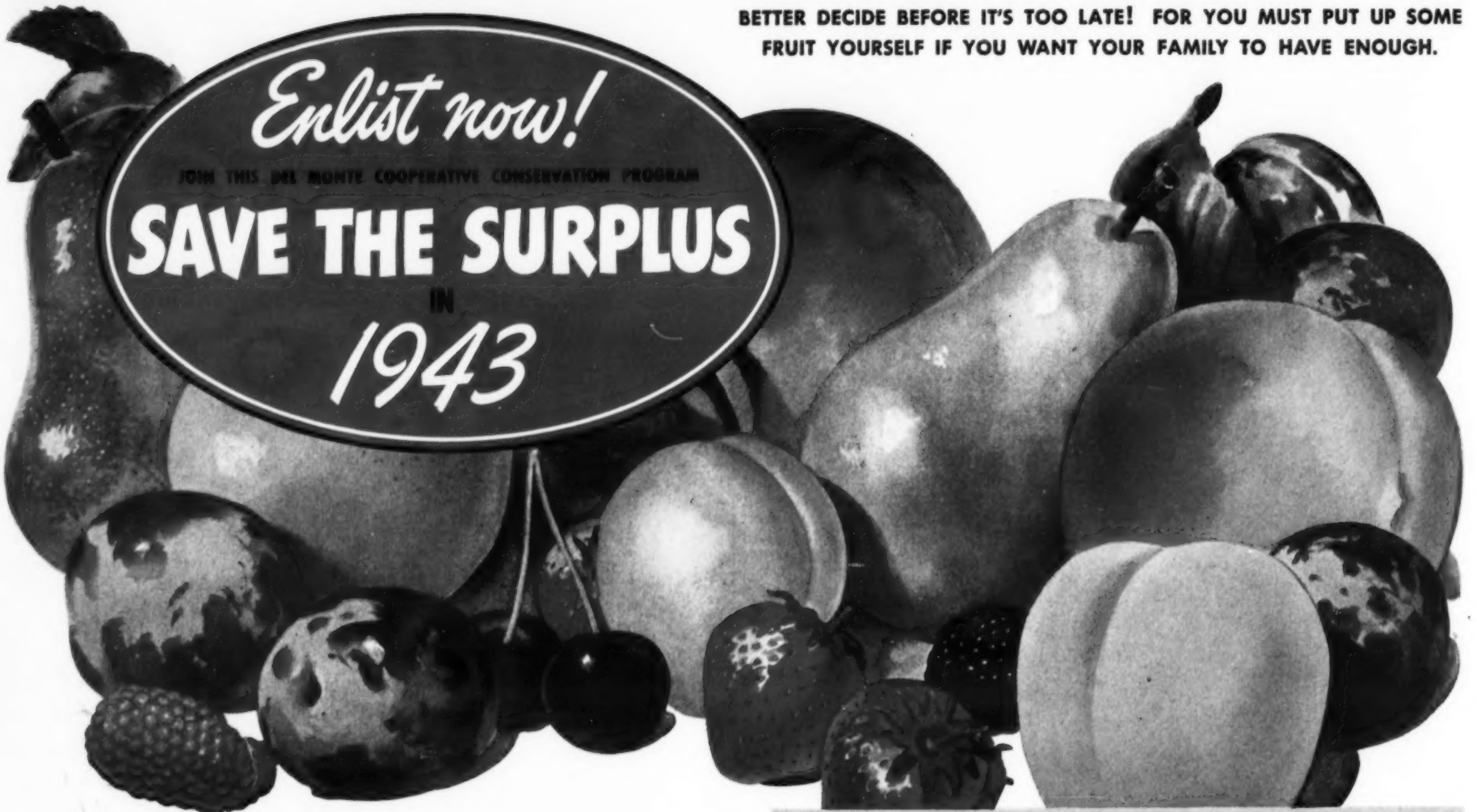
SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you William L. Shirer, famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

IF YOU'RE HAVING A HARD TIME MAKING
YOUR CANNED FOOD POINTS GO ROUND NOW—

What about next winter?

BETTER DECIDE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! FOR YOU MUST PUT UP SOME
FRUIT YOURSELF IF YOU WANT YOUR FAMILY TO HAVE ENOUGH.



Don't think for a minute we like to ask you to do home canning. It's Del Monte's job to keep you *out* of the kitchen!

We're proud of that job, too. By packing the widest possible variety of fruits and vegetables—all the same quality—we've saved American homemakers millions of kitchen hours. We've added a world of pleasure to American meals—given women everywhere a really dependable way to buy.

But today you can get only a part of the Del Monte Foods you want and need. Nowhere near enough. Still, your family must have fruits and vegetables. Lots of them—every day!

That's why Del Monte has to ask you now to fill in the gaps yourself—until we can save you this work once more.

If you have surplus ground that will grow vegetables—grow them! If you have your own fruit—can it! See what nearby orchards offer—check in with your grocer, too.

The better you do this job, the better your family will eat. Don't put it off till the fruit is all gone. Don't be too late with too little.

YOU CAN HELP THE WAR EFFORT THIS WAY, TOO!

Unless thousands of women who never before have been employed outside their homes, help out in the nation's commercial canneries this summer, vital food supplies will go to waste. If there is a cannery in your locality and you have any spare time, won't you help out? Good pay—any housewife can learn easily—and you can work part time. Inquire at any local cannery, *now*.

KEEP THIS CANNING CALENDAR HANDY!

Here are the best canning months, taking the country as a whole, for the fruits you'll want to put up this summer. Ask your grocer to let you know when each one is most plentiful and reasonable in your own locality.

	Apples	Apricots	Berries	Cherries	Peaches	Pears	Plums	Rhubarb	Strawberries
JUN		☉	☉	☉	☉		☉	☉	☉
JUL		☉	☉	☉	☉		☉	☉	☉
AUG	☉	☉	☉	☉	☉	☉	☉		
SEP	☉				☉	☉	☉		

☉ Near peak season. ☉ Peak season.

CAUTION: Fruits, because of their acidic nature, are relatively easy to can at home. But all classes of non-acid foods, including most vegetables, require special care and special equipment for sterilization. Don't can *any* product unless you follow approved methods

exactly. For official canning instructions send 10¢ to Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., and get USDA Home Canning Bulletin No. 1762. Or, if more convenient, consult your State University, Agricultural College or County Extension Service.

OF COURSE YOU CAN STILL GET MANY

Del Monte Foods

TAKE THE VARIETIES YOUR GROCER HAS

"FILL IN" WITH THE FOODS YOU GROW AND CAN AT HOME



Your ration book should buy quality as well as quantity

You don't use any more points for Del Monte than for brands of lower quality. Why risk disappointment? Learn to "switch and swap" within the Del Monte line. Some Del Monte Foods with lower point values can often serve for others in the same food group.



Baby Talk

THE record for new babies is soaring this year, and as each newcomer arrives he is showered with presents from his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. Tiny garments are fun to make! Whether you knit, crochet or sew, you will be interested in the patterns listed below, for sweaters and caps, blankets and booties—toys too.

JOURNAL REFERENCE LIBRARY

TO MAKE FOR BABY

2006. FOUR-PIECE BABY SET. Cap, sack and booties, with matching carriage robe. To crochet in big stitches. Cap, sack and booties have an effective picot edging. 10c.
1906. INFANT'S SACK AND BONNET. Knitted, with a decorative border. 5c.
1907. TIE SACK AND BOOTIES. Knitted in stockinette stitch with a seed-stitch border. 5c.
1908. KNITTED SLIP-OVER ROMPER. Buttons at shoulders, snaps at crotch. 1½ to 2 years. 5c.
1910. SLIP-ON SWEATER. Embroidered trimming on front. Knitted, size 1. 5c.
1911. STRIPED CARDIGAN. Knitted, size 1. 5c.
1912. KNITTED SOAKERS. 5c.
1505. INFANT'S SACK AND BONNET. Knitted, with a beading around the neck. 5c.
1387. BABY ROMPER-AND-SACK SET. Knitted. Includes instructions for crocheting a blanket. 5c.
1373. DOUBLE-BREADED INFANT SWEATER. Knitted with long sleeves. 5c.
1279. TIPS FOR BABIES. Includes directions for making a knitted cape with a hood, and also a "heart warmer"—an over-the-shoulder surplice that buttons under the arms. 5c.
1975. BABY BOOTIES. Reversible ones of flannel. 5c.
1915. CARRIAGE ROBE. Bulky and easy to knit. 5c.
1506. LACY CARRIAGE COVER. Knitted in an effective stitch. 5c.
1939. SLEEPYTIME TOY PILLOWS. A rabbit head and a pussycat. Pillow tops to make of cotton. 5c.
1973. SMALL DOG TO MAKE OF WOOL YARN. Crocheted in a loop stitch. 5c.
1974. TINY KITTEN TO MAKE OF WOOL YARN. You don't have to knit or crochet to make this one. 5c.
1909. PIGTAIL GIRL DOLL. To knit of scraps of yarn. 5c.
1833. JUNGLE BOY DOLL. Knitted. 5c.
1832. STOCKING CLOWN DOLL. Easy to make. 5c.

THE WARTIME HOMEMAKER

2007. WARTIME HOMEMAKING MANUAL. How to replace a fuse, how to cut cooking costs, how to can at home, how to turn shirt collars—all this and more in our new handbook. 25c.
1785. DAILY FOOD GUIDE. A kitchen chart to aid in meal planning. 10c.
1781. ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT VITAMINS. With tables of foods and their vitamin content. 10c.

ABOUT THE GARDEN

1662. YOUR GARDEN OF ANNUAL FLOWERS. 5c.
1663. HOW TO PREPARE YOUR GARDEN SOIL. 5c.
1664. YOUR GARDEN OF PERENNIALS. 5c.
1665. YOUR INDOOR GARDEN. 5c.
1666. SHRUBS AND TREES FOR THE GARDEN. 5c.
1667. PLANNING AND BUILDING THE GARDEN. 10c.
1605. BULBS BEFORE TULIPS. 5c.

BOOKLET AND PATTERN LISTS

- Lists are sent free on request. They give the title, number and price of all our booklets and patterns.*
2008. LIST OF DEPARTMENTAL BOOKLETS. About the home, the garden, child care and training, beauty, entertaining.
1695. SUB-DEB BOOKLET LIBRARY. Sub-Deb booklets are about everything a Sub-Deb does and dreams of—her looks, fun and date-ability.
1660. LIST OF JOURNAL HAT AND BAG PATTERNS. To make of fabric, to knit, to crochet.
1571. NEW CHECK LIST OF PATTERNS FOR JOURNAL KNITTED AND CROCHETED ARTICLES.
1752. MAKE-IT-YOURSELF REFERENCE LIST—NEW EDITION. Hammer and saw, needle and thread, knitting needles, crochet hook. Handicraft patterns for your home, your children, yourself.

We will gladly send any of these booklets if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes or War Stamps. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Penna.

SURVIVAL

(Continued from Page 43)

I can't imagine Barrow rattled; nor was he rattled, but he was decidedly gloomy. "If somebody or other," he told me, "isn't prepared for the awful smash due to us, we shall get it in the neck. If it comes to us, as it did to Bristol, we're bound to be knocked to bits. That's what I came to see you and Wendover about. Datchett and I sleep in the town now, and naturally the hospital people consult us as to where they'd better send their cases. We rely mainly on Tavistock; but you know what it'll be like—with the moors round us, and not knowing what roads will be usable. I'd like to reckon on a possible two hundred beds here, if you thought you could run to it."

"We could let you have a hundred beds," I told him, "and I suppose we could jam another hundred into the passages and halls if we could get camp beds. Fortunately Wendover's still here. We'll ask him what he'll do for us."

I rang Tom, who was alone in his old quarters. He was, as I expected, irritable. I knew that Virginia had refused to see him, and for some reason or other he thought this was my fault. However, he agreed to come to my office, although he wanted to know, through the telephone, with Barrow beside me, why Barrow hadn't come direct to him. I said Barrow had come to see me because he was my friend. Then I rang off; and in five minutes Tom was with us.

"What's all this about Plymouth defenses?" he asked Barrow in his bright, blustering way.

Barrow said wearily, "All the sand at the bottom of the sea won't be much use, you know, if the laboratory gets a direct hit—but let it take its chance. What I've come to consult you and Ritterhaus about are the hospitals. We want to know how we can dis-

pose of our worst cases quickest, if we have to. We haven't got nearly enough ambulances."

"Well—ambulances," Tom said reflectively, "they're expensive things—especially in wartime."

"Oh, yes," said Barrow with deepening exasperation, "and human lives are cheap, I know—especially in wartime!"

"Well, it won't do to take a sentimental view of things," Tom reminded us.

As he spoke, the siren started up. Silver Fountains is a very silent place. Beyond the occasional hoot of an owl or the wind in the trees, there are no night sounds, so that the siren, churning the air up and down in its curious, uneasy, awakening manner, has its full effect upon human nerves and ears. We all three stopped talking until the last banshee wail died out upon the air.

"I suppose you may have heard," Barrow then said, "what happened the other night? We won't say where—but it's possible that you, Wendover, were told. I know you are chief air-raid warden of your district."

He spoke with bitter gravity, and I noticed Wendover lost his jaunty air. I had, of course, been told nothing, though I knew there had been a raid over the coastal district of more than usual length and severity.

Wendover said, after a long pause. "Each side gets such losses in wartime. I admit what happened the other night was extremely unfortunate. It couldn't have been foreseen—or, as far as that goes, avoided. Naturally, I was told—I didn't know that you were."

"Doctors," Barrow observed, "are sometimes necessary when such disasters take place. I happened to live near to the scene; it convinced me, Wendover—that is why I

(Continued on Page 77)

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



Look to Dura-Gloss, to help keep things on the bright side. Its glorious colors are a sight for tired eyes. There's a lift in regarding your own pretty fingers so gaily bedecked. So sit down now, and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. It goes on so smoothly, each firm stroke is a satisfaction. It will stay on, too—wears exceptionally well because there's a special ingredient in it (Chrystallyne) to accomplish this, and that's a big help these busy days. At all cosmetic counters, Dura-Gloss is 10¢.



DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Dura-Coat

Copr. 1943, Iorr Laboratories - Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds



“Your tub would look as new as mine . . . if you’d always used Bon Ami!”

Coarse, harsh cleansers gradually wear away the smooth bright surface of any bathtub or kitchen sink—make it look old, dull and untidy. And they make it harder to keep clean, too, because their tiny scratches catch and hold dirt and grease. But when you use Bon Ami the results are different! You see, Bon Ami is free from the destructive grit that mars and scars fine porcelain.

Use Bon Ami regularly and it will help keep your tub or sink smooth, unscratched and looking its best for years. Bon Ami is so white and odorless it's a pleasure to use. And it's easy on your hands, too. Make it *your* household cleanser.

“How Bon Ami can help you in wartime”
 Bon Ami will save your time because it's quick, thorough, easy to use. *But, more important now, Bon Ami helps protect your kitchen and bathroom equipment that just can't be replaced. Don't take chances with your sink, refrigerator or tub—save your pots and pans—remember they must last for the duration.*



Bon Ami

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“hasn't scratched yet!”

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(Continued from Page 75)

am here tonight—that Plymouth itself will get the next knock."

"What do you want me to do?" Wendover demanded. "I've got to go up to town tomorrow. I don't live in Plymouth. My job's in London."

"I think we must have some more ambulances," I put in. "And if you could order a hundred camp beds and get them here as quickly as possible, it would be wise. Also I should like to give you a list of extra things—bandages and instruments—which may be necessary."

The noise of planes and antiaircraft fire had increased. I knew Tom's chief gamekeeper was acting as his deputy, but I was not surprised to see Tom become restless; and finally he took up the telephone. I signaled to Barrow that we had better leave him for a few minutes. We went through the Children's Ward and reassured the night sister that the raid was a long way off; then I took Barrow back to Tom's room to await him.

He joined us in a few minutes, looking graver than he had before, but also, I thought, more accommodating. "Make out your lists," he said to me, "and I'll O.K. them before I leave tomorrow. They won't let me control more than a dozen ambulances, on the off chance of a big raid, but I'll see what I can do about getting another eight. The beds I'll send down, and what stores you need. What about drivers? They won't leave me the extra men."

"We can raise six drivers from the hospital staff," I told him, "and I suppose you can provide the other six from your own people on the premises?"

Tom nodded. "I don't think there's anything serious doing tonight. They're fully prepared, as I knew they would be. Of course, I quite agree with you fellows; there may be a big raid any time now. But, mind you, no one can say our antiaircraft gunnery is less than first-rate; and—under the circumstances, our defenses, I'm sure, are more than adequate. Doesn't do at a time like the present, you know, not to keep our heads!"

"The occasion for losing them has not yet arisen," Barrow dryly reminded him. "Failure to keep our heads might very well take place in a catastrophe when there was nothing handy to meet the catastrophe with!"

"My dear fellow," said Tom, "you really mustn't let your imagination run away with you!" Then he rather wisely left us to ourselves.

"PERHAPS we've done the best we can," Barrow said after he'd listened to Tom's footsteps dying away. "Thank you for your support." He got up stiffly and walked up and down the room, his shoulders hunched and his hands in his pockets. He is a lean, long, parched fellow, and looks much leaner and more parched than when I first met him. I like him for the funny little twinkle that comes and goes in his colorless gray eyes. "I can't get my wife to leave me," he said abruptly, with the uncontrollable pride of a man in the woman he loves. "Poor girl, she believes she has a right to make me as uncomfortable as possible. All she'll do to meet me halfway is to send our two children to my mother's in the Midlands. We've done that, thank God, a week ago. I think I'll be getting back to her now, Ritterhaus, if you

don't mind. One has a curious homing instinct after an alert nowadays. Funny world we're living in, isn't it? After it's blown up a bit more, perhaps we shall find out what it's made of. Good night."

I shook hands with him, and I suppose I ought to have gone straight to bed; but I wasn't quite happy about one of our babies, a pneumonia-and-shock case. I thought I'd sit up with the little fellow a bit. While I was just making up my mind to go in to him, Gillian knocked at the door. She was smiling. She had cocoa on a tray, with two cups.

"It's too late for Doctor Barrow, so it will do for you and me," Gillian said, handing me my cup of cocoa. I took it gratefully and said:

"I suppose if we want drivers for these ambulances I've been asking for—in case there were to be trouble in any of the Plymouth hospitals—I've got to let you drive one of 'em?"

"But of course," Gillian answered serenely. "You're quite silly sometimes, Rudi—can't I drive a car?"

"You can!" I agreed gloomily, thinking of a road in the process of being blitzed and Gillian on it. "And so can Virginia," I added.

"Yes, I expect she will, too," Gillian agreed with equal serenity. "Virginia says she's quite all right now; and do you know,

Rudi, in some ways I think she's really happier for having got rid of poor old Adrian."

"When a nescap turns into a complication," I suggested, "people are always glad to get rid of it! Of course she was desperately in love with him while he represented something without pain or obligation, and gave her the adoration that was very reassuring to her discouraged heart; but when the pain started up and obligation set in, and when, above all, Adrian began to criticize and disapprove of her, well—then, no doubt, she might begin to feel

better for having broken her heart! For all that, Gillian, she was broken-hearted!"

To my surprise, Gillian agreed with me. She nodded gravely. "Yes," she said, "I think she was. But I thought Michael would make her go away—I thought she'd want to; but he isn't going to make her, and Virginia wants to stay. I think it's the hospital really—not you and me, though she does rather cling to us. But she actually likes the work, and Michael—well, you can't tell exactly what Michael means, ever, can you, he's so good?"

"If I knew what goodness was, I might know if I think Michael is good," I replied, "but I don't think he's a quitter, anyhow. I mean, I'm sure he is not afraid of meeting Tom. It might far rather be Tom who is afraid of meeting him! The only danger I see arising out of this particular problem would be if your mother should find out what has happened."

Gillian nodded again. She sat quietly sipping her cocoa. "There's the all clear sounding!" she said at last. "I'd better go back now; but it's long after eleven, so I don't want you to see me home. If we're going to have bad nights soon, we'd better prepare for them by a few good ones." She stood in the doorway looking back at me with her grave and candid gaze, so sweet, so sound, so sane—and so utterly vulnerable!

This is the worst night I have spent in England, since I now realize what I had

(Continued on Page 79)

Now—as you read this SEWER GERMS are breeding in your drains!

THE CLEANEST, BRIGHTEST SINK IS NO
GUARANTEE THAT SEWER GERMS AREN'T
BREEDING IN THE DRAIN BELOW WITH
EVERY TICK OF THE CLOCK!

*Survey by Molnar Laboratories, New York City



THIS IS NO TIME TO TAKE RISKS!
BANISH SEWER GERMS NOW!
SWEETEN YOUR SINKS AND CLEAR YOUR
CLOGGED DRAINS WITH THE BOILING,
CHURNING ACTION OF DRÄNO



DRÄNO...USED REGULARLY IN
DRAINS ONCE A WEEK OR OFTENER...
DOES TWO JOBS...CLEARS DIRT IN
WHICH SEWER GERMS THRIVE
AND KEEPS DRAINS OPEN,
FREE-RUNNING. NEVER OVER 25¢ AT
ANY DRUG, GROCERY, OR HARDWARE STORE

SAVE YOUR WASTE KITCHEN GREASE
It's needed to make explosives!

Dräno

OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS—KEEPS DRAINS CLEAN

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DON'T WASTE PAPER

- Don't buy paper you don't need.
- Don't let the druggist, grocer, butcher, baker wrap articles you can carry home unwrapped.
- Don't throw paper away until it's thoroughly used.
- Don't throw this magazine away—pass it on to someone who couldn't buy a copy; wartime paper needs are forcing us to print hundreds of thousands fewer copies than we printed last year.

Lend Your
Journal to a Friend

Make a Friend
by Lending Your Journal



HERE'S BLANCHE BENTZ, fine type of American homemaker. Husband is Clarence A. Bentz, local merchant. Family includes attractive Betty Jane, 13...see photo, below (who collects foreign dolls and cute kittens) and bright, active Richard, 11 (who is almost as proud of his ability to build model airplanes and trains as he is of his membership in the Junior Commandos). Mr. Bentz is a member of Petersburg's rationing committee. Blanche is a member of a Service Center for the Army and Navy.

"Here is My Answer for Good Nourishing Wartime Meals"

An Interview with Mrs. Blanche Bentz, of Petersburg, Virginia
 Reported by Anne V. Mann, Editor of the Woman's Page, Petersburg Progress-Index

"Planning good nutritious meals today calls for a new approach to food shopping. But it isn't difficult... if you shop in the right place. I use no marketing list because I shop from the bins and shelves of my A&P Super Market. I look for things abundant in supply... fresh foods especially... and I take my time. I examine the labels of various foods, read them and make selections carefully. And I know what I'm getting and how it fits into my menus.

"As a matter of 22 years' experience, I know that I can get fine foods at the most reasonable prices at my A&P Super Market. Throughout the store I get everything I need for fine, nourishing meals.

"I'm depending on my A&P Super Market to help me solve my wartime food problems... and I have the utmost confidence that it will."

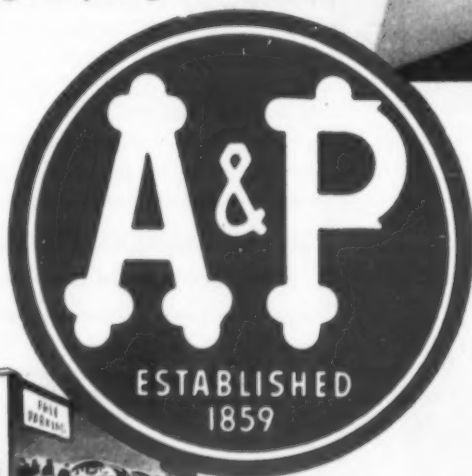


"BUILDING A PLANE MODEL is an exact science," says Dad Bentz to son Richard. "Buying food and saving money is a science, too," he adds with an eye on capable Blanche. "I figure we save at least 20% on our food bills at A&P."



You, too, can solve your wartime food problems at your A&P Super Market. You may not be able to get everything you *want*... due to rationing and food scarcities... but you *are* assured of everything you *need* for fine, nourishing meals. Just shop from the shelves and buy from the bins, and rely upon the hundreds of good things awaiting your selection. When you go A&P Super Marketing, you'll also find that you save money, your car, tires and gas by getting everything you require at one time.

**A&P
 SUPER
 MARKETS**



Save up to 25%* ON MANY FINE FOODS

*Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. These savings are yours because A&P brings these good things direct from their source to you with many unnecessary in-between expenses cut from their cost.

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------------|---|
| 33 Ann Page Foods | 7 Sunnyfield Cereals | Marvel "Enriched" Bread |
| Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees | A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables | White Sail Household Products |
| Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and "Dated" Donuts | Nectar and Our Own Teas | Sunnyfield Flours and many other fine foods |



(Continued from Page 77)

never before so fully realized: both what there is to lose in this great country, and how little care has been taken in order to preserve it.

March 22, 1941.

THE nights over Plymouth have been increasingly noisy lately. We can hear the gunfire coming up the estuary every evening with a punctual menace.

After the second warning which I got last evening privately over the telephone, I went upstairs to Stephens. I knew very well how he always felt after an alert had sounded. I left the door of his room open so that Gillian might signal if there were any further warnings.

"I didn't hear you shut the door," Stephens told me in his usual suspicious, fretful way.

"It is a warm night," I answered; "and besides, I like open doors. It is our habit in Vienna to have communicating doors between our rooms. We are a friendly people."

"Well, we like our doors shut!" Stephens said irritably. "Not that it makes much difference to me. I suppose you've heard I've quite given up that fancy of yours that I shall ever recover my sight? And as I have given it up, I've consented to learn Braille. If I'm to be blind for the rest of my life, I must be able to read to myself, at least."

"It will not be a waste of effort," I hastened to assure him, "for when you recover your sight you can teach the blind to learn Braille, and of course you will be able to teach them better than anyone who has never been unable to see."

I did not tell him so, but I felt very much encouraged by this new step forward, since I felt sure that one of his main reasons for remaining blind was his inability to loosen the force of his own driving will. He had had to loosen it in order to learn Braille, since he had made up his mind, against all persuasion, not to learn it.

His cure depended on more than the removal of his shock symptoms. Something had to be created in him to take the place of the fear that had caused his loss of sight; and I do not believe that anything has

ever been created by force—least of all by the force lurking in that profound and subtle double-crosser, the human will.

"There seems to be an awful lot of noise going on tonight," Stephens said nervously.

"We have some new and very powerful anti-aircraft guns on the coast, I believe," I told him. "We are well defended. But I have been thinking there might be a serious raid over Plymouth one night soon. If it should take place, they will need more doctors. I am making preparations, in fact, so that we might send a small contingent; just one or two nurses, and ambulances—and I think I should go myself."

HE BECAME very angry. "But, doctor," he said, "you have no right to think of such a thing! Naturally you ought to take in surplus raid cases, but you yourself ought to stick to your post. And to take our nurses—why, I never heard of such a thing!"

"I shall only take one or two volunteers," I hastened to reassure him, "and I don't quite see it as you do. You'll all be well looked after here by Doctor Reed. But of course such a raid may never take place. I only told you because we are friends, and I thought you might like to know—in case it happened suddenly."

"Tonight—you mean?" John said in a frightened whisper.

"It might be tonight," I agreed, for I already saw Gillian standing in the doorway, and knew this meant the final warning. I stood up and he grasped my hand—a quick,

strong grasp that I liked to feel. "Well," I said, "if I go, John, I shall rely on you to support the staff as much as possible in my absence."

He said in a quick, moved way, "You bet I will!" And then, "Good luck, doctor."

Plymouth had got its blitz, Gillian told me, as we hurried downstairs. I saw no way to keep her off the road. I hardly wanted to, for the use of courage is a beautiful thing, and she seems made of courage.

We had arranged all that we needed earlier in the week. We had our ambulances stacked with first-aid appliances, and for ourselves steel helmets, goggles and gas masks, so that we were off in five minutes, Gillian driving me in the first ambulance, the others following.

We picked up Michael and two of his church workers in the village. It was not until later I knew that Virginia was also driving one of our ambulances.

The sky was lit up toward the coast, a flaming red mass, with a smoke pall blown to one side. We could not see the city, even when we came near, only the flames ringing it round. It was a fine night; the air was sweet as honey, and the sky brilliantly spaced with stars.

FIRE engines from surrounding districts were mostly on the main London and Exeter roads, so they did not hold us up. Many were there before us. They had come from every part of Devon and Cornwall, but very

few of them could operate. Miles and miles of hose lay idle and useless all night long because it could not fit into the type of the Plymouth engines. Brave firemen stood cursing helplessly, with black anger in their obstructed hearts, watching the walls of flame they could have put out rise higher and higher.

We got in fairly easily ourselves by back ways known to Gillian. Occasionally we had to slow up for the people pouring out toward the country. I thought them a grand crowd. Some even stopped to cheer us as we passed, or to advise us which road to take. There were, perhaps,

official traffic directors, but I did not myself see them that first night.

Our main difficulty was where to put our ambulances. I meant to get in touch with one or another of the hospitals. But several were already struck, and though I got some of the busses near enough to help in their evacuation, we decided to rig up a first-aid station in the center of the city, where it was most needed. We had plenty of light from the burning buildings, and I was aware of Sister Tutor at my elbow, handing me what I needed without my having to ask for it.

Once we organized a raid of our own and dashed into a house on fire to bring out an extra table to put our blood-transfusion tubes on. I suppose it was a sort of glorified looting, for we never found the house to put it back into again; but no one stopped us. It was as if everyone that night in Plymouth was cut off in a special hell of his own and had to do what he could about it. Whenever I looked up I would see Michael climbing over burning rubble or smoldering masonry, with a child in his arms, or shepherding a forlorn old lady out of some flaming shell. Once I saw him carrying a crippled girl, her crutches sticking up behind him like the grotesque wings of some early Gothic angel.

It was difficult to get used to the variety of noises. The barrage alone shook the eardrums nearly out of our heads. No one could guess where or what was going to drop next, so there was no use paying the least attention to the noise; and personally, I got used to it after the first two hours.

From a Chinese Screen

► If fortune smiles, who doesn't? If fortune doesn't—who does?

Gold is tested by fire: man, by gold.

If you fear that people will know it, don't do it.

He who speaks the truth must have one foot in the stirrup.

—BORIS SIDIS:
Psychology of Laughter,
(D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc.)

SALADS

are mighty nutritious
WITH MIRACLE WHIP THEY'RE MIGHTY GOOD!

IN WARTIME it's a patriotic duty to plan nutritious meals. Salads will help you do it, for the vegetables and fruits and greens you use in them are extremely important for good nutrition.

So make a point to serve salads often . . . the family will love 'em if they're topped with Miracle Whip.

Creamy, peppy Miracle Whip combines the qualities of zesty boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise. It's the most popular salad dressing ever created.



Its peppy, just-right
flavor has made it
America's favorite

Hearty main dish... in a hurry!

Delicious
Macaroni-and-Cheese



Cooks in
7 minutes!

In every Kraft Dinner package—a special quick-cooking macaroni and some Kraft Grated. Just seven minutes at the stove and you get fluffy-light macaroni with cheese goodness through and through. A smart trick is cheese into a ring, and fill the center with creamed meat, chicken (a small amount does nicely!) or vegetables. A patriotic main dish. Thrifty and good!

Copyright 1943 by Kraft Cheese Company

The World's Favorite Cheeses are made by **KRAFT**

RHYMES FOR TRYING TIMES



1.

We're gardening for Victory
Like nearly all our neighbors.
We rake and hoe and cultivate . . .
And quite enjoy our labors.



3.

To have it iced, and revel in
That grand, full-bodied flavor.
It's plain to see why Lipton Tea
Is what most people favor.



2.

Then, when the tools are stowed away,
(At dusk, or nearly night-time)
Ma makes delicious Lipton Tea—
Oh boy! It's just the right time . . .



4.

The reason why? Slow-ripening,
For richness at its peak, girls!
(Fast-ripened teas taste thin and flat)
Get LIPTON Tea this week, girls!

LIPTON TEA

IN PACKAGES AND MODERN,
NEW-STYLE TEA BAGS, TOO

IF YOU'RE NEEDED AND CAN QUALIFY



SERVE YOUR COUNTRY IN THE U. S. CROP CORPS!

This summer there is a vital need for extra help on farms and in food-processing plants in many localities. To meet this need, to help save the greatest crops in history, your Government is organizing an official U. S. Crop Corps.

Watch for local recruiting in your community. Be ready to volunteer for as much time as you can give. This is important work, patriotic work, war-winning work. (And, if you qualify for service in the Corps, you'll be paid prevailing rates.)

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
and The War Manpower Commission

Two men, whose names I never knew but whose faces I came to depend upon like a brother's, helped us all night long, carrying stretchers, bringing fresh patients or scouting to find out where the ambulances were likely to be. One had to bear in mind that the cars might have had to move from any arranged spot, or even have been forcibly removed from it by a direct hit. We ourselves had to move hurriedly more than once during the night.

It was no use making plans, as fresh things happened every moment. There wasn't just the damage already there to consider, but the damage there might be in the next thirty seconds.

As I finished with a patient I simply laid him on the ground, with his shot of morphia to keep him, I hoped, fairly comfortable until someone could pick him up and carry him off to the nearest ambulance or motor vehicle. Even when in his bus, he was not much better off for a time; for quite apart from his chances of being bombed again, he might have to go four miles in a wrong direction, in order to get a quarter of a mile in the right one.

Shock cases lay before me, blue all over, with bits of their houses in their hair, choked with plaster, their hearts failing, so that one expected instant death; but after one had got the plaster out of them and pulled them about a little, they would get quietly up and walk off as if nothing whatever had happened to them. I lost count of broken limbs to be set in splints, or severed arteries to be tied up. The burns were the worst; but fortunately, in the most desperate cases, shock completely anesthetizes these patients. I was terrified the morphia would run out, but it lasted.

I never handled easier or calmer patients. I think by the time they had been hit they had passed the panic stage. When they reached me, they were at the core of human endurance. Perhaps they felt reinforced, too, by the human help that had at last reached them. Even when they died from terrible injuries, under my eyes, they died, as it were, as

considerably as possible. I dare say this sounds nonsense; but it was a fact. The skies had fallen upon them. Their homes were mere shells of naked flame. The streets they had tried to escape by had turned into caves of fire; yet there they lay, in the frail and noisy little space we had rigged up for our dressing station, looking up at us with their kind, unconquerable eyes.

Toward dawn the raid shifted farther away from us. Even if a raid is not yet over, you get a curious feeling of security when the sky above your head grows quieter. It is difficult to explain such a feeling, for each new patient is an absorbing problem, so that one is never consciously aware of danger as danger, while solving it. But I was perfectly aware, when danger lessened, of a new extension in time, as if one was living in an elastic space that could contract or extend according to some unknown law. It is always a relief to feel that time is going to be given one to finish one's job.

AS THE night wore on, there was an occasional pause between patients when I could stand up and breathe deeply. What I wanted most was to wash out my eyes; for although the smoke was blowing in the opposite direction, the air was acrid and smarting and made one's sight misty.

Sister Tutor said suddenly, "I think, sir, you might take five minutes off now," and produced from heaven knows where a priceless cup of coffee out of a vacuum flask. I had not realized that I was shivering with cold until I drank it. When I had given her back the little metal cup, she said in a slightly injured voice, "Virginia Esdaile is doing something extremely silly, and I've been unable to stop it."

"What is she doing?" I asked.

Sister Tutor sniffed audibly. "Well, there's a woman giving birth to a child in a cellar—buried under the house, as a matter of fact. I don't know how Virginia got in, but she is in, and it's most unsuitable. She has never had any midwifery training and is, indeed, only a recent VAD—but she won't come out. I've ordered her to do so twice—perhaps she'll listen to you. It's most unlikely she'll be able to deliver the child properly. Nurse Amory can carry on here for five minutes or so, can't she, while I show you where it is—the blitz seems clearing."

WE MADE our way over the controlled but still burning heaps of rubble, till we reached the collapsed building under which Virginia was trapped. The whole place was running with water, and a fireman was still on duty. He had managed to make a hole through the bricks, and by lying face downward I could see into the cellar. I could even hand an instrument through to Virginia, but I could not reach her. She explained that she had got in through the back of the house, but the wall behind it had since fallen in, so there was no way out. There were two sailors farther down the road, experts in demolition; in a few minutes they would be coming along to help the fireman dig them out. Virginia had managed to get the mother free of plaster and rubble, and into an open space where she could kneel beside her.

I don't know that I should have recognized Virginia, she was so streaked with dust and her face covered with cuts and bruises. But her voice when she said, "Oh, Rudi—that's you!" was just the same.

The wall above hung like a bulging wave. The two women were in immediate and mortal peril, but they were bringing that child into the world as if their only business was with life.

Virginia followed my instructions with absorbed precision; and the woman, looking up at Virginia, obeyed her as if she were listening to the voice of God. It was much more the single-minded union of their intention than any instructions that

mine that produced a safe delivery. Life, too, that amazing, unaccountable force, acted against every adverse circumstance with a curious ease.

The mother was only a girl and it was her first child. One would have said she had everything against her, but she was not alone—another girl as determined as herself was helping her through her job. I sometimes think that women, in their special function as women, are as near to life as bark is to the tree; you cannot separate them from it.

I saw the two sailors' faces as they knelt one on each side of me, loosening the bricks as quickly as they dared. I thought to myself that the shepherds of Galilee might well have stared at the young Mary as these rough men stared at Virginia and the struggling mother.

Soon they had made a hole large enough for Virginia to hand up the newborn child. Sister Tutor took him from me—a fine boy—and wrapped him in my pull-over. It took us the best part of an hour to get the mother out, but this, too, we accomplished safely.

Then the wall behind her caved in upon Virginia. Trapped in the cellars she could not have seen it coming. I tried to jump in front of it as we saw the first bricks loosen, but the sailors hauled me back; then, with a rush, the bricks struck her down and hid her from our sight.

We dug on until we reached her. She was still alive; but the hardest thing I ever had to do was to keep her alive. Her back was injured and both legs crushed. I knew she could never walk again. I did what I had to do, to free her struggling lungs and steady

(Continued on Page 82)

DOCTOR: What was the most you ever weighed?

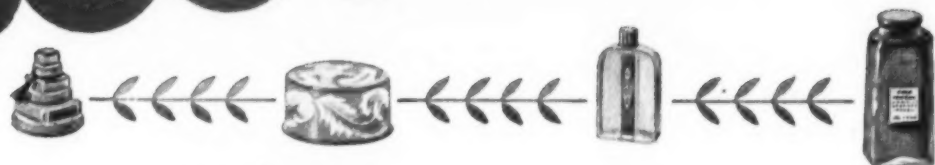
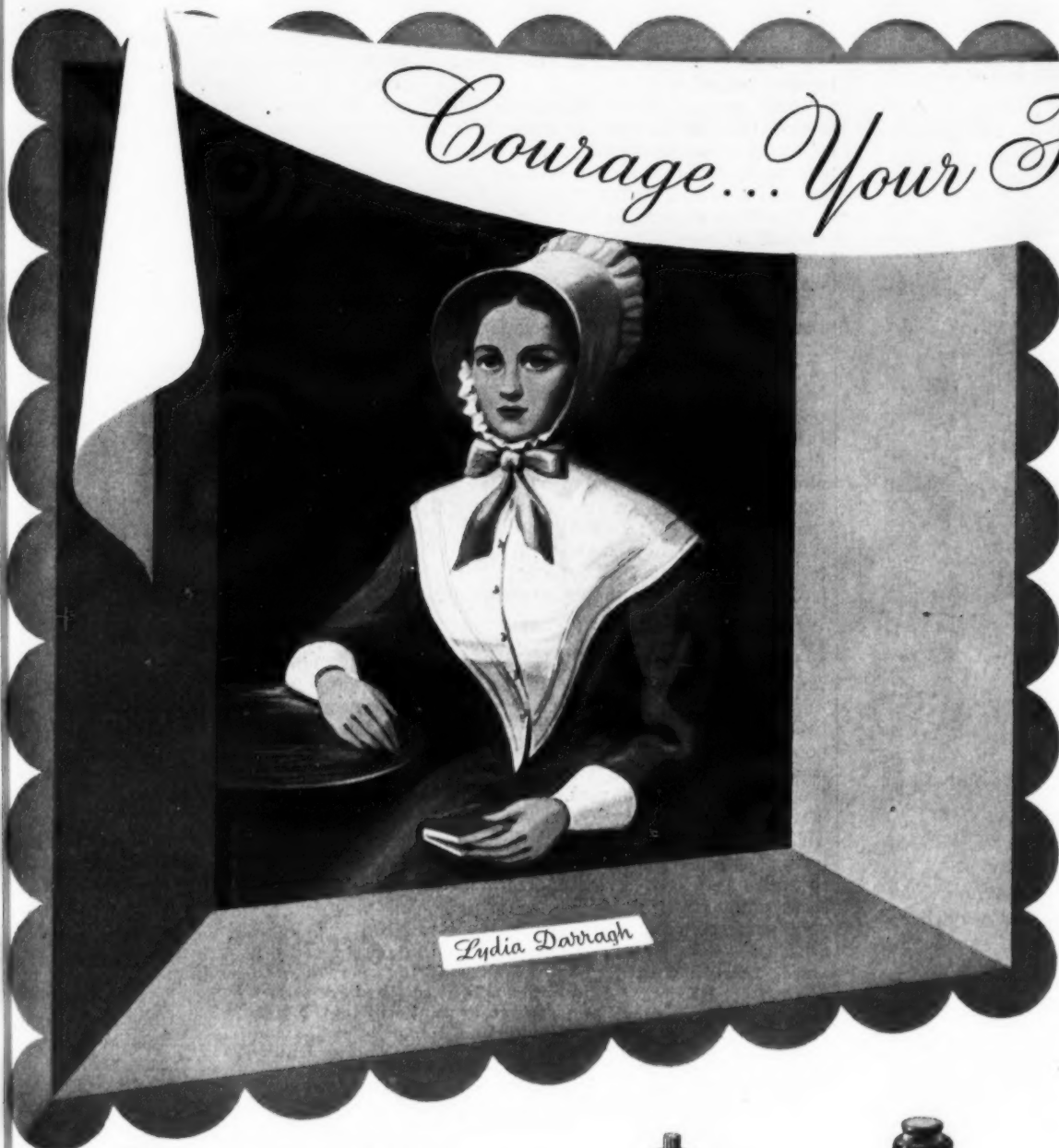
PATIENT: One hundred and fifty-four pounds.

DOCTOR: And what was the least you ever weighed?

PATIENT: Eight and one half pounds.

—H. V. PROCHNOW,
Public Speakers Treasure Chest.
(Harper & Bros.)

Courage... Your Heritage



Lydia Darragh, Quakeress, lived in Philadelphia in 1777. Overhearing an enemy plan to surprise Washington in his winter quarters, she, at great personal risk, warned him—thus saving the Continental Army.

The courage of Lydia Darragh lives in the heart of every American woman today. Regardless of whether you wear factory denim, gingham house dress or evening gown, you, too, are helping your country win the war. And you are doing so with traditional American faith, resourcefulness, bravery, and charm.

To be entrusted with the important duty of bringing beauty to you is a service Avon is proud to perform. Cosmetics suited to your own requirements are brought to your home by a well-informed Avon Representative. Hers is the timely and patriotic mission of leaving with you cosmetics which help give you new and inspiring beauty. *Welcome your Avon Representative...*

BE HOSTESS TO LOVELINESS

Avon

C O S M E T I C S

at Radio City, New York



NORTHERN'S GENTLENESS ASSURES THOSE GENTLE LITTLE "DEERS" OF YOURS

COMFORT AND SAFETY!



My goodness, how soft... no wonder it's the choice of mothers everywhere. Northern Tissue is safe and comfortable for even the tenderest skins.

My heavens, how strong... yet how gentle! More absorbent, too. Northern is a much more satisfactory bathroom tissue, as your whole family will agree.



My choice, you'll say, 'cause Northern's better in all 4 ways! It's gentle-soft, safe, strong and absorbent... the four tissue qualities you want... the four tissue qualities you get when you buy **NORTHERN TISSUE**

**NORTHERN
TISSUE**



NORTHERN HANDY TOWELS are gentle-soft and more absorbent, too. Just the thing for your kitchen and will save you lots of time and work. Use Northern Handy Towels regularly.

★ DO YOUR PART! BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS REGULARLY! ★

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(Continued from Page 80)

her feebly beating heart. Then they took her away from me.

March 23, 1941.

AS I LEANED over Virginia to give the anesthetic before Datchett made his examination of her injuries, she whispered, "Don't let me live, Rudi!"

There was nothing in the examination to lighten her plea. Datchett took the same view that I did. She could never move of her own volition again.

I wonder how often not the intention, but the desire, springs up in a doctor's mind: "Can I let this human being out of the trap of life?" Sometimes when the case is hopeless, the intention follows; but more often one is left longing to give release but realizing that science was never given us to cut short life. Often a student may feel that he knows more about some special detail than his teacher; and it may be that he is right and that he really *does* know more; but he is seldom so sure of himself as to violate his teacher's more universal knowledge. Life has, as it were, more surprises for its student, science, than science has for life.

I saw John Stephens before I went back to Plymouth for the next night. He hardly waited for me to reach his bedside before he said with heightened nervousness and irritation, "Didn't I tell you not to go! We're not supposed to know, but of course I've heard about that nurse, Virginia Esdaile—the parson's wife—and now, like me, she's a helpless cripple. And it's all your fault! That's the worst of men like you—you risk other people besides yourself with your wretched heroism!"

He must have been in great pain to want to hurt me as those words hurt. A man does not lash out at his friend unless he is also lashing out at himself. I had to remind myself of this, and I did not answer him.

"Well—are you going again?" he asked angrily after a pause.

"Oh, yes," I said, but again nothing more, for now I knew that his anger was part of his friendship for me; he had wanted to stop me. I patted his shoulder to show that there was no ill will between us.

On my way down, through a window I saw Gillian come out to the ambulance to drive me to Plymouth. At the same moment a servant came to tell me that Tom was on the phone. Tom told me he was bringing one of the greatest English surgeons to see Virginia. Money can do these things, but not the greatest surgeon living can give back to Virginia the use of her young body.

Tom's voice over the phone was hoarse with fury. "Why did you take those girls into that inferno? Why didn't you stick to your post? You have no right whatever to leave the hospital!"

"But all of us who can help must go where help is most needed," I expostulated. "You yourself are going there tonight, I believe?"

"Yes, of course," Tom answered impatiently. "That's another matter. But stop playing the fool and stick to your own hospital! I got your telegram about Virginia—is there any change?"

"No change," I told him.

There was a pause before he asked, "Is she disfigured?"

"She's bandaged up," I told him. "I doubt if the facial disfigurement—cuts and bruises—will last. Her eyes are uninjured. She fell forward, shielding her face. The worst injuries are to the spine; both legs are crushed. We may not have to amputate. We think she will live, but of course, with such extensive injuries, that is still uncertain."

Tom was silent for a long time. I wondered if he, too, thought it better that she should not live. When Tom spoke again it was of Gillian. He said she was on no account to go anywhere near the target area.

"I think she intends to drive me in tonight," I told him. "Do you forbid her?"

"Yes!" Tom shouted with terrific emphasis, banging down the receiver.

I found Gillian waiting in the driver's seat. "I have something to ask you," I said. "Please do not go tonight. Let Michael take your place. He cannot be with Virginia. It will help him to be in danger. It will help me if you are *not* in danger."

"I will do anything else you ask," she said gently, "but not that."

"But that is what I must ask!" I pleaded. "You know what I am already responsible for. Do not add to it."

"I AM responsible for myself," Gillian said. "If you thought it right to stay here, then I should stay with you, because I am working for you. I can surely choose how!"

"Your father forbids you to go," I told her. "If you had said that to start with," Gillian murmured with a grim little smile, "you would have saved time. Get in!"

It was broad daylight still, a gray spring day without energy; only the larks were still alive in it, rising up from the moor, singing their hearts out over the dead heather.

When we reached Plymouth there was a new and ugly feeling in the air. At the first surprise attack the city's heart had risen

to meet it, with the whole courage of man untainted by defeat or exposure; but now in many this courage had become exhausted. Hour by hour, shocked and homeless people had stood without food or shelter, by their little pieces of furniture in the open streets, unwilling to leave their last possessions, not knowing what else to do or where to go. Others stayed, crushed utterly, in their stricken or shaken homes, clinging to familiar rooms and possessions, however spoiled or threatened.

We arranged our first-aid station near a street that had been partially destroyed and was still smoldering. Much had been done in the last few hours to meet the return of the raiders. Help of all sorts had been pouring in from the surrounding villages, but the amount of dislocation that had taken place the night before made it in some ways more difficult to face the new flood of destruction. The storm, too, fell upon nerves already shaken, not upon healthy ones.

I think if Sister Lawrence had not been by my side that night, I might have become unskillful or even reckless in my work. But Sister Lawrence prevented me from giving anything short of my best. She made each patient human to me, by the strength of her own pity.

The noise in the skies above, the senseless bumps and crashes, the screams and the flames—smoke always in one's eyes and throat, bitter and sharp, like the taste of death itself—all this went on without cessation or relief. I hated everything I heard or saw. Worse even than the loathing I had always felt for the Nazis and the brute force they stand for, I felt the indignity to life itself. A doctor is a man who, if his career is well chosen, looks upon himself as a guardian of life; he cannot take lightly what infringes the rights of his great charge.

My mind felt like a pit of black and red flame. I was sickened at the thought of Gillian standing by that unwieldy bus of hers in the dark, with the cries of the wounded in her ears, alone and at the mercy of chance.

(Continued on Page 85)

To Oscar Hammerstein came a disheveled-looking person and unfolded this plan: "I will do an act on your stage that will be the talk of the world. You can advertise it in advance and you can charge a hundred dollars a ticket. Now here is my proposition: If you will put fifty thousand dollars in escrow for my wife, I'll go on your stage and, in full view of your audience, commit suicide."

"Marvelous," agreed Hammerstein. "But what will you do for an encore?"

—HARRY HERSHFELD:
Now I'll Tell One.
(Greenberg, Publisher.)



"Glory be—the backaches and heartaches I've saved washin' with ALL THESE EXTRA SUDS!"

says Mrs. Maude Dugdale
SHE TELLS WHAT SHE SAW WHEN SHE MADE THE "MILK-BOTTLE SUDS TEST"

HOW many times have you wished... "If only my soap would give more suds, longer-lasting suds, harder-working suds!" Bet you've felt that way many times with a big wash staring you in the face! Well, ma'am, here's your wish come true... a wonderful, extra-sudsy soap... new sudsier Super Suds.

When you see what LOADS AND LOADS OF HARDER-WORKING SUDS Super Suds gives... well, you'll say... "Here's where my wash gets hurried up like never before!" After you've washed with new sudsier Super Suds, bet you'll say... "Never got clothes clean with so little rubbin'!"

Ladies—Make This Easy "Milk-Bottle Suds Test" Yourself!

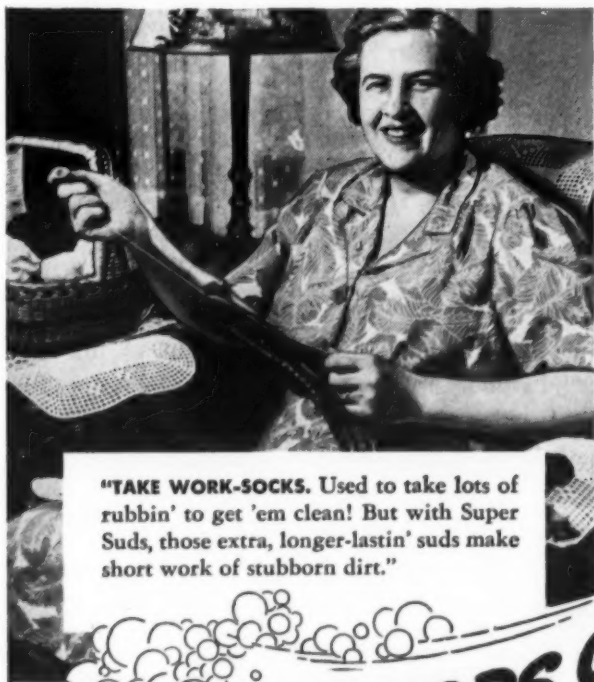
Drop two teaspoons of your regular wash-day soap and a glass of water into a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another milk-bottle. Even hard or cool water will do. Shake both bottles. See if you don't get LOTS MORE SUDS AND LONGER-LASTING SUDS from Super Suds!

"THESE MEASLY, FAINT-HEARTED SUDS ARE ALL MY REGULAR WASH-DAY SOAP GAVE. PRETTY QUICK THERE WEREN'T HARDLY ANY LEFT."

"LOOK WHAT WHOPPING SUDS SUPER SUDS GAVE! AND SO THICK, RICH, AND LONG-LASTIN'!"

"IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE I SAW THAT GUMMY UNDISSOLVED STUFF THAT'S SO MEAN TO RINSE OUT OF CLOTHES, TOO."

"THERE WEREN'T ANY BIG UNDISSOLVED PIECES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SUPER SUDS BOTTLE. SUPER SUDS ALL SEEMS TO GO INTO SUDS."



"TAKE WORK-SOCKS. Used to take lots of rubbin' to get 'em clean! But with Super Suds, those extra, longer-lastin' suds make short work of stubborn dirt."



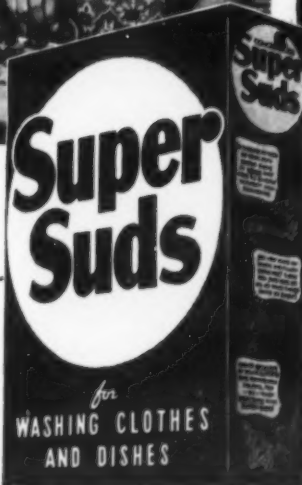
"Here's why Super Suds is so grand for all family wash. My daughter, Mrs. Ruth Mead, is fussy about her little girl's dresses. Super Suds sure helps keep 'em lookin' like new. It gets things clean just by havin' so much more suds, not by anything strong in it. It's safe for anything washable."



MRS. ANNA BELLE HALL says: "My hands took quite a beating from dishwashing until I began to use Super Suds. All those rich suds are so gentle to your hands... but my, how they get after kitchen grease! And they last so long—you don't have to keep adding soap when there's a heap of dishes to do."

FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

Get new sudsier Super Suds in the economical GIANT box





ONE CAN of new improved
OLD DUTCH

CLEANS YOUR SINK

69 MORE TIMES

THAN ANY OTHER LEADING

CLEANSER BY ACTUAL TEST

RESULTS OF SCIENTIFICALLY CHECKED TESTS

Old Dutch Cleaned...	69 more sinks than Cleanser A
93 " " " "	" " " " B
101 " " " "	" " " " C
105 " " " "	" " " " D
110 " " " "	" " " " E
114 " " " "	" " " " F
117 " " " "	" " " " G
156 " " " "	" " " " H

The cleansers identified above by letters, along with Old Dutch Cleanser, account for over 90% of all the cleansers sold in the United States.

Scientific tests in independent laboratories and in homes just like your own show that one can of Old Dutch Cleanser cleans your sink 69 to 156 more times than a can of any other leading cleanser.

How does Old Dutch do this? Through extra cleansing power! You see, Old Dutch Cleanser not only dissolves grease but it also gives you the plus action of Seismotite, the basic ingredient that makes Old Dutch do more cleaning. Seismotite is flaky and flat shaped thus it sweeps the dirt away instead of scratching and raking at it as ordinary gritty cleansers must do. Seismotite eliminates hard rubbing and scrubbing, leaves sinks and other surfaces beautifully sparkling-clean.

Remember! It's not how much you pay but what you get for what you pay. No doubt that is why more housewives use Old Dutch than any other cleanser.



(Continued from Page 82)

What was the use, I asked myself, of doing anything to save these sunk and shattered people brought to me one by one? Why not collect those I had ready, and take them and Gillian into comparative safety? What I saved here, in the open, might be destroyed the next minute. Even if this child Sister Lawrence had just laid before me, with its leg torn off, did recover because I stopped the bleeding and gave her a blood transfusion, would she thank me? If she survived the agonizing, bumping drive ahead of her, and reached a slightly safer area where she might be bombed again tomorrow, what profit would there be for her, in her impoverished and broken life?

The bombs rained down like an endless series of ghastly accidents. I heard the howling mutter of angry people, a cry that is worse than fear because it is fear turned aggressive and pointed like a weapon toward others. But the anger was sporadic and trifling compared with the apathy of most of the people; and apathy is a worse sign in a human being than anger.

Morale is not a single instinct. It has many ingredients. A sense of personal responsibility, the natural courage of an individual, the amount of his acquired self-discipline—and, above all, his interest in others—these together make up the spirit of morale.

I do not say the schoolteachers were the best people in Plymouth, but I think their courage must have ranked very high, for Michael told me that in the shelters with the children they kept a wonderful and easy order; and without sleep, baths or hot food, they went back next day to their battered schoolhouses and relit the hearts of their shocked and frightened children.

I saw most, myself, of the sailors who helped us from the shipyards and the docks. Hundreds—perhaps thousands—of the bewildered inhabitants of Plymouth must owe their lives to these sailors who dug them out of fallen houses, scaled threatening walls and shaken roofs to reach them, and sometimes even ran to and fro through walls of flame.

Tonight the firemen and the sailors had got what they most needed—water. We were less, though it did not always seem so, at the mercy of the flames.

The dawn was slow in coming and the night air was cold. I found Gillian waiting for me with reddened eyes and a face curiously hollowed by the struggle of the night. *She will look like this when she is old*, I said to myself.

"All night long I have felt like a bad dog," I told her, as she tried to make her stiff lips smile at me, "but now I am losing something of this sense of evil. After all, you are alive, and so am I. What has happened to all the hours of the night? Well—they are perhaps in store for us tomorrow, but I do not feel limited by them any more. Instead, I am thinking of hot tea and bacon and eggs, and also that Caroline will find in her store cupboard a comb of honey, or some strawberry jam."

I would like to have taken the wheel away from her and to have driven myself, but I thought perhaps it helped her to drive. There is nothing that steadies the mind more than its own skill in action.

The light was thick and soft upon the newborn leaves. A little wind crept up behind us from the sea and made them shine and tremble. The great gates of the park opened and closed upon us. I had not forgotten, but I had postponed, what I must do to save Virginia.

We had barely passed the gates when a small figure darted out upon the drive in front of the car, waving to us to stop. It was Miss Fitchett.

"Please, please, Doctor Ritterhaus," Miss Fitchett gasped. "Lady Wendover must see you immediately—she really must!"

"You're mad, Fidge!" Gillian said indignantly. "He's got to clean up and get his breakfast first. Think what a night he's had!"

"Oh, yes, I know," Miss Fitchett said, "but he must, dear—he really must! I do know how inconsiderate it sounds; but you don't realize, Gillian dear, how necessary it is—and I can't tell you!"

"Is mother ill?" Gillian demanded. "Or is it just temper again? Because if it's temper, she won't have time to die of it till Rudi's finished his breakfast!"

"Please turn for the Dower House," I said sharply. I doubt if I had ever spoken sharply

to Gillian before, but after a startled look in my direction she obeyed. I knew that Miss Fitchett was an adept at Lady Wendover's tempers; and I did not think she would have run across the park at eight o'clock in the morning for anything short of a catastrophe.

She did not tell us what it was, and none of us spoke again until after we had arrived.

Gillian, with an exasperated glance at us both, ran upstairs and Miss Fitchett drew me into a small room off the hall.

"Gillian must never know. No one must ever know," Miss Fitchett told me. "She tried to commit suicide. She knows about Virginia and Tom!"

"How does she know?" I asked.

"An anonymous letter—we think it's

one of the nurses. There was a little trouble a week ago with one of them; and now, of course, all this fuss Lord Wendover's making over Virginia has made her inclined to believe it." Miss Fitchett ran on breathlessly: "I saw the letter myself. It *sounded* true, Doctor Ritterhaus! I should have believed it, I think, even if I hadn't known it *was* true!"

"She rang up Lord Wendover at Silver Fountains—this was late last night—an hour after he and that famous surgeon had arrived. He put her off and wouldn't come over. I heard her say on the telephone, 'But I can't wait till morning, Tom!' I suppose he said she *must*, and slammed down the receiver. But she doesn't, you know—wait! She just went into the bathroom and locked the door. The maids had gone to bed, and I couldn't get her to answer me, so I went to the tool house and got out the ladder. I'm terrified of climbing ladders, but somehow or other I *did* climb it; and fortunately she always leaves the bathroom window open because of her heart—although I had no idea it was so difficult climbing off a ladder into a window, even when it is open! There she was, with both her wrists cut, in a bath full of blood!"

(To be Concluded)

Every Child

BY EDNA CASLER JOLL

Every child should know a hill,
And the clean joy of running down
its long slope

With the wind in his hair,
He should know a tree—
The comfort of its cool lap of shade,
And the supple strength of its arms
Balancing him between earth and
sky

So he is creature of both.
He should know some bit of singing
water—

The strange mysteries in its depths,
And the long sweet grasses that
border it.

Every child should know some scrap
Of uninterrupted sky, to shout
against;
And have one star, dependable and
bright,
For wishing on.

1-Minute Mask!

Grand "build-up" for
a weary complexion



Glamour at low ebb

Does your make-up "snag" on scaly bits of dead skin? Does your complexion look dimmed and coarsened by particles of ground-in dirt? Then give it a heavenly quick build-up with a 1-Minute Mask—the new way to use Pond's Vanishing Cream!

The 1-Minute Mask



Loosen and dissolve roughnesses . . . stubborn grime—in 60 seconds flat! Just cover your cheeks, chin, forehead—everything but eyes—with a silky, white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. After one minute, tissue off.

New lease on Beauty



Now—see what clever under-cover work the 1-Minute Mask has done for your complexion! The "keratolytic" action of the cream has smoothed away tiny roughnesses that "snagged" your make-up. Now powder goes on softly . . . evenly. Your whole face seems "re-styled!" —It's fresher, brighter, sweeter to look at . . . and to touch!



MRS. RODMAN DE HEEREN
Brazilian beauty now active in Washington's diplomatic society, says, "In busy days like these, I'm grateful for the quick 'pick-up' that the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream gives my skin."

Double lead on Good Looks

A 1-MINUTE MASK
New thrilling way to use Pond's Vanishing Cream! 3 or 4 times a week, give yourself a 1-Minute Mask. You'll be intrigued with the smoother, brighter look it gives your face!



A SILKY POWDER BASE
Slip a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face before every make-up. It's a gorgeous powder foundation—not greasy, not "oozy." Holds make-up beautifully!

Popular-price jars—the largest size is most economical

MILDNESS *and* BETTER TASTE

THAT'S WHAT SMOKERS WANT ON THE
WAR FRONT AND ON THE HOME FRONT

Chesterfield's Mildness and Better Taste
can come only from the *right* combination of
the world's best cigarette tobaccos . . . the
only combination that gives you everything
you want in a cigarette. Buy a pack today!

CHESTERFIELD



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U. S. CROP CORPS
and serve your country
Watch for local recruiting
in your community
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
THE WAR MANPOWER COMMISSION

"Born actress" is pretty hoyden Margaret Ann, great guns at marbles. A devil on wheels to handle, she brings home school marks averaging 97.

A gentian-eyed Irish beauty is Kate, firm-figured and ruddy-cheeked after four children. Tiny Kathie has lusty temper, cherubic look.

Raymond, 6, is sober and handsome like his dad. He's chief can flattener for the family, is most reliable at it. His love: raw potatoes.

"I'll never get married," swears heartbreaker Peter. "Ma always has a pencil in one hand, the budget in the other." He wants to be a priest.

PHOTOS BY MURKACSI

MEET OFFICER NATON AND HIS FAMILY

Rookie-raised in New York's Hell's Kitchen, this cop has seventeen citations for valor

EVERY few months Mrs. Peter A. Naton, of Auburndale, Long Island, must go to work again and repair the lining of her stalwart husband's right-hand overcoat pocket. That is the only answer to the wear and tear produced by a .38-caliber revolver carried constantly on the person—grim and bulky reminder that to be a crack detective on the New York City police force means spending your nights and days always ready to bet your life against a thug's at a moment's notice.

Kate Naton never knows when Pete will come home mentioning that he found a guy holding up a tavern and managed to shoot first. His tone of voice will be as matter-of-fact as that of a widget salesman saying the office will start the Easter campaign next week. Way back in her heart, however, Kate knows—and wouldn't dream of telling herself—that sometime Pete may not manage the first shot, or may mix it up with one too many wrong guys in a darkened tenement hallway and never come home at all.

His seventeen citations, including a National Surety medal, for especially good police work are full of that kind of goings on. On one occasion the wrong guy's gun went off right in Pete's ribs; why the result was only a nick and powder burns is more

than either Pete or the police surgeons know to this day. One week in five his job is to patrol alone in plain clothes through a shadowy precinct on Manhattan's upper West Side, constituting his burly self a combined decoy and singlehanded trap for the thugs who have taken New York's wartime blackout as open invitation to robbery with violence. Any "muggers" who try to crook a strangling elbow about Pete Naton's neck from behind will have trouble on their hands right away. But you never can tell when the luck that supplements his brawn and presence of mind will turn.

Kate keeps cool, however, as befits one who has been a policeman's wife for thirteen years. Like other detectives' womenfolk, she is used to never knowing when the old man will reappear after starting out in the morning. When she gave a little dinner party at their neat two-story suburban house a while back, everybody she expected turned up—except Pete. The next she heard from him was two days later, when he telephoned from Philadelphia: a sudden job had broken; he had had no chance to call before, and would be back next day.

That call would have found many wives in hysterics. But this wife knows the answers and does a loyal best to imitate Pete's professional insouciance about blackjacks,

83% of American families have incomes of less than \$4000 a year.



"Scram! A cop!" Naton breaks up a sidewalk crap game. He is friendly and bighearted with kids, tries to keep them in line. These days, it's a big job. In mufti, Naton is a dude, dotes on gaudy neckties.



Re-enactment of holdup that won first-grade detective Naton his medal. Three "very dangerous" criminals were apprehended. He once chased thief down five blocks of subway tracks. His pet beat: exciting Harlem.

shrapnel played tag with him in France in 1918, when he was a volunteer sergeant in an ammunition train. The bars on the Victory Medal on his police uniform—visible, to the delight of his admiring youngsters, only for parades and Election Day detail—mention Château-Thierry, Meuse-Argonne, Saint-Mihiel. This husky and responsible Irish kid who had enlisted from a \$65-a-week job on an express truck was in officer training at the Armistice and came within a hair's breadth of re-enlisting—he liked the Army fine.

Although police blue has done well by him, and he has done well by it, the war does make him restless. "I'd be right in there now if I could make it," he says. But he knows that, at fifty, he is too near slowing-up time for even much gym exercise. It's a good while since he used to work all day on the truck, come home, bolt his supper, to the alarm of the aunts who reared him after his mother died, and tear off again to play strenuous basketball all evening. Those aunts, he feels, kept his natural inclination for getting energetically into trouble from doing him any damage. The old house on Manhattan's Greenwich Street, filled with the roar of the Elevated, always expected him back at a decent hour, and he usually came to time.

True, he used to attend his share of dollar beer rackets and come home with a torn shirt or a black eye from getting in between in fights. And he was arrested once—excursion-boat passengers complained about the boys swimming *au naturel* in the North River off the Rector Street dock. But he never smoked or drank, not even at the beer rackets. And on the force his record is as clean as the collars of his favorite shirts: "I'll admit it," he says; "I like to be dressy and I'm a sucker for a good shirt."

Family cutup is Margaret Ann. She is a wiry little witch of eight, with the family gray eyes, an Irish face due to become very pretty, and a great reputation as the tomboy of this small-housed suburban neighborhood. She not only shoots marbles with the boys and muscles in on ball games, but, on rainy days, gathers three or four of them into the dinette nook and skins them alive at Monopoly. In nontomboy moments she raids her mother's closet for dress-up wardrobe and sweeps in siren glamour down the stairs for admiration—"A born actress," says her mother with amused relish.

The Natons seem unable to have homely children. Tiny Kathie, untiringly fascinated by her father's skill at barking like a dog, is a round and glowing cherub with gold lights in her brown hair. Small Raymond, just starting parochial school, is a sober and handsome miniature of his father. And young Peter, eleven and chunky, quite takes his mother's breath—though she says less than nothing about it—when got up for weekly drill in his Junior Naval Militia blues.

ALL are growing up full of mental beans. Peter's school average is around 92, beaten only by Margaret Ann's 97. He has figured it out for himself that he might like to study for the priesthood. The Natons tacitly approve—insurance policies against educational needs are already on the fire. But they're careful not to push him in that direction, feeling that such a choice must be strictly spontaneous.

In the meantime, young Peter—Kate does all she can to keep him from being called Pete too—is a focal point for the neighborhood boys. Lads with Irish, Czech, German, Italian and what-have-you names make the Naton house such a rallying ground that Kate sometimes has simultaneous rings from both front and back doors and declares, in complaints that fool nobody "Every time I take a look, I see another boy in the living room I never saw before." Baseball and touch football thrive in

the practically trafficless two-block street outside. Only residents' cars ever enter this stretch of Forty-fourth Avenue, and they are well aware that not to creep around the corner very cautiously would mean a regular Mosaic massacre of first-born sons.

Kate is usually too absorbed in chores to do much more for the boys than hastily dish out odd edibles along with comradely harsh words. On Kathie's first birthday, last year, however, she went out to say brusquely to the ball players, "Come on in—something for you." "Something" proved to be a becardled dining-room table, ice cream, cake and little Kathie gurgling in the midst, as delighted to have so much male society all to herself as if she were already eighteen.

Front porch, living room, dining room, kitchen. Boys' room, Margaret Ann's room, parents' room with Kathie's crib in it. Basement with the looming washer and the avid coal furnace. Miniature back yard with lilacs and lilies. Youngsters all over all of it all the time. Fortunately, it is a good house. The elderly Finn, their landlord, who built it, did it with loving care—never a stuck window or sagging plank. But Kate swears she could never keep abreast of it all without having had nurses' training in speed and doing it right the first time.

THE children marvel at the dexterity with which she makes beds: "Why couldn't I make a bed?" she tells them. "You got in trouble at the hospital if you couldn't finish one in three minutes. Corners just right too." They are equally impressed, though grudgingly, with her skill in mustard plasters. When the flour and box of powdered mustard appear on the kitchen table, young Natons gather round piping apprehensively, "Who gets it this time, mom?" Mom realistically brews them a good deal stronger than is usual for children. She knows from experience that her brood's skins can take it, and "They're going to holler anyway," she says, "so you might as well get results."

Temperatures and minor injuries mean no drama in this household. Kate knows what to do about sprains and fevers until the doctor comes—and afterward too. The doctor even let her keep young Peter home with pneumonia, instead of hospitalizing him, on condition, she relates proudly, that "I give him the same care I would a private patient. He got it." But then she was very fond of nursing, and the only soap opera she listens to regularly is the Doctor Brent serial, with its hospital background.

Pete is still tolerantly mystified by his wife's fondness for things that make her cry when he takes her to the movies in Flushing every week or so. She actually would rather weep her eyes out at Random Harvest, he reports, than laugh herself into stitches at stage comics. The youngsters' tastes in movies are equally positive. They pay for Saturday movies out of their own miniature allowances and walk all the way to Flushing to boot—so they feel utterly defrauded if anything romantic or impassioned is on the bill. What they want, Margaret Ann by no means least of all, is a snorting war picture full of noise and action.

No question about the young Natons' having their own ideas. All, for instance, fanatically prefer raw to cooked vegetables. Kate figures it's good for them, as well as less trouble in preparing. Between meals they gnaw raw turnips or potatoes as zestfully as they would apples, and their favorite dish is a huge salad of cabbage, lettuce, onions, peppers, tomatoes, carrots, peas and string beans—all raw, even the beans. Hamburgers, also, are most acceptable. The only time in that house when hamburgers missed fire was when daddy, who is no cooking husband, tried his hand at them during a small emergency. At least



Still a student at 50, Naton and other detectives attend Police College regularly, learn top-drawer data on criminology. "If I quit this job, I guess I'd just die."



Weird hours are the detective's lot—some nights Naton questions the suspects until dawn. Below—Commissioner Valentine pins on him a National Surety medal.





Naton left truck job to join AEF in last war. Peter (rear) proudly wears the helmet that withstood plenty of action at Château-Thierry. "Heil, Hitler!" scoffs Margaret in German helmet he brought back. Dad never drinks or smokes, but was arrested once (as a kid) for swimming nude!

the man knows when he's wrong. One look at the results and he bundled the whole family into the car to have something recognizable at the local diner.

Kate says her offspring picked up their taste for raw greenstuff summers at her parents' Vermont home. Her father, a retired former foreman in a marble quarry, was a brilliant amateur gardener, and the children always had the run of the huge vegetable garden, nipping off a few fresh pea pods here, rooting up a crisp carrot there. She is certain that, in general, those thirty acres on the outskirts of the village with the mountains in the background and the traditional swimming hole in the brook are the best possible thing for her kids. They go up with her every summer, leaving daddy to bach it and eat out. "They don't wear a stitch but shorts, and get brown as Indians," Kate explains, "and there's so much to do, just off on their own, that they never even dream of asking for candy or a movie."

Young Peter has a .22 rifle at grandma's; his father is proud of the way he is learning to handle it. And an uncle, who has a local farm-implement agency, lets him help with the intricacies of assembling machinery, a job most

satisfactorily involving grease and wrenches. In consequence, his enthusiasm for Vermont and what goes on there is so great that last year he confided great bewilderment to his mother: Why, he wanted to know, did she ever go to live in a place like New York when everything back where she came from was so much superior?

Two of the Reilly sisters did stay home, teaching in local schools. Kate's mother still runs the old house, not too well reconciled to her daughter's insistence on supplying some provisions in summer as well as paying for the youngsters' extra milk, and duly surprised and pleased at how handy a housekeeper the girl turned out to be. The old gentleman, however, who was so fond of garden and grandchildren—Margaret Ann and he used to have remarkable set-tos at the old Irish card game of "forty-five"—is no longer there. Kate's brother went into the Army last year and old Mr. Reilly couldn't quite believe he would ever live to see him come back.

Pete takes his three weeks' vacation in winter, usually with a friend from the force, swimming and fishing in Florida. Miami last winter cost him only \$150, both fares included. He and his pal were the only civilians at the

How the Natons Spend Their Money

Food.....	\$850.00
Clothing.....	200.00
Rent.....	720.00
Fuel (coal).....	125.00
Gas and light.....	90.00
Doctors and dentists.....	50.00
Contributions.....	*150.00
Phone.....	70.00
Newspapers and magazines.....	15.00
Vacations and recreation.....	250.00
Furniture and car insurance, car license... ..	62.50
Youngsters' allowances.....	65.00
Mr. Naton's outside meals, monthly commutation (\$8.40), gas and upkeep of car..	490.00
N. Y. State income tax.....	16.00
War Bonds.....	175.00
Retirement.....	240.00
Life insurance.....	121.50
Federal income tax and Victory tax.....	310.00
	\$4000.00

*This amount varies according to the Natons' yearly income; was higher last year.

hotel and he tells, with a slightly wistful grin, how many inches he jumped off the mattress when, the first morning, a bugle under the window sounded off and, for a vivid moment, he was sure he was back in Army uniform.

Midwinter vacations are good investments for a man whose work involves crazy hours and prolonged strains. But Pete loves his job, even its cockeyed qualities. Though already eligible for retirement at \$2000 a year, he plans to stay in harness a long while yet. "If I quit," he says, "I'd probably just pop off and die in six months. I'll have to lay off sometime, I suppose; but when I do, I'll get a country place full of things to do to keep me going."

He appreciates a job with so much security attached to match his responsibilities. His pay—\$4000 a year—enables him to keep the family comfortable, pay 6 per cent a year toward retirement, 5 per cent Victory Tax, buy a War Bond practically every month, and still keep up premiums on \$7500 life insurance on himself as well as odd policies on Kate and the youngsters.

Kate handles the financial details. The other day young Peter was heard to remark, "I'm never going to get married. It makes too much trouble. Every time I see mom she has a pencil in one hand and the budget in the other."

Mom has ideas though. After the war, a small nest egg of War Bonds will help on her developing scheme of a neat white clapboard house with green shutters. The elderly Finn who did so good a job on the present place would build it. And she even has her eye on a lot up the line in Auburndale.

That kind of concentration makes more sense to her than worrying because she can't use the old Buick—Pete had a C card for his own business use of the car—for shopping any more. She can always send Peter, who always remembers everything without a written list, or put Kathie in the baby buggy and use it as a package truck on the way back. Suppose butter does disappear from the local stores now and again? So the kids get along on peanut butter and a little jam or jelly—and what of it?

HOME ON THE RANGE

Harriet Curry came out West with a touch of TB, a nervous breakdown. Now, at 37, she's chipper and radiant as a bride. Maneuvers three kids with one hand, "nursemaids" 1400 head of cattle with the other. Much prefers a day of rough riding on the range to the "jumpy tiredness" of a day's housework.

If you've a yen to become a fugitive from urban living, don't miss this captivating How America Lives family.

In the Journal in July

I MAY BE CUTE— BUT I'M NOT IMPRACTICAL!



My husband's older sister, Sarah, is one of those grim, good women—always wary of anything decorative. Since I'm what John calls "sort of cute," she filed me on sight under the heading: "John'll regret this!"

First dinner party I gave, Sarah arrived early to get her disapproving done. Caught me putting my Appetizer Salads together.

"Very pretty," she sniffed; "but really, Doris, in these times is it patriotic to serve frills?"

"Yes," I said firmly, "because these aren't frills. They're a more imaginative way than the conventional fruit cocktail to serve some of the fruit we're all supposed to eat every day."

"They look expensive," persisted Sarah.



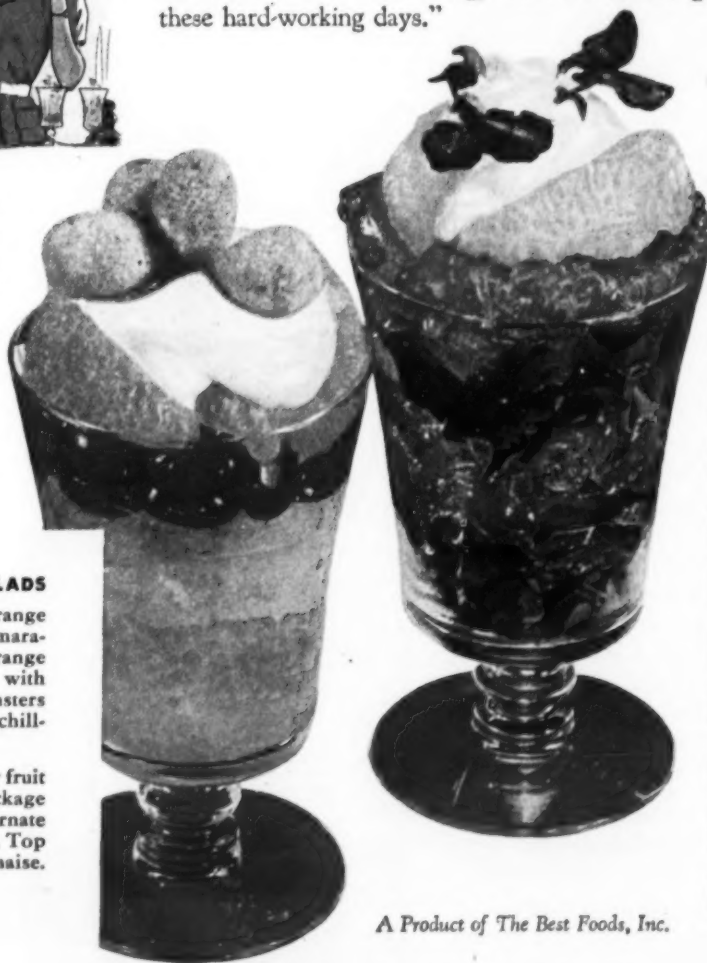
"Don't they!" I agreed happily. "They aren't, though. I used the citrus fruits that are Victory Specials now. Orange and grapefruit sections in Rainbow Appetizer—the leftover fruit juice in Parfait Appetizer. No waste—and both salads 'way up in Vitamin C."

"Well," said Sarah, still hunting flaws, "do you put salad dressing on them?"

"VICTORY SPECIAL" APPETIZER SALADS

RAINBOW: Arrange alternate layers of orange sections, grapefruit sections, and halved maraschino cherries, in glasses. Top with orange sections and *Real* Mayonnaise. Garnish with Frosted Grapes, made by dipping grape clusters in egg white, then in granulated sugar, and chilling until firm.

PARFAIT: Heat 2 cups leftover fruit juice (or fruit juice and water). Dissolve in liquid 1 package orange-flavored gelatin. Chill. Arrange alternate layers of watercress and gelatin in glasses. Top with grapefruit sections and *Real* Mayonnaise. Garnish with watercress. Serves six.



A Product of The Best Foods, Inc.

"I do not! I use nothing but *Real* Mayonnaise," I said hotly, bringing the jar from the pantry.

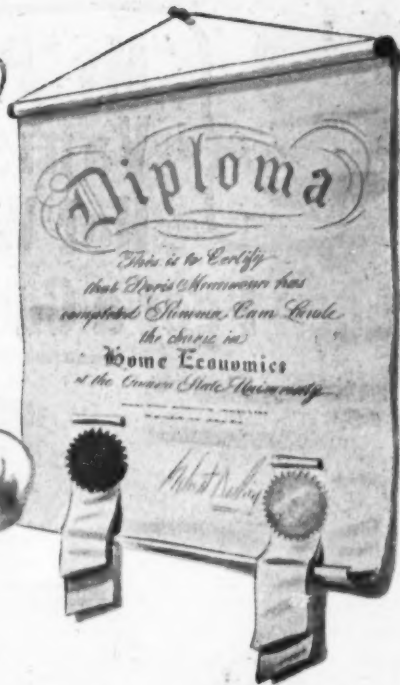
"Oh," beamed Sarah, "that's good! Always so fresh-tasting and creamy-rich. Goes farther, too—doesn't turn watery when you add milk or fruit juices!"

"It's nutritious too," I told her. "Each tablespoonful adds valuable food energy that we should get these hard-working days."

"My!" breathed Sarah admiringly. "Where'd you get so much practical information?"

"I majored in Home Ec at the university, Sarah. Learned a lot of good meal-planning tricks!"

"Hm-m," said Sarah, "John's smarter than I thought. He's done well for himself!"



**Real Mayonnaise... Hellmann's in the East
... Best Foods in the West... for**

REAL NUTRITION



WHOLESOME ingredients—eggs, added egg yolks, "Fresh-Press" Salad Oil prepared each day as needed, vinegar, and seasonings. *No starchy filler!*



EASY SPREAD FOR BREAD—delicious and nutritious, too! It contains 3,140 food-energy units per pint.



EATING FOR HEALTH is "eating for fun" when *Real* Mayonnaise makes the salads we should all eat daily taste so extra good!



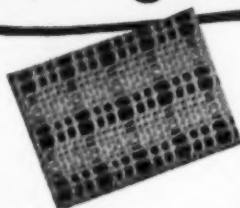
BEST FOODS ⇒ HELLMANN'S *Real Mayonnaise*

SAVE JARS FOR CANNING!
To learn how to get penny preserving seals, send stamped addressed envelope to The Best Foods, Inc., 88 Lexington Avenue, New York.

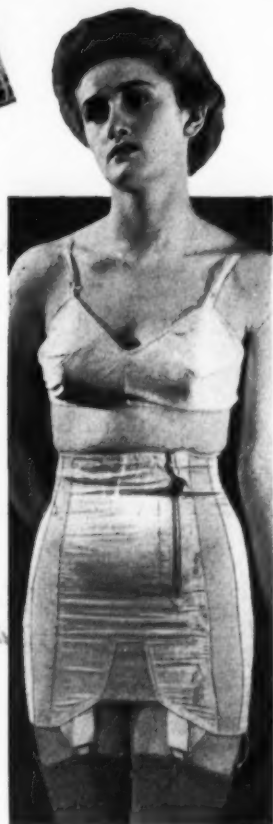
↑ IN THE WEST
← IN THE EAST



"My *Ptosis Posture Vanished—so did Hot Weather Fatigue when I got a Cool, Airy SPENCER!"



Spencer fabric—actual size—light, open, cool.



Incorrect corset and brassiere.



Spencer Support and Brassiere.

PTOSIS is a medical term meaning *sagging*. An example of Ptosis Posture is shown in the first photograph at right. When the posture and abdominal muscles sag and are neglected, the internal organs will sag, impairing normal functioning. Nervous fatigue and often backache result. An incorrect corset and brassiere make this condition worse. Note, at extreme right, the same woman in her Spencer Support and Brassiere. Her Ptosis Posture and weakened muscles are healthfully lifted. She tires less easily—is more efficient—happier.

"Hot weather nerves" and fatigue are relieved when you wear a feather-light summer Spencer, designed to improve your posture and support your sagging muscles.

Your Spencer will give you restful, healthful posture and support because every line of your Spencer is designed, every section cut and made to solve your problem and yours alone.

Your Spencer will be designed especially for you. That is why your Spencer is *guaranteed* never to lose its shape. Spencer supports have never been made to *stretch* to fit. They have always been *designed* to fit. Why buy a support that soon loses its shape?

Your Spencer will be light, flexible, durable, easily washed. Prices are moderate, varying with materials.

Doctors prescribe Spencers for backache, fatigue, dropped abdominal organs, sacroiliac sprain and other back injuries, sciatica, spinal arthritis, movable kidney, hernia, breast problems, maternity, after childbirth or operation and some forms of heart disease.

SEND COUPON FOR FREE INFORMATION! Shop in privacy of your home for your Spencer. Spencers are never sold in stores. When convenient to you, a *registered*, specially trained Spencer Corsetiere will call. This will not obligate you. Send coupon below for free information or telephone nearest "Spencer Corsetiere."

Would You Like to Help Other Women?

War conditions have greatly increased the number of women who need Spencer Supports if they are to remain active. Openings in every state for intelligent women to render this important service.

Check here for details. We train you.

Also made in Canada at Rock Island, Quebec.



June, 1948

Write to Anne Spencer today!

Spencer Incorporated, 141 Derby Ave., New Haven, Conn.

Please send me your free helpful booklet. I have marked my posture problem illustrated at left.

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____ (Give city and state in margin)

SPENCER INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED SUPPORTS

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Bare Facts about Bare Feet and Legs

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

AMONG modern women, in metropolitan areas, you can hardly find one who has a decent foot to stand on. Literally! This is for the most part the result of bad shoes. Men have offended less in this respect, and therefore are less crippled. If you don't believe this, look about you on the bathing beaches this summer.

For Health's Sake. The human foot still starts out pretty well. Most babies can pick up objects with their toes and, which is even harder, can stretch the big toe away from its neighbor with perfect ease. But toes get stiff with disuse. A good ten-minute limbering exercise for everyone consists of sitting, barefoot, on an ordinary chair and repeatedly picking up a pencil, or marbles, or the folds of a bath towel with the toes. As advanced work, try transferring the pencil from one foot to the other!

Now that we are beginning to realize the mischief done to growing feet by bad shoes, how about turning our

children out barefoot this summer? This step would certainly gratify both purse and patriotism.

All authorities agree that shoeless children are lucky children, as far as normal development of the feet is concerned. Unconfined toes grow naturally. Body weight is divided between the heel and forepart of the foot, as it should be, so the delicate supporting mechanism is not thrown out of line. Strength and grace result.

If the world were filled with grassy lawns and smooth beaches, it would be well if the whole race ran about unshod. Nor is it rough surfaces alone that make trouble. It is the broken glass and rusty nails that have come with civilization that give mothers thoughtful pause. Almost, it resolves itself into a question of geography—and a mother's courage. If you live in a clean area and are not the worrying type, by all means turn your children loose shoeless, as well as sockless. Make sure, however, that their feet are thoroughly scrubbed and *well dried* every night.

Looming large among the threats to foot health is "athlete's foot," not apt to be a dangerous ailment, but a distinctly annoying one, and far more common than most people realize. As far back as 1939, a Government bulletin

PHOTOS BY STUART



** How America Lives **

Nature—or nylon? Mrs. Peter Naton prepares for a stockingless summer by experimenting with "cosmetic hosiery." Like many other young matrons, she has considered bare legs a privilege for children, not mothers. But, always progressive, she is willing to pour her stockings out of a bottle this summer. She likes the result.



The four little Natons vacation at grandma's, where smooth grass and clear brooks make bare feet a joy.

tin warned the public that probably half of all the adult population suffers from it at one time or another. Other authorities state that from 9 to 12 per cent of the people in an average community are afflicted during any summer month.

The fungi which cause it are ever-present. When the skin is broken they immediately get to work, and set up the irritation and itching characteristic of this infection. Wet floors around public swimming pools and in dressing rooms and gymnasiums are likely places to pick up these germs. Tests have shown that they not only flourish in ordinary moisture, but that in the presence of perspiration they have been known to grow four times as rapidly as in dry areas! Which is an additional argument for keeping the feet, and toes, very clean and dry. Fortunately, there are in all drug-stores numbers of carefully formulated preparations for the treatment of athlete's foot. At the first sign of any cracking of the skin between the toes, start treatment.

More about perspiration: The stockingless foot is going to be a commonplace this season. If the foot's natural moisture happens to be acid, it can commit shoe damage as well as aesthetic offense. Most practical insurance against this disaster are the "shoe

hose," which are nothing more or less than neatly made stocking feet, to keep the lining of your shoes sweet and clean by absorbing perspiration and preventing friction between flesh and fabric.

For Beauty's Sake. Stockings will certainly be "painted on" this summer by thousands of women who are cherishing their real stockings for special occasions. It is not a hard trick, and there are enough good preparations to choose from so that the job need not look messy. Cosmetic stockings fall, in general, into two classifications: the opaque creamy types which create the appearance of a filmy covering, and the clear liquids which give a sun-tanned barelegged look.

It seems as though it ought not to be necessary to say that the first requisite for success with either type is a smooth hair-free surface, and yet last summer's observation made it only too plain that many women just slapped make-up right over fuzz. A good cream or wax depilatory—or an abrasive "eraser" if the growth is light—will whisk the offending furriness away with ease and safety. Just follow the directions of the particular preparation you are using—*exactly*. Take time to do a flattering job. It pays.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

Conserve and supplement your fine perfumes and toilet waters this summer, by using sachet, cream-cologne and compact scents, thereby retaining fragrance while helping in the economy of alcohol.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Are they Rationing love too?

THE GIRL: Well, what else can I think? All evening, he sits at the other end of the sofa. Who's supposed to make the advances these days—*me*?

US: Wait a minute. Advances wouldn't have done any good. You have something to learn, my dear. The secret of personal daintiness . . . of bathing body odor away, the feminine way.

THE GIRL: What do you mean the feminine way. Doesn't a soap for body odor have to have that strong, "mannish" smell to be effective?

US: No ma'am! Here's a truly feminine, complexion-gentle soap that leaves you alluringly scented . . . and daily use completely stops body odor.



THE GIRL: Well, of all things! I do believe you're right!

US: Of course we're right! The rich, fragrant lather of today's specially made Cashmere Bouquet Soap bathes away every last trace of body odor instantly! And how do you like that perfume?

THE GIRL: It's simply heavenly! Smells like \$20-an-ounce! But how will he like it . . . that's what I want to know!

US: Date him again. You'll find out it's truly the fragrance men love!

THE GIRL: (starry-eyed) Did you see? Did you hear? He—he actually kissed me good-night . . . and he called me *darling*!

US: He'll keep on calling you darling, as long as you remember that no other soap can get rid of perspiration better than Cashmere Bouquet.

THE GIRL: B-b-but, does Cashmere Bouquet always get such quick results?

US: You get the results! Cashmere Bouquet's gentle protection merely insures your daintiness. And it will—every time. Don't forget that

THE GIRL: Don't worry—I won't forget—ever!



Stay dainty each day...
with **Cashmere Bouquet**

THE SOAP WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



QUILTED COMFY, around \$3.00

VESTAL, around \$4.00



OFF-DUTY FEET

Rest Best in Daniel Greens

DANIEL GREEN Comfy slippers give you rest at its best. After a busy day they not only rest the nerves and muscles of tired feet but help your whole body to relax. They save 'round-the-house wear on your shoes, too. And that's mighty important under the necessary war-time restrictions on shoe buying.

Best of all, you can buy as many pairs of Daniel Green slippers as you need. *They are not rationed.* Which means that you can have your choice of dainty fabrics and pretty colors the same as before. DANIEL GREEN COMPANY, Dolgeville, N. Y.

Prices of Daniel Green slippers depend on retailers' ceilings as set by the O. P. A.

DANIEL GREEN

Comfy Slippers



PHOTOS BY STUART

Eleven-year-old Peter demonstrates a good, workable shoeshine formula on sister's shoes: "First wipe off the dirt and dust, then go easy with the polish, but use lots of rubbing to bring up the shine."

USE SHOE SENSE

By Margaret Davidson

ACTUALLY, for most people, it won't be much of a trick to fit into the shoe-rationing scheme—the average person bought less than four pairs last year. For herself, Mrs. Naton faces shoe-buying restrictions calmly: "I buy only two or three pairs a year, anyway." But with the Natons—and any family with children—the real pinch comes for youngsters—who outgrow, not outwear, shoes. If restrictions aren't eased for children, the possibilities for keeping them well shod are: use extra adult coupons; try a neighborhood swap-shop idea; and finally, petition rationing boards for help.

Shoe Buying

Plan the shoe wardrobe. Consider, first, two pairs of everyday shoes—alternate two pairs and they give the service of three. Comfortable, durable shoes to work or walk in have low or medium heels. Oxfords offer ruggedness and support for active people. This emphasis on sensible shoes has compensations—high heels cause more foot ills among women than any other controllable factor. With serviceable shoes taken care of, shop for others that fit costumes and activities. Colors and frills are restricted, but pre-restriction models are still in shops.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

Unrationed are play shoes without full leather or rubber soles. These have walking mileage—and if worn for recreation save street and work shoes for essential use.



Remove grease from fabric shoes by sponging the spots with dry-cleaning solvent.



Use newspaper or shoe trees in wet shoes to restore shape. Dry away from heat.



For shapely shoes, use tissue or shaped shoe trees—low spring ones stretch shoes.

How America Lives

Fit for comfort. Try shoes on and walk around in them before buying—shoes should fit feet in action. Properly fitted shoes are about half an inch longer than the foot—three quarters of an inch for children; they're broad enough at the front for toe action and snug at the heel to prevent slipping. The sole should be as wide as the foot—if not, shoes pinch and quickly lose shape. The widest part of the shoe should come at the big-toe joint.

Look for durability. The majority of women's shoes will be calf, suède and kid leathers, with a sprinkling of fabric. The smooth leathers require less upkeep than suède; kid scuffs more readily than calf, but is soft and pliable. Reptile leathers, like lizard, are durable—but relatively expensive. Cashing in on this reputation for durability are leathers embossed to look like reptile—identified by a regular pattern and lack of scales. As a rule, welt shoes can be repaired most satisfactorily—ask, when buying, if shoes can be resoled. There are hidden values in shoes representing quality leather and workmanship; depend on reliable stores and brands to give satisfaction.

Shoe Care

1. Alternate shoes so they dry and re-shape between wearings.
2. Use good shoe trees or tissue-paper stuffing to keep shoes in shape.
3. Clean and polish shoes. Brush *fabric* shoes after wearing, and remove spots with dry-cleaning solvent. . . . On *smooth leathers*, use shoe polish or cream—those that must be buffed are less drying than those that dry bright. . . . Brush *suède* shoes, and clean with special suède dressing. Rub shiny suède with fine sandpaper. . . . For *white shoes*, apply cleaner sparingly and avoid wetting leather excessively. If cleaner turns white leather greenish, discard—it's harmful. . . . Clean outdoor shoes with saddle soap; when dried and cracked, nourish with several applications of castor oil. . . . *Patent-leather* shoes crack with temperature changes. Warm with your hands before putting on, and avoid wearing in cold weather.
4. Guard against getting shoes wet.
5. Keep shoes in repair. Shoes are distorted when worn with run-down heels and soles and ripped stitching.
6. Wear stockings, anklets or removable linings—perspiration harms shoes.
7. Look for plus values in old shoes. For rebuilding, recoloring or redesigning, choose reliable service. For either home or commercial coloring, ask if dyes are fast and nontoxic.



"Half soles, please." With good shoes, spend as much as half the original cost in repairs to keep them wearable.



For proper shoe fit, have both feet measured. Growing children usually need refitting every three months.



Mrs. Naton looks in X-ray machine to check Margaret Ann's new shoes. For accurate fit, feet should be measured too.



Rubbers and boots are a rainy-day must, if shoes are to be protected. To soften leather shoes that have been wet, rub lightly with castor oil—not forgetting the sole. Use paste or cream polish when dry.

QUICK

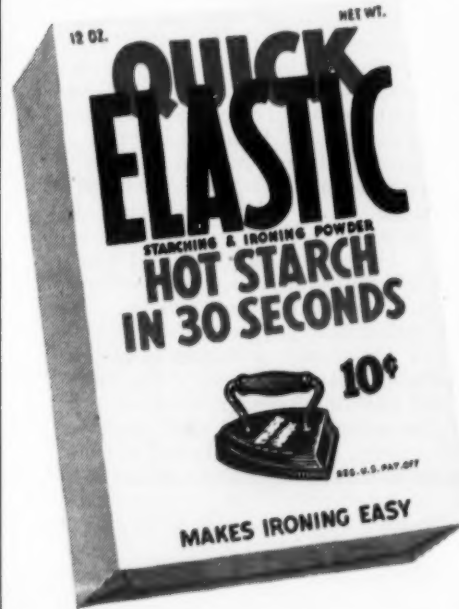
1 CREAM A LITTLE IN COOL WATER

2 NOW, STIR AND ADD BOILING WATER

COOKED STARCH

WONDERFUL FOR IRONING

Hot Flash of Boiling Water Cooks It Completely. Gives You Nice, Smooth, Hot Starch—All Cooked and Ready to Use in 30 Seconds. Big Ironing Help, Too.



Here's all you do: Cream a little Quick Elastic in cool water. Now, bring it to the hot point—*cook it*—by adding boiling water. That's it. No need to cook it on the stove. It's all cooked and ready to use, right now. And, just see how wonderful it is for ironing. *No sticking, no pulling* . . . no dragging or rumpling. Your cottons, curtains, dresses, shirts—all of them do up beautifully. Each and every piece has a nice, fragrant, elastic finish with just the body you want.

Note the difference in Quick Elastic the moment you open that buttercup yellow box. *It's powder.* Easy to measure. No lumps to boil down. No waste. Gliders already mixed in it make your iron fairly glide along. Thousands who've compared the old kind with this dandy powder are changing. Join them. Learn the pleasure of quick starching and ironing. Get Quick Elastic—"that quick kind"—in the yellow box. Entirely different. Get it.

THE HUBINGER CO. • KEOKUK, IOWA

CHANGE TO THE BUTTERCUP YELLOW BOX

FRIENDS SAY, "YOU HAVE THE LOVELIEST CLEAN, CRISP CURTAINS"

"I WAS AMAZED AT THE WAY THE IRON GLIDES"

"THE GRANDES STARCH I EVER USED"

Kathie's blue-and-white cotton pinafore and sunbonnet.



White pinafore, blue ribbons for Sunday.



For work or play: Margaret Ann in pinafore of printed chintz, plain piqué; big or little sizes.



Red checked chintz pinafore for daughter, red striped seersucker jumper for mother, for morning.



PHOTOS BY VLLA

Time for breakfast and a morning in the sun: Kathie wears blue seersucker sun suit, sunbonnet—easy to tub; no ironing.

The Day of the Pinafore

By Ruth Mary Packard

JUST give me something easy to get into, easy to wash and iron—and something with a little life in it," says Kate Naton with a sparkle in her eyes. She likes the idea of the simple red seersucker jumper with big pockets, adjustable side buckles, worn with a short-sleeved white blouse—for mealtime, making cookies, doing dishes. (This jumper buttons over another dress when there isn't time to change.) For marketing, there's a beige rayon-and-cotton, also washable, with a gay checked shirt; for afternoons at home, a pretty blue piqué with a rose-printed cotton blouse. Unrationed red rope-soled espadrilles worn with cotton stockings or no stockings are comfortable, right for these dresses and save other shoes.

"I've always loved little girls in pinafores," Mrs. Naton says, and starts Kathie out young—at sixteen months—with a seersucker pinafore sun suit for every day, little blue-and-white and red-and-white ones for afternoon and Sunday. Margaret Ann wears a red-and-white pinafore for helping with baby sister, yellow chambray for dress up. All these button in the back, go over the ironing board easily.

Ready and waiting for the party: Kathie in white dimity; Margaret in yellow chambray.



Mrs. Naton's seersucker jumper, neat and practical, no frills; doesn't even need ironing.



Jumper change: blue piqué with slit pockets, printed cotton shirt; all-day wear.



Marketing jumper: beige rayon-and-cotton gabardine; checked blouse.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

FASHION INSPIRED BY CONSERVATION: sleeveless jumper dresses take less fabric and less labor than dresses with sleeves; children's pinafores, besides being pretty as a picture, are practical because they're not so quickly outgrown as dresses with sleeves—let down hems for a second season.

Sister dresses of blue-and-white stripes; two-piece, worn also as bare-midriff style.



Judy Garland

IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

"Girl Crazy"



★ It creates a lovely new complexion



★ It helps conceal tiny complexion faults



★ It stays on for hours without re-powdering

Look as pretty as a picture...in just a few seconds

It's exciting to discover that you can create flattering new beauty quickly and easily with Pan-Cake Make-Up. You'll be thrilled with the lovely new complexion it imparts, with the touch of glamour it gives your natural beauty...and as the hours go by you'll realize it is the one make-up that remains fresh and lovely without re-powdering. Try Pan-Cake Make-Up...created by *Max Factor Hollywood* originally for Technicolor pictures...and you, like millions of girls and women, will be devoted to it forever.



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U. S. Pat. Off.

ORIGINATED BY

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

Max Factor* Hollywood

Wartime do's and don't's

FRIGIDAIRE

tells how to make room in a crowded refrigerator



Buy War Bonds for Victory

If your refrigerator was crowded in normal times, chances are it has an even bigger job to do as you cooperate with necessary wartime measures. Less frequent deliveries, fewer trips to market, mean storing more foods and keeping them longer. You use more fresh vegetables; make soup, bake beans and prepare other foods you used to buy in cans!

Today, knowing what to *leave out* of your refrigerator may be almost as important as knowing what to *put in*! Here are some timely do's and don't's that may help you "stretch" your refrigerator a size larger!



Do
Foods that must be refrigerated

- All dairy products.** Store all except ice cream on open shelves. Store ice cream in freezer. Store butter and "soft" cheese in covered containers; wrap hard cheese in waxed paper or clean cloth wrung out of vinegar.
- Meat, fowl, fish.** Keep in meat tray or loosely wrapped in waxed paper below freezer. Exceptions: Always wrap fish to prevent odor transfer. Wrap mildly cured meats like bacon in cloth wrung out of vinegar to prevent mold. Wrap and freeze ground meats, variety meats, and fish if not to be used at once; poultry and other meats if to be kept several days.
- Frozen foods of all kinds.** Wrap and keep in freezer.
- Fresh green and salad vegetables.** Keep in vegetable compartment or other covered container.
- Fresh "ripe" fruits.** Store in covered container. Berries keep best in shallow pan, covered loosely with waxed paper.*
- Other:** Cover and store cooked, opened, canned, and bottled goods (not mentioned under "don't" or "maybe").*

*Some refrigerators are designed to provide temperature and humidity conditions that make it unnecessary to cover foods.



Don't
Foods that need not be refrigerated

- Sugar preserved foods.** Dates, jelly, jam, honey, syrup.
- Fresh foods.** Bananas (which should never be refrigerated) avocados, potatoes, sweet potatoes, parsnips, turnips, beets, dry onions, squash.
- Dried fruits** if in a cool, dry atmosphere. But in a warm, humid atmosphere it is best to keep dried prunes, apricots, etc., in the refrigerator.
- Other:** Vinegar, dried spices, split peas, popcorn, unopened canned and bottled goods (except fresh milk and cream), cooking fats (other than bacon grease and drippings) if they will be used up in a short time.

A good rule when storing food: When in doubt, store in the refrigerator.



Maybe
Foods that can be refrigerated
(if space is available)

Some foods do not require refrigeration for safe-keeping, but are improved in taste when thoroughly chilled. Others keep better in the refrigerator but can be left out. Among these are:

- Carbonated beverages*
- Pickles and olives*
- Fresh oranges, grapefruits, limes and lemons*
- Fresh peaches and pears, not fully ripe*
- Pineapples, melons*, cabbage, cucumbers, watermelons*
- Bread, cake, pies and other pastries
- Peanut butter and salad dressing

*If space is limited, chill only enough of these foods and beverages for immediate needs. Store the remainder outside of the refrigerator.

Next Month: "Care of the Refrigerator"

Get a Free copy of WARTIME SUGGESTIONS from your Frigidaire Dealer

This valuable 36-page booklet tells how to make your refrigerator serve better and last longer under wartime conditions. It gives simple, helpful suggestions like those on this page. Get your free copy from any Frigidaire dealer.

Look for his store sign or find his name and address in your classified telephone directory under REFRIGERATORS — ELECTRIC. Or write Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, 362 Taylor Street, Dayton, Ohio.



FRIGIDAIRE REFRIGERATORS

When you need refrigerator help, call an approved Frigidaire Service Dealer listed under this heading in your classified telephone directory.



PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS
"FOR SERVICE CALL"



FRIGIDAIRE Division of GENERAL MOTORS

Peacetime builders of Home Appliances, Commercial Refrigeration, Air Conditioners

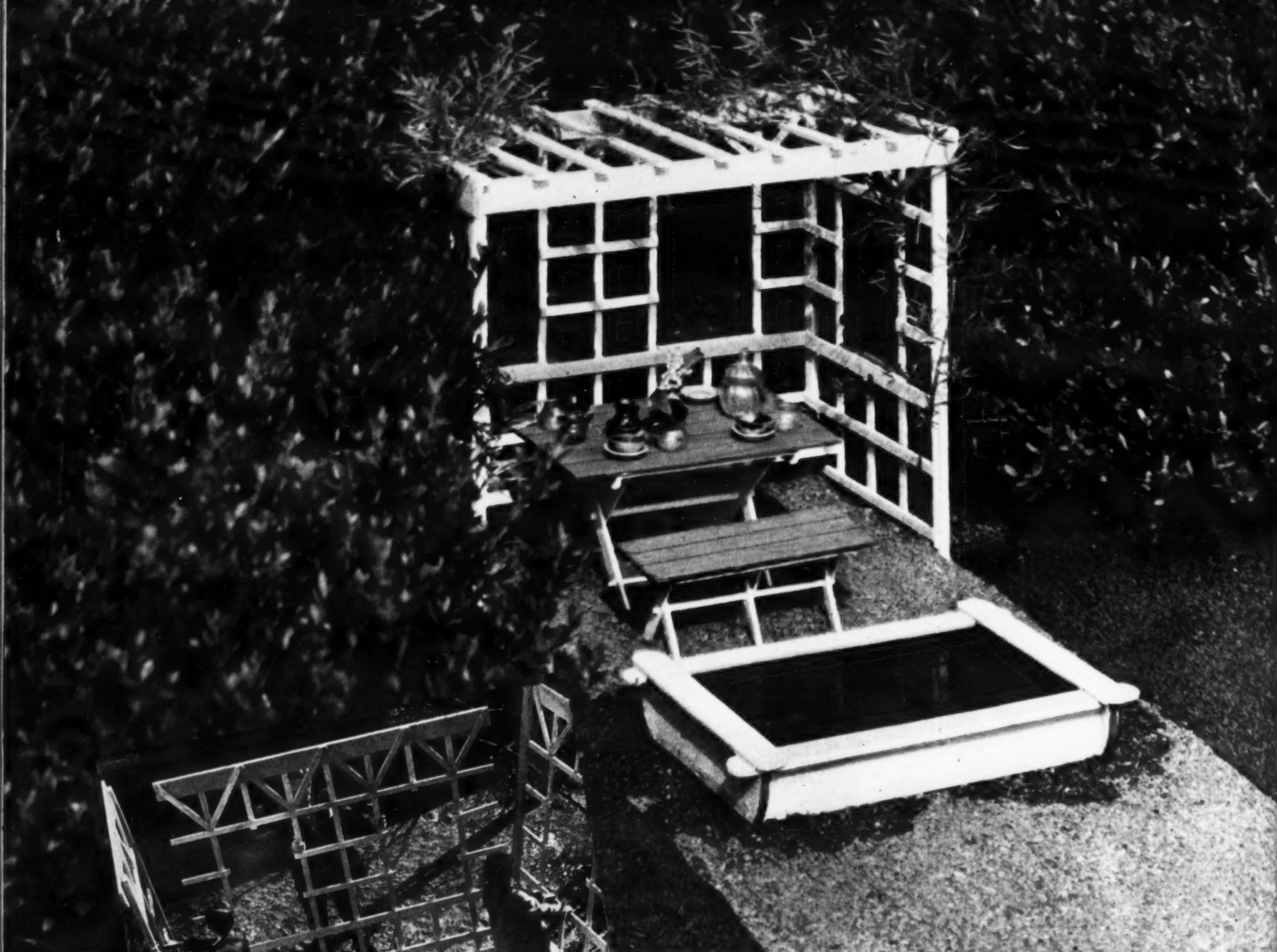


PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

Arbor, table, bench, wading pool and setting are previewed here in small-model form.



Peter, Jr., and Margaret Ann help their father put the arbor in place after having cut the pieces and nailed them together. Once sides and back have been fastened, the top is laid on without trouble. Short stakes at the posts keep it secure. For directions for making, send 10 cents to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila., Pa., for GARDEN PIECES, No. 1427.

BY RICHARD PRATT

BACK-YARD RETREAT

THERE are countless back yards like that of the Natons', too small or soil-poor for satisfactory gardening, which can be converted, like theirs, into an extra room for summer living, easing in many ways the warm-weather situation within the house. Here, for instance, the Natons now can have as many of their meals in the open as the weather permits, and the children can have an ideal outdoor place in which to play. The arbor stands at the end of a wide gravel carpet, surrounded by lilacs. It has an eight-foot bench built in across the back, and shelters a trestle table and trestle bench. Outside is a wading or dabbling pool for the children—or even, after dark, for the adults. The arbor, furniture and pool can be made at home from a simple-to-follow pattern, with materials costing less than twenty-five dollars. The pool is rather special, being nothing but a shallow box, lined inside with water-proof tarpaulin, and fitted with a flat board coping for comfortable sitting. It requires no digging or drainage; is filled by means of a hose and emptied with a siphon or a dipping pail, and can be leaned end up against the garage for the winter. The gravel strip, arbor-wide, is a practical feature, especially if it is underlaid with larger stones, for it is far more durable than grass, and absorbs all the oversplashing from the pool. The best shrub for completing the privacy of the arbor is the common lilac, which from a good six-foot nursery plant soon turns into a tall, thick protection, beautiful in bloom and foliage. The best perennial vine for the arbor is *Clematis paniculata*, which by midsummer every season will have laid a dense green roof across the lattice and will be a drift of white flowers by early September.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
 Washington, D. C.

Lumber stocks are low in some sections, so don't waste; make scrap and secondhand pieces do whenever possible. Save nails. Preserve paint; clean brushes promptly, carefully; and treat your tools tenderly—make a virtue of scarcity.

WHY BUY BREAD

BLINDFOLDED?



**WHEN MARVEL
IS THE ONLY
NATIONALLY-SOLD
BREAD THAT'S**

**DATED
Fresh
DAILY!**



THIS "DATE" IS YOUR GUARANTEE MARVEL IS BAKERY FRESH

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES
(Except on Pacific Coast)



Fostoria
MADE IN U.S.A.

For blithe or quiet hours *Navarre*

This delightful "Master-Etching" catches the mood of any occasion. *Navarre* is equally *à propos* at a tea or cocktail party, family meal or formal dinner. Everything you could want for yourself or a gift... candlesticks to cordials... is made in this charming handmade crystal. And your budget will like the thrifty price. See *Navarre* at your Fostoria dealer's. It's open stock.

Send for folder showing other pieces and prices. Write Department 4313.

F O S T O R I A
GLASS COMPANY · · · MOUNDSVILLE · WEST VIRGINIA

A WEEK'S MEALS

BY LOU LEE & SIBBON

Tuesday

MRS. NATON finds planning meals harder than it used to be. To lend a hand, we went to work on a week's meals for a family of six—the children about the ages of Kathie, Raymond, Margaret Ann and Peter. We've sparred with points and spared as many pennies as possible. We shopped, too, and carried our own bundles, as most of you are doing. And we kept one eye peeled for bargains, the other fixed on vitamins and food values.

This week's meals cost about \$23 at supermarket prices, with the whole family on hand for every meal. With a garden of your own and further price regulation, you might manage on less, depending on where you live. These are not pen-and-ink meals. We cooked and served every one of them. Our "family" heartily agreed that even in these wartime days meals can be made good to look at and to eat if you set your mind to it. So let's eat!

BREAKFAST: Grapefruit Juice; Ready-to-Eat Cereal; Muffins and "Spread"; Coffee—adults; Milk—children.

LUNCH: Cream-of-Tomato Soup; Egg-and-Lettuce Sandwiches; Apple Rennet Dessert.

Preparation helps: Add any leftover Monday soup to 1 can condensed tomato soup. Stretch with 3 cups diluted evaporated milk. Season. For dessert, pour vanilla rennet-dessert mixture, prepared according to package directions and flavored with almond extract, over chopped apples in dessert dishes. Allow to set at room temperature and chill.

DINNER: Liver Loaf; Creamed Potatoes and Parsley (or noodles if potatoes are hard to get); Vegetable Salad; Bread and Peanut Butter; Fresh Fruit; Milk.

Preparation helps: See page 44 for Liver Loaf. Use parsley as a food—not just as garnish.

Sunday

Wednesday

BREAKFAST: Orange-Strawberry Treat; Cornmeal Waffles with Maple Dip; Coffee—adults; Milk—children.

Preparation helps: Stretch 1 pint strawberries with sliced oranges. Maple Dip— $\frac{3}{4}$ cup maple sirup heated with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of spread (margarine and butter mixed Saturday after shopping).

DINNER: Chicken Fricassee; Potatoes; Gravy; Buttered Peas; Radishes and Scallions; Bread and "Spread"; Cherry Chess Pie; Milk.

Preparation helps: Cook extra potatoes for supper salad and Tuesday's loaf. Save pea pods for Monday's soup. See page 104 for Cherry Chess Pie.

SUPPER: Chicken-and-Giblet Sandwiches; Calico Salad; Jam Cookies; Milk—children; Iced Honey Tea—adults.

Preparation helps: Calico Salad—4 potatoes; 1 can mixed vegetables, drained; 1 onion; 1 hard-cooked egg; 3 sweet pickles; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad dressing and seasonings.

BREAKFAST: Orange Juice; Cooked Cereal; Toast and Jam; Coffee—adults; Milk—children.

Preparation helps: Cook extra cereal to have 1 cup left over.

LUNCH: French Toasted-Cheese Sandwiches; Raw-Vegetable Salad; Milk.

Preparation helps: Make cheese sandwiches. Dip in mixture of 2 beaten eggs and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diluted evaporated milk. Sauté in a little fat.

DINNER: Broiled-Lamb-Cereal Patties; Broiled Tomato Slices; Peas with "Onion Butter"; Bread and "Spread"; Cole-slaw; Canned Peaches; Milk.

Preparation helps: Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ pound ground lamb with 1 cup cooked cereal, chopped onion, salt and pepper. Shape in patties. Roll in 1 cup crushed cereal flakes. Arrange in greased pan. Broil about twenty minutes, without turning. Save pea pods for Thursday soup. For onion butter, cook 1 onion, chopped, in 2 tablespoons "spread." Add to peas.

Monday

Thursday

BREAKFAST: Orange Juice; Cooked Cereal; Toast and Jam; Coffee—adults; Milk—children.

LUNCH: Potpourri Chicken Soup; Peanut-Butter Sandwiches; Fruit Gelatin; Jam Cookies; Milk.

Preparation helps: Make soup from chicken bones, gravy, carrot scrapings and pea pods, onion and seasoning. Simmer. Strain and add cooked noodles.

DINNER: Spinach Ring; Creamed Carrots; Baked Tomatoes—Cereal Stuffing; Bread and "Spread"; Fruit Cup; Milk—children; Iced Tea—adults.

Preparation helps: Make ring from $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. spinach, cooked, drained and chopped; a cream sauce using 4 tablespoons fat, 4 tablespoons flour and 2 cups milk; 1 cup bread crumbs; seasonings and 2 beaten eggs. Bake in greased ring mold in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven, 350° F., thirty minutes or until set. Turn out. Serve creamed carrots in center. Stuffed tomatoes—mix 1 cup ready-to-eat cereal flakes with chopped centers of tomatoes, salt, pepper and onion. Stuff and bake.

BREAKFAST: Applesauce; Honey-Peanut-Butter Toast; Ready-to-Eat Cereal; Coffee—adults; Milk—children.

LUNCH: Cream-of-Vegetable Soup; Whole-Wheat Crackers; Cottage Cheese-and-Peach Salad; Milk.

Preparation helps: Cook pea pods from Wednesday. To liquid, add leftover creamed potatoes, a chopped onion and a diced carrot, plus other leaves of greens. Add water and cook. Purée. Add diluted evaporated milk. Season and heat.

DINNER: Beef Stew with Dressing; Cabbage-Gelatin Salad; Bread and "Spread"; Graham-Cracker Cupcakes with Butterscotch Filling; Milk—children; Tea—adults.

Preparation helps: Start stew with 1 pound meat, cut in cubes. Stretch with carrots and celery—have plenty of gravy. Make a moist-bread dressing with an egg in it. Bake in greased muffin pans. Serve stew over dressing rounds. For salad, use a lemon-flavored gelatin dessert—leftover canned-peach sirup for part of liquid and shredded cabbage for crispness.

WINS

Help Fight the Black Market!

Black-market foods may be unsanitary. Steer clear of them. Never buy from a storekeeper who is willing to sell you rationed foods without stamps, or at prices higher than the ceiling.

Patterned for Points and Pep

Friday

★ **BREAKFAST:** Orange Juice; Cooked Cereal; Toast and Jam; Coffee—adults; Milk—children.
★ **LUNCH:** Salad from Thursday; Stuffed Eggs; Bread and Peanut Butter; Cupcakes from Thursday; Hot Cocoa.
★ **DINNER:** Baked Stuffed Fish Fillets; Potatoes Cooked in Jackets; Buttered Beets and Greens; Bread and "Spread"; Cherry Bread Pudding; Milk.
★ *Preparation helps:* Prepare a bread stuffing. Put an egg in it and add hot water. Season well but skip the fat this time. Put between fish fillets (1½ pounds) sandwich fashion. Pour 1 eight-ounce can tomato sauce over top and bake thirty minutes in moderate oven, 350° F. Cooking potatoes in jackets saves food value—much of the goodness just under the skin. Means less waste too. Cook beets and greens separately. Chop both and combine. See page 104 for Cherry Bread Pudding.

Saturday

★ **BREAKFAST:** Sliced Oranges; Scrambled Eggs with Bread Cubes; Toast and Jam; Coffee—adults; Milk—children.
★ *Preparation helps:* Make 4 eggs go farther by adding 1½ cups diced bread with the milk when you scramble them.
★ **LUNCH:** Asparagus Soup; Celery-and-Lettuce Sandwiches; Tea—adults; Chocolate Milk—children.
★ *Preparation helps:* Break off tough ends of asparagus (to be used for dinner) and peel them. Use with odds and ends from salad pan to make soup.
★ **DINNER:** Asparagus Goldenrod; Cold Cuts; Raw-Vegetable Fingers; Bread and "Spread"; Peanut-Butter Pudding; Iced Tea—adults; Milk—children.
★ *Preparation helps:* Peanut-butter Pudding—blend 3 tablespoons cornstarch with ½ cup cold water. Add 6 tablespoons peanut butter, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup honey and 3 cups milk. Cook until thick—stir constantly. Add nuts.

OTHER SUGGESTIONS

Baby's Meals: We have allowed for a baby's needs in the cost. As each meal was being cooked for the older children and adults, a suitable menu was prepared for baby too. The meals are so planned that very little extra preparation is necessary—though occasionally you will make substitutions just as you are used to doing.

MARKET ORDER

Here's what it takes to feed a family of six for a week. If a delivery can be made, or family goes along on Saturday to help carry bundles, bulk of shopping can be done then; the rest of the fresh things on Tuesday and Thursday. Otherwise break your staple order up into the three trips.

Dairy Products: 23 quarts fresh milk; 9 fourteen-ounce cans evaporated milk (equivalent to 7 quarts fresh milk); ½ pint light cream; ¼ pound soft spreading cheese; ½ pound cottage cheese.

Fruits and Vegetables: 1 bunch radishes; 1 bunch scallions; 4 pounds peas; 7 bunches carrots; 12 pounds potatoes; 1 bunch parsley; 2 pounds tomatoes; 2 pounds onions; 2 bunches celery; 1½ pounds spinach; 1 head cabbage; 4 heads greens; 2 bunches beets and tops; 1 green pepper; 1 bunch asparagus; 1 quart sour cherries; 3 dozen oranges; 3 lemons; 5 pounds apples; 1 pint strawberries; 2 pounds grapes.

Meat, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Nuts: 3 dozen eggs; 5 pounds chicken; ¾ pound

beef liver—5 points; ¾ pound ground lamb—5 points; 1 pound beef for stew—6 points; 1½ pounds fish fillets; ½ pound cold cuts—4 points; ¼ pound shelled walnuts.

Bread and Cereal: 2 large packages ready-to-eat wheat cereal; 2 packages cereal to cook; 1-pound box enriched graham crackers; 1 package wheat wafers; 10 loaves enriched or whole-wheat bread; ¼ pound rice; 2 cups corn meal; 6 ounces noodles.

Canned Goods: 1-pint-1-ounce can mixed vegetables—11 points; 1-pint-2-ounce can grapefruit juice—4 points; 10½-ounce can tomato soup—3 points; 1-pound-13-ounce can peaches—24 points; 8-ounce can tomato sauce—8 points; 6 7½-ounce cans chopped vegetables or vegetable soup for baby—12 points.

Fats: 1-pound peanut butter; 1 pound margarine—5 points; ¾ pound butter—6 points; 1 pound shortening—5 points; 1 pint dressing.

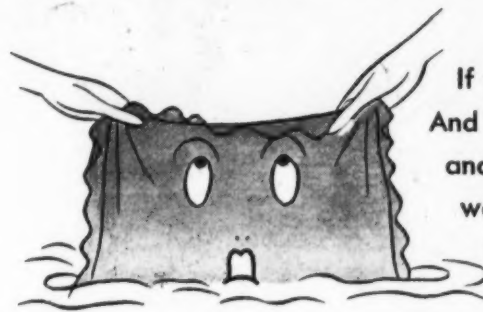
Sweets: 1 package vanilla rennet dessert; 1 package raspberry and 1 package lemon flavored gelatin desserts; 1 package butter-scotch pudding; maple-flavored sirup, 12 fluid ounces; 1 jar honey—15 ounces; corn sirup, 1½ pounds; 1¾ pounds sugar—not all of the sweets completely used.

Staples: 2 jars homemade jam; 1 jar homemade pickles; 6 tablespoons tea; cocoa; 2 cups cake flour; 7 cups enriched flour; cornstarch; baking powder; ½ pound coffee from family allotment (coffee once a day for two adults); salt; pepper; spices; flavorings.

Good reason for a Victory Garden—the Naton brood prefers carrots to ice cream. Margaret Ann will eat anything raw—loves raw peas.

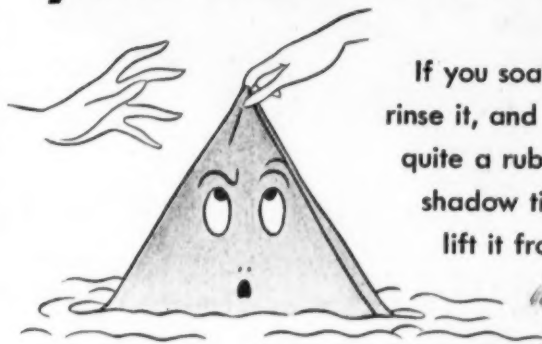


If at first...



If you have a dainty hanky
And it's soiled and stained
and gray—And you
wash your little hanky
in the or-di-nary way...

you don't succeed...

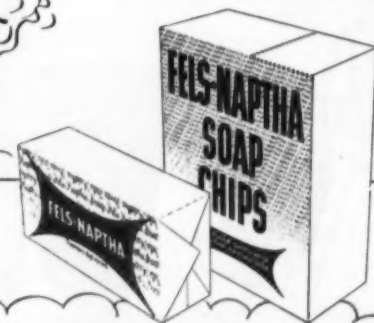


If you soak it and you
rinse it, and you give it
quite a rub—Yet that ghostly
shadow tints it when you
lift it from the tub...

try Fels-Naptha Soap!



Don't be peevish, cross or
cranky—Just remember, *there*
is Hope! For you'll have
a clean white hanky if you
use FELS-NAPTHA SOAP.



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"!





DELICIOUSLY
COMBINED JUICES



Every vegetable is mighty important now

And there's a whole garden of fresh vegetable goodness in every can of V-8! That makes V-8 important, too. Its delicious, distinctive flavor comes from its inspired combination of juices from many carefully cultivated vegetables, sun-drenched in country gardens. But that's not all. Vegetables create vitamins and minerals and V-8 contains those nutritive elements that can be conserved by pasteurizing. All this garden goodness is fostered by good cultivation and if you want your Victory Garden to be really a success—give it loving care. And, for inspiration, to keep you at it, enjoy ice-cold V-8 often and see how good vegetables can be!

Vitamins A-B-C, Calcium
and Iron conserved
by pasteurizing



TASTY COMBINATIONS

There are many ways to use V-8—fun to make and very tasty. For new booklet of V-8 Recipes write to Loudon Packing Co., Terre Haute, Ind.



RED AND RIPE

CHERRIES AND BERRIES FOR MIDSUMMER DESSERTS

By Louella G. Shower

CHERRIES

You've been baking cherry pies through many summers. Use your favorite rule—but this year try part honey for sweetening, and a crisscross crust to save shortening. Here's a one-crust that's a little different.

Cherry Chess Pie. Pit 1 quart sour pie cherries. Mix 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup honey, pinch of salt and 1 tablespoon melted shortening. Stir in 2 beaten eggs and mix with the cherries. Pour into unbaked piecrust. Bake in hot oven, 450° F., for fifteen minutes, or until it is golden brown. Reduce heat to 350° and bake until set. Cool. Serves 6.

Cherry Bread Pudding. To 2 cups pitted sour cherries add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup corn sirup and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Beat 2 eggs slightly and add $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups scalded milk, a pinch of salt and 2 teaspoons melted shortening. Have ready $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups bread crumbs. In a shallow casserole put a layer of cherries, then half the crumbs, then half the custard. Repeat. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., thirty-five to forty minutes, or until set. Serves 6.

Cherry Dumplings. Sweeten $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 quarts pitted sour cherries. Heat slowly. Sift 2 cups flour with 3 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Work in 2 tablespoons shortening. Add 1 cup milk. Stir together gently with a fork. Bring cherries and juice to a boil. Drop in dumplings by spoonfuls. Cover and cook fifteen minutes—without so much as a peep. Serves 6 to 8.

Cherry Pudding-Cake. Sift together three times: 2 cups cake flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar. Beat 2 egg yolks, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup melted, but not hot, shortening or salad oil. Add liquids to dry ingredients. Beat until smooth. Beat the 2 egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar gradually, beating after each addition. Fold into batter, then fold in 1 cup drained pitted sour cherries. Pour into square loaf pan, greased and lined with paper. Sprinkle batter with cinnamon and 2 tablespoons brown sugar. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., from forty-five to fifty-five minutes, or until done. Turn out. Serve hot with a cherry sauce or cold as cake.

To Can Cherries. GOLD PACK: Wash, stem and pit. Pack raw. Cover with boiling light sirup to half inch from top. **Light sirup:** To 1 gallon water use 5 cups sugar; or $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups honey and $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar; or $3\frac{1}{3}$ cups sugar and $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups white corn sirup. Boil five minutes. It takes $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 cup sirup for each pint of fruit after it's in the jar. Ad-

Note: For all altitudes above 1000 feet increase process time 20 per cent for each additional 1000 feet. Hot-pack method saves more jar space, sugar, processing time than cold pack. If you wish to can them with little or no sugar, be sure to have sufficient juice. You may have to crush some cherries to get extra juice, as no water should be added.

just lids. Process in boiling water twenty-five minutes.

HOT PACK: Sweeten—add no water. Precook three to five minutes. Pack hot. Adjust lids. Process ten minutes. Water bath.

OPEN KETTLE: Add sweetening to taste. Let stand three to four hours. Bring to boil. Boil five minutes. Pack hot in sterilized jars. Seal at once.

RED AND BLACK RASPBERRIES

Whether you pick them from your own bushes or know the haunts of the wild ones, berry picking is well worth the scratches. To skimp on sugar when you're going to serve them plain from the berry bowl or on puddings or breakfast cereal, sweeten delicately with honey—not too much, it's the raspberry flavor you want. . . . Unsweetened, they add a note of color to the fruit salad. Going to have cottage cheese for supper? Raspberries are right there too. . . . A few in the lemonade make cold pretties for a porch snack. Or you might make up a raspberry sirup to use in other thirst quenchers. . . . Raspberries on or in are big dessert doin's. By the time strawberries have bowed their way out, raspberries are ready to take over the shortcake field.

Raspberry Chantilly. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff. Add 6 tablespoons sugar, by tablespoonfuls, beating after each addition. Fold in a pint of whole raspberries—gently, it's a lacy look you want. Serve very cold. Dessert for 6. Might be a cake topper, too, on occasion. Don't use for frosting unless the cake is to be eaten the day it is made.

Raspberry Frozen Glacé. Cook $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder until sirup spins long threads. Cool a minute while you beat 2 egg whites, with a pinch of salt, till stiff and frothy. Add sirup in fine stream—beating all the while. Beat until cool. Crush 1 pint raspberries and fold into frosting. Chill 1 cup light cream in freezing tray until it begins to freeze just around the edge. Scrape out and beat until thick and custardlike. Halfway along, 1 teaspoon lemon juice gives it a push. Fold into raspberry mixture. Pour into freezing tray. Freeze as quickly as possible until firm, two to four hours, depending on your refrigerator. Serves 6.

To Can Raspberries and Other Small Berries. Wash and remove caps and stems. Extract juice from smaller imperfect berries to use for part of the water in making the light sirup. (See under "Cherries" for sirup proportions.) Berries keep their shape better for dessert purposes if packed raw—though they rise to top of jar when processed. Fill jars. Cover with hot sirup. Process twenty minutes in boiling water. For pies or when appearance isn't important, precook berries and pack hot. To each pound berries add about $\frac{1}{4}$ pound sugar—just enough to sweeten. Stir gently and boil three to four minutes. Pack hot and process five minutes in boiling water. (See note to "Cherries.")

WINS

ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

Save ration points! Eat more fresh vegetables and fruits. Cherries are ripe—soon there'll be raspberries and "black caps" and currants. Can all you can for your winter vitamin supply. Homemade jams and jellies, made now, will dress up winter desserts.



This is how a
NEW 1943 NORGE
would look in your kitchen

Startling, isn't it? But here is the new 1943 Norge Rollator Refrigerator which you are doing without.

The American behind the pair of guns can swing his turret completely around as swiftly as you can point your finger. In a flash, he can tilt his sights up to the sky or dart them toward ground or water.

No foe in air, on land, on sea is fleet enough to elude his searching aim. The target found, he can check his motion in a hair's breadth and, in the same split instant, can loose a shattering stream of fire.

Such is the new Norge for 1943. It embodies more than the actual steel and other critical materials which would have gone into your refrig-

erator. Into it have gone, too, the bold imagination, the conscientious skill, the mechanical deftness, the "know-how" which have made Norge refrigerators so fine in the past and which would have made your new Norge the finest ever built.

Your reward for doing without your new Norge is the knowledge that you, too, have helped to speed the day of Victory and Peace.

When the guns are stilled, you can be sure that Norge thinking and Norge skill, stimulated by the stern school of war, will bring you even greater satisfaction, greater convenience than you have enjoyed before.

NORGE DIVISION BORG-WARNER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

NORGE

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

ROLLATOR REFRIGERATION • ELECTRIC RANGES
 WASHERS • GAS RANGES • HOME HEATERS



Garden getup! Two-piece jumper dress; fresh white blouse.



Headline news for pig-tails—fresh daisies, held with elastic band.

VICTORY GARDEN SEEDS



"How well the skillful gardener drew." Left—striped cotton with ruffles. Right—cotton pinafore, ruffled skirt.

Glamour, glamour everywhere. Pale blue denim shorts; white cotton shirt.

PHOTOS BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.

V for Variety

Candy-striped cottons this summer are going to be the light of your sunshiny life. *No ban* on being glamorous in a red-and-white-striped cotton jumper with a fresh white blouse. *No trouble* to take over your brother's odd jobs around the house—dressed in a pair of pale blue denim shorts and a spick-and-span white shirt; or to take over your best beau's furlough, looking pretty in an apron skirt and embroidered blouse! *No shortage* on morning shopping dresses—to market, to market in a blue-and-white-striped dress with ruffled pockets, or a full-skirted pinafore. It's time to take advantage of a wardrobe filled with a variety of inexpensive clothes—and there's *no time* like the present! **BY DAWN CROWELL**

Rayon dress; purple Faille long-shorts, ruffled blouse. Newest turban tie! It's in the folding—you can do it.



Informal party dresses: left—linen-weave apron skirt; right—rickrack-trimmed dirndl, sheer blouse.



Latest hair-do! Divide hair, equal parts. Tie tiny bows.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

YES, shoes are rationed, but that doesn't mean you'll go barefoot! You can (1) buy NON-RATIONED, NON-PRIORITY play shoes for many summer activities; (2) SAVE the loves of your life, high-heeled dress shoes, for special occasions; (3) USE RATION POINTS for all-around, practical, STURDY SHOES for many of your clothes.



My Shoe Coupon Too ?

You Really Don't Need His Coupon!

The fact is, a woman does not need two coupons at a time . . . if she buys her shoes wisely.

You'll soon discover that a single pair of SELBY ARCH PRESERVER Shoes does double duty, giving you both style and comfort.

And what's more, they'll wear . . . and wear!

You have only to look at SELBY ARCH PRESERVER Shoes to see that they are extremely good looking, and you have only to slip into a pair to feel the comfort that's built right into them.

That's because under the outer arch, there's a patented hidden steel bridge that supports your walking

weight and keeps your shoes trim and shapely. The flat innersole lessens foot fatigue because it leaves the toes free and easy and gives your foot a natural treadbase.

To these patented features—which no other shoe has—add quality leathers and expert workmanship, and it's easy to see why the woman who chooses ARCH PRESERVERS turns in her one and only coupon with utter confidence that she has made the right choice.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Selby ARCH PRESERVER Shoes

CREATED FOR PEACETIME COMFORT . . . PRICELESS IN WARTIME



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Slightly Higher in Western States and Canada



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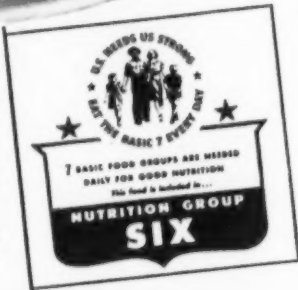
"THEY'RE SO EASY TO WEAR"

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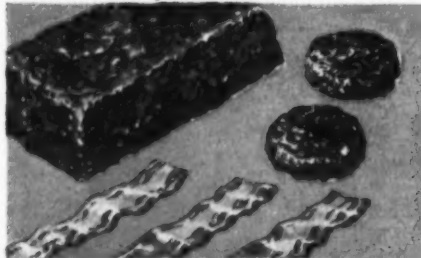
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**THIS DELICIOUS NUTRITIOUS
"3-FOOD MEAL" SAVES TIME
FUEL—WORK—OTHER FOODS**



SAVE TIME, WORK, FUEL! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are ready to eat. No cooking is required, no messy pans and skillets to clean up—even the dishes are easier to wash. (How those things count these busy days!) Great for any meal.



STRETCH MEAT—MAKE MILK GO FARTHER! In addition to serving Kellogg's Corn Flakes as "meatless meals," use them to extend meat in meat loaves, hamburgers, croquettes, patties, etc. They help stretch precious milk, too . . . you need less than a glassful per serving.



VALUABLE PROTEIN! The protein supplied (2.2 grams) by a normal serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and a normal amount of milk (4.1 grams protein) is a valuable contribution to daily protein requirements . . . helps make up for scarce protein foods and their vitamins.



WHOLE GRAIN NUTRITIVE VALUES! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are restored to whole grain nutritive values through the addition of thiamin (vitamin B₁), niacin and iron, as recommended by the U. S. Official Nutrition Food Rules.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

THE "SELF-STARTER BREAKFAST"

1. Kellogg's Corn Flakes
2. Fruit
3. Milk

**VITAMINS! MINERALS!
PROTEINS! FOOD ENERGY!**



NAVY NURSE

(Continued from Page 23)

Francesca said thoughtfully, "I suppose that Mrs. Wilson will live in a couple of rooms somewhere, or home with mamma for the duration. One overstuffed chair crawly with mohair and a baby pen taking up half the place."

"Still, it's kind of a cute baby," said Janet. "I mean, there it is—kind of cute and wiggling. If you don't have 'em when you can, you never do."

"You are getting soft," laughed Francesca. "Or are you falling for the Scandinavian?"

"He doesn't believe in getting married." Janet's voice sounded flat. "He thinks a man is a fool to get tied up until the war's over. Not fair to a girl."

"Evidently he went to the trouble to explain," Francesca commented shrewdly. "Must be on his mind."

They crossed the drive and a car swooped past. A girl's laugh floated back.

Francesca said, "That was Sally and Doctor Stevens again. She's out for the money, all right. He's too good for her. I hate for him to get a bad deal again."

"You like him too?" Janet knew the question was an admission.

"What if I do? Sally wouldn't let me speak to him except in the ward. You know how it is; she's always on the side he comes in."

"Yes, I know. She just manages things," Janet sighed.

"Well, even the Rainbow Room wouldn't lure me tonight," said Francesca. "I'm going to bed. Good old single bed."

The moon was pouring a flood of cool silver over the buildings. The officers' houses were lighted, someone was playing a piano. The light was just a diffusion, with the blackout curtains down, but the moon was bright as day. The music sounded dreamy and nostalgic, like music in a summer place at night. "One alone, to be my own," rippled the piano softly.

Janet got out of her uniform and put on an old blue flannel bathrobe. She could still hear the piano, and there was a bar of moonlight on her window sill. She felt suddenly almost too tired to move and a heavy feeling of futility weighed her down. She gathered up an armful of hose and slippers. Walking down the stairs to the laundry, she moved slowly, her blue velvet mules making a sad little sound in the corridor.

THE laundry was already in use. Two girls were washing girdles, a third was ironing a starched piqué collar. The sound of running water and the smell of steam filled the room. The girls were talking about dates. Janet spoke to them, but kept out of the conversation. She was just too tired to worry about Miss Anderson having that ensign again for dinner and was it going to lead to anything. If only she could throw off that sense of heaviness. *I am low enough to look up to the gutter*, she thought twisting her mouth wryly.

Well, what was the matter with her? She had what she wanted, and she knew she was a good nurse now, because it had come to her through the usual grapevine that Miss Williams thought she was promising. Also, they sent for her often for extra little jobs. And she was on surgery already. She'd be on special detail in the operating room in January. She had just what she wanted, didn't she? So what was the matter with her? That feeling as if something were lacking. No point to anything. Was it this morning she had felt so uplifted over being a Navy nurse?

She got a tub and sifted soap flakes in hot water and dipped in her underthings. She washed them grimly, squeezing the suds in and out. Who cared if the lace tore? Who cared? Well, there it was again.

Philip hadn't written for four days. Probably he was taking Annette Kenyon to the Harvest Ball at the country club. Annette would be just the one, with her dark, sleek beauty and her passion for having fun. And Annette would like to be Mrs. Philip Wakefield, no doubt about that.

JANET'S head was so hot, she finished the washing and ducked her head in fresh shampoo suds. She would not think of Philip again, not for a while. She wouldn't waste time thinking about Chris either.

She wished, passionately, that she had never seen him. She had seen him exactly three times and it was three times too many. Once on the train. Once at the penthouse party. Then the third time, he had asked her to go to the theater, and when they got there he had said hardly a word. His bright blue eyes smiled at her briefly, and then he seemed to go into an abstracted state so all her chatter fell as flat as melting ice cream. On the way home, he had commented on some friend who was getting married the next week.

"Don't you believe in marriage?" Janet asked.

His voice had sounded very strange, almost fierce. "Who would?" His jaw was set and his mouth thinned to a narrow line. "Of all the dumb things to do just now, that's the dumbest. Look at the poor guy—gets married next week, goes off and ends in Australia, maybe gets back, maybe not. Takes on a load of responsibility he just can't manage. And then there's the girl; wedded but no wife, as they used to say. Falls for some fellow around home after a while, and there's a nice mess to clean up. It doesn't make sense."

Janet said in a small voice, "No, I guess it doesn't."

"This case I know is even worse. The girl was an Army nurse. So she's out on her ear."

They were walking up the street by this time, nearing the hospital gates.

"Maybe they think it's worth it," Janet was surprised to hear herself say.

"Sure. They think so tonight and tomorrow. But how about six months from now? How about next year?"

Janet said sharply, "Well, you don't have to make a mistake."

"No. You're right—I don't." He added, "The time to stop is before you begin."

Janet took a long breath, because her heart was pounding. The wind was blowing from the ocean, and the salt came clean and cool to her lungs. She held out her hand. "Thank you for the play," she said stiffly. "And good night."

He took her hand and looked at her. His face looked a little pale, but perhaps that was just the moon coming through latticed leaves. "Well, if I am around next week"—he seemed to have difficulty speaking—"how about seeing This Is the Army?"

Janet shook her head. "I'm afraid not. I'm going with someone else."

"Oh," he said. "Oh, well, then. Is this what is known as the brush-off?"

"You should know." This was going very badly. She was shaking with anger. He was going to think she had lost interest just because he was not going to be in the market matrimonially speaking and had said so distinctly, warning her off early. The conceited,

(Continued on Page 110)



WHEN Janet Alden made up her mind to enter the U. S. Navy Nursing Corps, she went first to the Red Cross headquarters in her home town, Winnebago, Wisconsin, and made application. . . . The American Red Cross has been designated by the Government as the recruiting agency for nurses for both the Navy and the Army Nursing Corps. Trained nurses everywhere are urged to follow Janet's example.

★ *Let's*
HASTEN THE DAY ★



**It's our WAR
let's fight it
Now!**
**Buy
WAR BONDS
and
STAMPS**

EACH day brings us nearer to that brave new world of tomorrow — a world that is swiftly and surely rising, like a new planet, from the blood, sweat and tears of all peoples as a shining tribute to Democratic Ideals.

Let the boys come home to a new America in which every one can live not only decently but well; in which, the luxuries of today will be the necessities of tomorrow. Modern Kitchens, for instance.

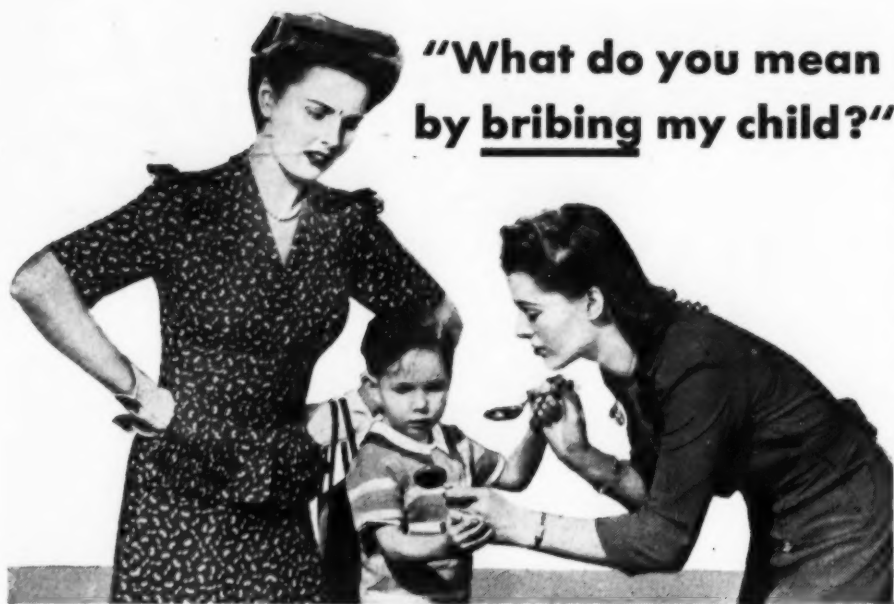
YPS designers and engineers are already planning new kitchen conveniences and new kitchen beauty for your present home or the new one you are planning.

There will be a YPS all-steel kitchen to fit your budget — and it will be worth waiting for!

YPS *Youngstown*
PRESSED STEEL DIVISION

OF **MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORP.**
WARREN, OHIO





"What do you mean by bribing my child?"

1. Peter had spent a week at my sister Lucy's while I was away, and I was looking forward to a nice welcome when I arrived. But when I saw her standing there with a lollipop in one hand and a tablespoon in the other, trying to bribe Peter to take his laxative, I was really shocked. And I guess I spoke pretty sharply to her.



2. "But what else could I do?" asked Lucy resignedly. "Peter needed a laxative, and he just refused to take the one I always use, because he didn't like the taste! So I thought I'd try offering him a lollipop for a reward. How do you ever get him to take a laxative?"



3. "I certainly don't bribe him," I answered. "I never need to! Instead of putting up a fuss when I give him a laxative, he reaches for the bottle and wants more! I always give him Fletcher's Castoria—and he loves it! And besides tasting good, it's safe and gentle, too."



4. "Don't you know it's a mistake to give a child the same laxative you use yourself? It might be too strong and upsetting for his delicate system. The doctor says Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children—so it's not at all harsh, and never upsets his stomach."



5. We went right across the street to the druggist's, and, I must say, Lucy was impressed when he, too, praised Fletcher's Castoria. "I always recommend it, not only for infants, but for children up to 10 years old," he said. I bought the money-saving Family Size bottle...



6. . . . and gave some to Peter when we got back. When Lucy saw him actually enjoy it, she was convinced. "Mind if I keep that bottle on hand for Peter's future visits?" she asked. "From now on—no more bribing!"

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA
The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Fletcher's Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

(Continued from Page 108)

smug male creature! As if she—just as if she would look at him! But she wasn't going out with him either!

"Look, have I done anything to offend you?" His voice was troubled. Moreover, he was still holding her hand. Oh, it was maddening, the way words never meant what they should.

"Certainly not." She spoke coldly. "I merely will be very busy next week. All week."

He dropped her hand. "And I guess this is where I came in, since I won't be around the next week, if you should have an extra half hour or so from your other dates."

They stared at each other in the pale green-white moonlight. He was pale and Janet's face was burning with color.

"Anyway, thanks a lot," he said. Suddenly he kissed her hard on the mouth. "Janet," he said.

His arms were hard and strong and his uniform pressed on her shoulder. Suddenly he let her go, and without another word or look he strode away in the shadows, leaving her motionless, staring after him.

Her mouth was hot and she felt tears prick her eyelids. Her feelings were whirling around like an egg beater. She stood there until she saw the guard, and then she fled to the quarters. The worst of it was, she knew she had kissed him back.

Now, as she shook back her hair and rubbed her neck dry, she wished she had been able to manage that last date better. She should have been smooth and light and clever, the way Sally would have been, or quick to prick the bubble of masculine conceit the way Francesca would have. He must have thought she was a perfect idiot.

Why did he kiss her?

The soft curls feathered back, drops of water still shining on the short ends. She brushed a curve around her ears. Her eyes looked dark with fatigue. He probably kissed her because he thought she wanted to be kissed. Or he was sorry for her. Well, she was sorry for him, she told herself fiercely. By the time the war was over and he was ready to look at a girl, he'd have a hard time. You couldn't put love off forever.

She would definitely never think of Chris Nordstrom again. That episode was over. He needn't worry that she would throw herself at his head. But why in the world had he kissed her? Remembering, her mouth softened in spite of herself.

One of the nurses, ironing a slip, was singing softly. The rest had gone away, piles of clothes in their arms, heads wrapped in towels. "I threw a kiss in the ocean," sang the nurse. The iron made a slapping sound on the board. "It floated out on the sea. From the ocean a kiss came back, 'twas my blue-jacket answering me."

Janet hurried out and ran upstairs to her room.

Francesca poked her head in. "Hey, Princeton is in town again. They both want dates tomorrow."

"All right," said Janet wearily. "If I can still walk by tomorrow night."

"Don't faint with enthusiasm," advised Francesca. "After all, their money buys good food. You'll feel better tomorrow."

"I don't know what's the matter with me," admitted Janet.

"I do," said Francesca. "You're carrying a torch for that Norwegian sailor. He's not the kind to settle down. If you want a one-striper, we'll beat the bushes and find you another. The Navy is full of 'em."

"I don't like him," said Janet, kicking off her mules. "He's simply insufferable."

"I think it's pretty fast work"—Francesca moved to the door—"to fight after seeing him three times."

Janet turned out her light and whacked the pillow under her head. The moonlight was unbearably bright, but the room was too hot with the shades down.

She wondered how Mrs. Wilson felt. That was a nice baby. Wilson would be proud. He'd be off the sick list in no time, going down and sitting on the grass beside them. He'd get a few days' liberty and they'd go

☆ BUY WAR BONDS ☆

ALL you can as OFTEN as you can!

YOU know someone—a son, a brother, a nephew, a neighbor—now fighting your battle . . . facing death bravely to do the job you can't do.

You know how much is needed for final victory. Billions of fighting dollars every month. Billions that War Bonds must help to provide!

And you know that buying War Bonds is the safest investment you can make. One that pays you at the end of 10 years \$4 for every \$3 you put in—or lets you get back, at any time after 60 days, every cent you have invested.

Surely, your heart and mind both say, "Buy War Bonds, now and regularly . . . all you can, as often as you can!"



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MIDOL

CAMBRIDGE Presents

ARCADIA

Leaves of Ice Crystal Engrave Their Beauty on New and Lovely Shapes . . . Latest expression of America's supremacy in glass-making. Arcadia combines freshness and originality of form with an entirely new decorative treatment of finely engraved leaf patterns which give matchless sheen and brilliance to the crystal. Select from more than 50 open-stock pieces—newly displayed in good stores everywhere at prices genuinely modest. The Cambridge Glass Co., Cambridge, Ohio.

Cambridge
HAND-MADE CRYSTAL

home to East Orange or Bayside or Manhasset, and he'd be scared to hold the baby for fear it would break. Maybe before he left again they'd go to a couple of movies while mamma or a neighbor stayed with the baby. Then it would be over and he'd pack his sea bag and be off, and she'd be another one left behind. Would she still think it was worth it?

Janet got up. She couldn't sleep. She took two aspirins and tried again.

Suppose Wilson got both legs cut off, like the patient in the next bed? Maybe he'd wish he hadn't a wife and child on his hands then. Maybe he'd wish he'd been like Chris.

Chris. He had high cheekbones and such a firm jaw. Stubborn. His eyes were such a bright lake blue, under those straight eyebrows that were gold as his hair. She wasn't going to think of him again.

She finally fell asleep and dreamed that she was riding on a great black horse on a merry-go-round. She had a wooden lance in her hand, and she tried to catch a brass ring on the tip. Every time, just as she got there, the horse swung up and the ring was missed. The merry-go-round played the tinny music merry-go-rounds always play, but instead of Voices of Spring or the Blue Danube, the music was Remember Pearl Harbor, which sounded like a football song.

IV

SNOW was falling. It came down in big easy flakes, the way early snow usually does. You could see it through the ports. Redheaded Evans was swabbing down the bulkhead and stopped to look out just as Janet came along, carrying a tray of sterilized instruments.

"Looks like Christmas," he said. "When you going to get liberty, Miss Alden?"

"I don't know," she said. "How about you?"

"Home for Christmas." His cloth made a wide sweep on the bulkhead. "I'm going to sleep till noon and dance all night. I got a lot of rug-cutting to catch up."

Janet smiled. "Have a good time, then."

"Yeah. May not get home again till I been on a battle wagon awhile."

"You'll be glad to get out?"

"To sea? Gosh, yes. Maybe you'll be going off too. Maybe you'll get to Australia and I'll come ashore to the base hospital with a headache and you'll be making out a chit for me." He laughed.

"Maybe," said Janet. "My six months is about done. I won't be a boot any longer."

"I took you to the office the first day," he said. "Boy, I thought, 'she's pretty enough to knock 'em for a loop. And scared.'"

"Yes, I was scared."

He swished the cloth around in the bucket of water and watched the soap rise in foam. "Well, my anchor's at short stay already," he grinned. "Seems a long spell ago."

Janet looked out an instant at the falling snow. The men outside were in their winter blues, and the snow made a white, indistinct blur of their figures. Inside, the ward was warm and comfortable. Most of the patients were up and wearing bathrobes.

The snowy weather made the men restless. They were always asking permission to go to the locker room and get things out of their sea bags, which were padlocked away. They wanted to go to the movies every afternoon. They ate enormously. The rich roasts and fluffy mashed potatoes and the pies which were consumed would have reached around the world, if stretched plate after plate.

The canteen was always full these cold days. Gobs from the South bought out the post cards, writing home to say it was snowing. Ice cream still went fast. The bowling alley was never empty and the click of billiard balls sounded constantly.

The mailbag was coming in as Janet went down the ward. The boys gobbled up the mail like starving puppies finding meat. The boys who never got any made a big business of playing games and ignoring the stir.

Janet stopped by the bed of Michel, the French boy with such great, sad, dark eyes. "Can you see how fast it's snowing?"

He spoke English perfectly. He had been to school in England and Switzerland, and was supposed to have a title. "Yes," he said, "it looks white and fresh. I'd like to ski."

"I can't ski very well," said Janet. "Where did you go?"

"Saint-Moritz. Hard smooth runs, and such a speed! Like flying, but I think more pleasure. Flying you are not quite related to the earth, but skiing you are." His thin face flushed with memory.

"You'll go there again, after the war."

His smile was brilliant. "After the war we'll have to build France again."

She went on. They were all that way all thinking about the future of their countries.

Planning, waiting. You'd think Michel would be sobbing over the ruin of his life. But he wasn't. He was thinking about a new France, and he would be there to help build it.

She wished futilely that there would be one letter for him in the mailbag, and she knew there never would be. He didn't even look at the big gray sack as it came triumphantly in. Instead he looked at Sally and the doctor as they came along talking together. His flashing smile was for both of them, but his eyes were on Sally's brown-gold hair.

Sally lifted her dark lashes and gave him a lingering look from her violet eyes. Janet saw him flush and draw a long breath. It was terrible the

way Sally did; she just couldn't help it, probably, but it wasn't fair. All the time she was leaning near the doctor so her starched cuff almost touched his white sleeve. Her mouth was demure.

"Look," Janet said when she and Sally were alone at the desk later. "Don't give that poor boy a broken heart."

A little triumphant smile licked over Sally's mouth. "I never saw a real Frenchman before."

"What makes you so hard?" asked Janet. "All he needs now is a hopeless passion—he's had everything else a man could take."

"You're too soft," said Sally. "Listen, when you've been around the way I have, you learn just about what a man amounts to." She smoothed her hair under the crisp cap. "My motto is get what you can and get out."

"Is that what you tell Doctor Stevens?" Sally laughed. "You know, that guy is so well-heeled, I might do worse. The only thing is, I don't want to sit around like a porcupine or whatever in a harem while he is in the Navy. If he'd get out, I might think of marrying him. I always liked mink, and I like real stones."

"You'd really marry him for his money?" Janet said in real distress. "He deserves something better."

"Meaning I'm not good enough?"

Janet said slowly, "Well, it seems so much like cheating. You lead him on and kid him

◆ A recently told French story describes a lady of good reputation, family and estate, presenting herself fearlessly at the gates of heaven. Saint Peter receives her politely, and leads her through a street filled with lofty and beautiful mansions, any one of which she thinks will satisfy her requirements; but, to her amazement, they pass them by. Next they come to more modest but still charming houses, with which she thinks she could be reasonably content; but again they pass them by. Finally they reach a small and mean thoroughfare.

"This," says Saint Peter, "is your habitation."

"This!" cries the indignant lady; "I could not possibly live in any place so shabby and inadequate."

"I am sorry, madame," replies the saint urbanely; "but we have done the best we could with the materials you furnished us."

—AGNES REPPLIER:
Americans and Others.
(Houghton Mifflin Co.)

TO UNBURN SUNBURN!



The first thing that bloomed in my garden was sunburn. On my neck, arms, shoulders, legs, face. Felt like bee-stings...



Then it began to get angry and burn. I looked in the glass. Tomatoes? No! Just my poor red-ripe cheeks.



"You look like a lobster!" said Tom. "Why don't you do something? Here, spread UNGUENTINE—quick!—wherever it hurts."



What heavenly stuff! It quickly cooled and soothed the burning, itching pain. I could feel it UNburn the burn!



Did I toss in misery that night? I did not! I was sound asleep! UNGUENTINE is my favorite garden helper from now on!



In family size jars and handy tubes

Unguentine promptly relieves the pain, comforts you, helps you get your accustomed sleep. That's because UNGUENTINE is a real burn remedy—effectively medicated for real relief.

UNGUENTINE outsells any other burn ointment in America 5 to 1. When in doubt—that's something to think about!

Norwich

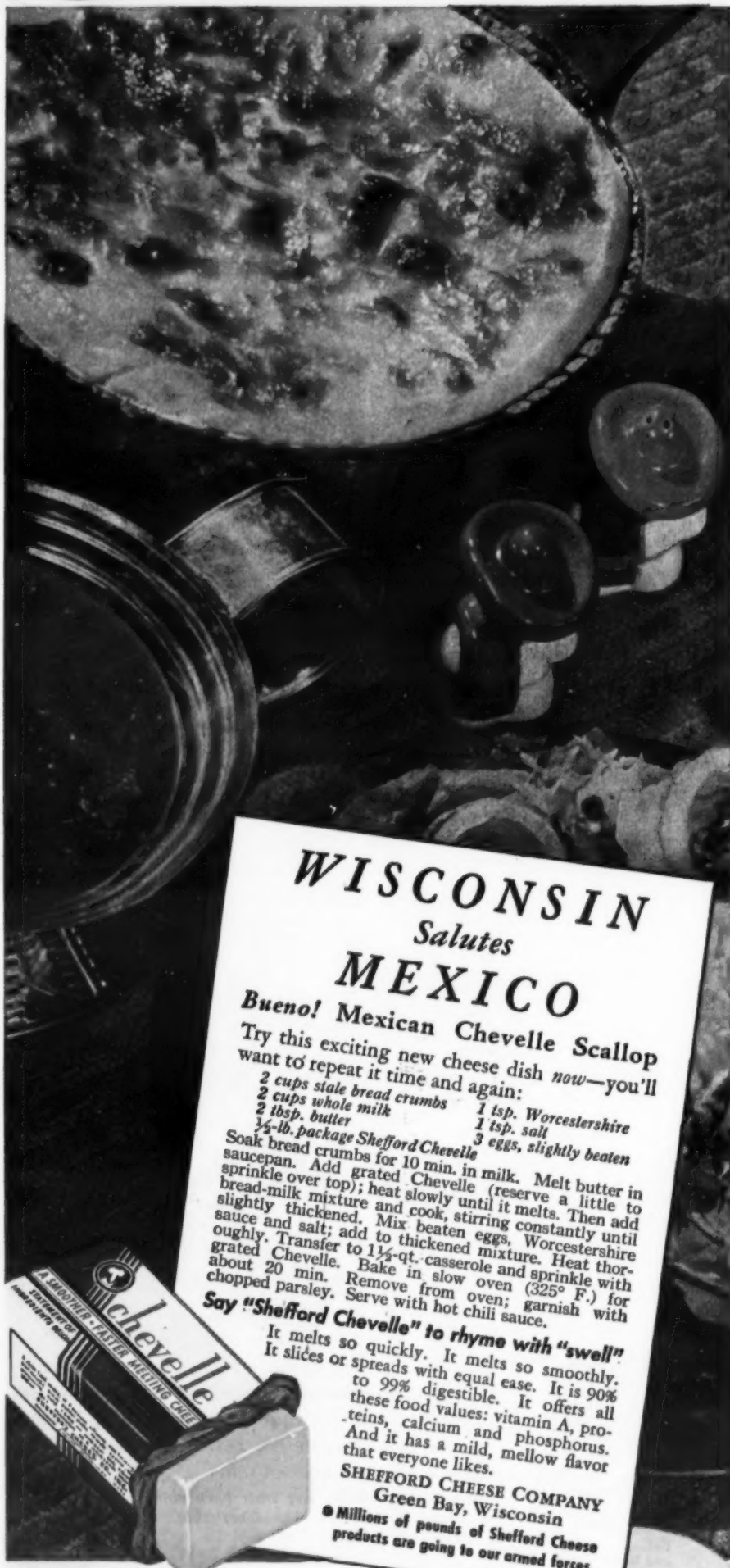
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Shefford

FROM WISCONSIN



WISCONSIN Salutes MEXICO

Bueno! Mexican Chevelle Scallop

Try this exciting new cheese dish now—you'll want to repeat it time and again:

2 cups stale bread crumbs 1 tsp. Worcestershire
2 cups whole milk 1 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. butter 3 eggs, slightly beaten
½-lb. package Shefford Chevelle

Soak bread crumbs for 10 min. in milk. Melt butter in saucepan. Add grated Chevelle (reserve a little to sprinkle over top); heat slowly until it melts. Then add bread-milk mixture and cook, stirring constantly until slightly thickened. Mix beaten eggs, Worcestershire sauce and salt; add to thickened mixture. Heat thoroughly. Transfer to 1½-qt. casserole and sprinkle with grated Chevelle. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) for about 20 min. Remove from oven; garnish with chopped parsley. Serve with hot chili sauce.

Say "Shefford Chevelle" to rhyme with "swell!"

It melts so quickly. It melts so smoothly. It slices or spreads with equal ease. It is 90% to 99% digestible. It offers all these food values: vitamin A, proteins, calcium and phosphorus. And it has a mild, mellow flavor that everyone likes.

SHEFFORD CHEESE COMPANY
Green Bay, Wisconsin

© Millions of pounds of Shefford Cheese products are going to our armed forces.

Say "Shefford"
for fine cheese food

into thinking you are in love, and if he's just a pile of endorsed checks—I hate the idea." She got up and walked away. Sally's amused glance followed her.

When Janet came back, Sally laughed. "If you want to be really shocked," she said lightly, "I'll let you know if I decide to live in sin with him. I might get more that way. I could keep my Navy status and get a lot of nice things; and if I got too bored, I could get out of it easier."

Janet said, "You can't really be like that. Certainly he isn't."

She met Doctor Stevens as she went off duty. She felt a sudden impulse to speak to him, to warn him. He looked so defenseless, and he had already had one rotten break with his first girl. He worked so hard, too, and his eyes were shadowed with fatigue. *He needs a good wife*, she thought. *Somebody who'll really care*. She gave him a smile and he said:

"How's everything?"

"Fine."

"I'm going to take a few days' liberty," he said. "It's coming to me before we get another bad shipload. I'm going to the country and slosh around in the snow. Wish you'd keep an eye on that throat-hemorrhage case." He smiled, and his face was suddenly gentle. "Miss Alden, you're a very fine nurse. I want you to know we notice it."

Well, thought Janet, *that makes everything just dandy. I am no siren, but they do like my*

work. Sally can skimp on the care and slide along, and he can fall like a bombed building for her. But my work is fine. She watched his tall figure swing down the corridor.

Janet moved back to let a stretcher go by. The operating room was going full blast. Two doctors came down the hall talking. Chief Nurse Williams rustled along in their wake, like a compact cruiser. Scout, Janet corrected herself.

When she came into the quarters, Francesca was looking for her. "You got a phone call," she said. "I'm holding the wire. In fact, I'm practically paralyzed holding the wire."

Janet ran to the booth and took up the receiver. The voice came to her a bit fuzzily. The connection was never very good.

"Janet? Hello. This is Philip."

"PHILIP!" Janet leaned against the door suddenly and it swung open and nearly flung her on the floor.

"I'm at Penn Station," he said. "How soon can you get away and meet me?"

"What are you doing in New York?" was all she could say.

"I'll tell you later. I just want to know when I can see you."

Janet's mind did a complete turnover. She had a date with Tim for a show. Francesca would have to dig up somebody else. "I'll meet you," she said, "in the Astor lobby at seven."

"Fine," said Philip and hung up.

All the time she was dressing, Janet kept trying to believe she was really going to meet Philip. It just seemed impossible. In the mirror her face looked pale with excitement. What would Philip think? Did she look older? After all, it had been quite a six months, one way and another. Her heart bumped around like a sailboat in a wind.

"Maybe he's going to marry that other gal," said Francesca. "Break it to you gently."

Janet stopped, lipstick in hand. "Maybe he had to come on business," she said.

"After all, we've known each other a long time."

"He ought to be named Old Faithful" Francesca said. "You really look swell. I'll stake you to a dash of my Splendid Night."

Janet tucked her hair under the little hat. The soft, feathery curls made a frame for her pale, excited face. She added rouge to her cheeks. Her eyes were shining with excitement.

"I guess you kind of like this guy," said Francesca, swinging her feet over the desk edge. "You never looked this way for the Princeton Army."

Janet said, "Philip is—Philip is really—well, he always —" Then she patted tissue on her mouth and said, "Look, you'll have to meet him. Suppose you go to Sardi's after the show and I'll try to get there too."

"All right. I'd like to see him." Francesca got up. "But if we don't turn up within a reasonable facsimile of the time, don't wait."

JANET dabbed Splendid Night behind her ears. It was a cool, exciting fragrance. Just smelling it made you think something nice might happen any minute. She ran out. It had stopped snowing and the air was incredibly fresh and pure. A group of gobs going on liberty passed her. The chaplain came from the Main Building. Evans was scraping the front steps.

Janet paused there. "Hi," she said softly.

"Gosh, are you ever beautiful?" he said, leaning on his scraper. "A big moment, huh?" His wide grin flashed. "Hey, when I get decorated in the White House for sinking a whole fleet, will you go out with me? I'll be a two-striper then."

"It's a date," said Janet.

She ran through the gate and was ashore just as the streetcar came. She sat down, breathless from excitement, and tried to breathe quietly. This was really silly, to get in such a state. The street was full of gobs. At the Navy-base

entrance around the corner, a group of Navy workers were moving in, lunch pails under their arms, identification cards in their hands. The night shift coming in.

Janet hurried down into the subway and reached for her nickel. She found a five-dollar bill, but only one nickel. That was the lucky nickel Chris had given her—years ago, it must have been. Six months ago, when she was just coming to this strange new world. Chris, after the night on the train, had given her this for her fare. Now she might as well use it. She held it over the slot and hesitated.

Then she suddenly seemed to see the way Chris had smiled as he gave her the little silly piece of money, the bright blue eyes and the way his mouth softened. She ran upstairs and got the change for her bill. She went down again and used a new nickel and slid into the train. She was angry at herself. Chris was definitely never going to see her again. This sentimental feeling about a coin—and now, of all times. She was never going to think of Chris again anyway.

She wondered where he was. On the sea somewhere, walking the deck, going topside with his long easy tread. Thinking how lucky he was not to be tied up with love. She wished she could stop wondering whether he was safe, where he was. It was simple curiosity, nothing more. You couldn't help wondering, with the men coming and going, with the mystery of war right under your nose.

(Continued on Page 114)

WINS!

Here's just one of hundreds of tips to help you, in our up-to-the-minute **WARTIME HOME-MAKING MANUAL, No. 2007, 25 cents.** Order from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila., Pa.



Salad Bowls With Little or No Oil. Reverse French dressing proportions—more of vinegar. For fruits, lemon juice and honey or cream cheese thinned with fruit juice; for greens, vinegar, sieved cooked egg yolk and seasonings; for tomatoes, vinegar, sugar, seasonings. Use boiled dressing.



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Deep . . . Buy WAR STAMPS
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WORK
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TODAY it isn't enough for a cream to be just an aesthetic luxurious cosmetic. It must do something—must work for your skin. That's why Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream fits today's needs so fully. It contains special ingredients which do something constructive—like tempering oiliness, dulling shine . . . helping to ease out blackheads and prevent enlarged pore openings . . . supplying dry flaky portions of the skin with needed moisture and oils.

Phillips' Skin Cream contains cholesterol which holds moisture in the skin. It contains softening suppling oils. And something else—something no other cream offers—fine genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

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It's a different kind of cleansing cream . . . not only loosens surface dirt but penetrates outer pore openings and rolls away accumulations. Makes skin feel so soft and look so fresh and clean!

(Continued from Page 112)

At Times Square she emerged from the subway into the curious dimmed-out light. Soldiers and sailors everywhere. She walked on the right side of the sidewalk. The crowd flowed past her and against her. All night long this mass would be moving up the street and down the street. War or no war, you couldn't keep New York at home. Janet looked at herself in a window, straightened her collar, tucked a curl behind her ear. It was exactly like being on the springboard, waiting to dive. Her heart was beating fast and her mouth felt suddenly dry.

Well, she thought, *I don't know what's the matter with me. I've known Philip so long—but then, distance does make a difference. And time. Maybe I won't know him any more. He won't know me. How can he? He can't know about the English boy, or Wilson, the seaman with the baby, or Michel or the line forming for chow, or how the flag looks at inspection, or the way we feel about the C.O. He wouldn't know about the eleven Navy nurses who were killed being from our unit. Nor Evans going home for Christmas. Nor Sally Watt being such a heel about Doctor Stevens.*

She plunged through the mass of people in the Astor entrance. She paused, her own eyes wide and her heart still beating hard and unevenly. Then she saw Philip, a separate figure in the crowd, and he came toward her quickly and said:

"Janet! I was afraid I'd missed you!"

"I hurried," she said; and then, defensively, "It's quite a trip."

Philip wouldn't try to kiss her in a public place, but he looked as if he wanted to. He said "Shall we go and eat?"

Cabs were scarcer than blueberries, but he found one and they got in. There was a little uncomfortable silence. Meeting again was awkward and Janet couldn't get used to it right away.

Philip wore a dark suit and a soft expensive topcoat. His gloves were the finest, his shirt custom-made. His shoes were not too shiny.

"You look wonderful," said Janet.

"So do you. But you look tired. I suppose you are working too hard."

He hadn't changed. There was still the protective note in his quiet voice, the kind and assured smile on his aristocratic mouth.

His brown eyes had that wistful look under their steady gaze. When he paid the driver, Janet saw how clean and capable his hands were, the fine flexible bones of a gentleman born.

With a sudden rush of relief and ease, she slipped her hand under his arm and said, "Philip, I have missed you."

"That's what I came to hear," he said.

They went to the exclusive French eating place where Philip could be sure of perfect service and food. They sat in a reserved private booth, and Philip, in excellent if a trifle academic French, ordered the dinner, the chicken cooked in fine wine, the green salad.

"Do you know what I'm doing?" asked Janet. "I'm basking."

"Fine. Are you really glad to see me?"

Janet leaned forward. "I had no idea how glad I would be. Philip, you give me such a lovely, protected feeling."

Soft music came from somewhere. The chicken was perfect, the salad crisp and delicate.

"I hate to admit how hungry I am," she said.

"We'll have the special dessert. It's foaming with chocolate and cream."

"Remember the time I sat down on the chocolate cake at the picnic?"

Philip laughed. "Remember the time I tipped the canoe over when you had on your new wrist watch?"

This was better. They had common memories and they revived them. Philip told her about her father and the defense work at home. Janet began to feel that home wasn't so far away. And it was a warm, satisfying feeling to know Philip still wanted her. She knew he did, though he hadn't said anything. Philip always waited for the right moment. He never got carried away and made anything awkward. That was nice too. Philip would never have a scene with a girl. He would never get raging angry or make her furious. The way men like Chris did. A girl was terribly lucky to have a man like that want to marry her.

He told her about the mills. About going to Washington and how successful the trip was. "They just don't realize in Washington," he said "how things go out in the

(Continued on Page 116)

Fun With Hatpins

BY NORA O'LEARY

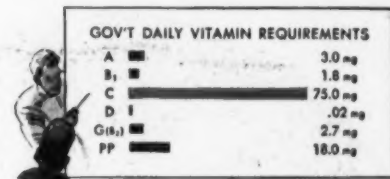
MAKE them in a few minutes, to match your favorite hats and dresses. Use fabric, felt, veiling or ribbon. Make dainty eyelet ones for summer straws, gay beribboned ones for tiniest calots, plain grosgrain or felt ones for tailored hats. Some require only a bit of milliner's glue to hold them together; others require a minimum of sewing. Keep their size in proportion to your hat.



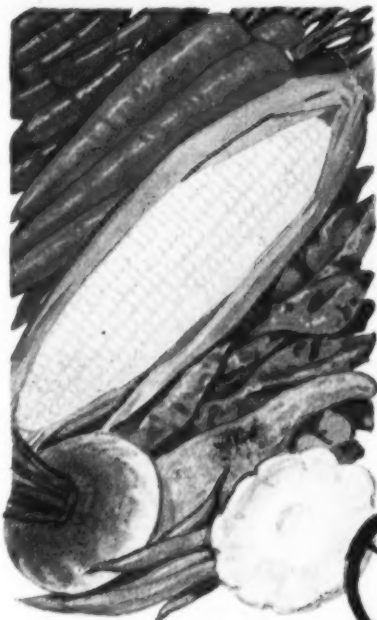
Getting the most nutrition out of fresh fruits and vegetables

The fresh fruits and vegetables you buy at your store or grow in your Victory Garden are going to be more important than ever this summer. They are all "protective" foods—but differ widely in health val-

ues. Together they must supply all your vitamin C and much of your vitamins A and B and minerals. Thus the government tells us to eat something from *each* of these groups *every day!*



Vitamin tip: All the vitamins are equally important, but you need more of some than of others. And some are scarcer than others. Vitamin C, for example, is not contained in most foods, yet you need it daily (the body does not store it) to help resist fatigue and infection, to keep teeth and gums healthy and yourself vigorous!



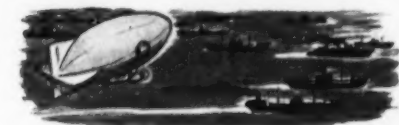
1 These are the green and yellow vegetables and fruits that best provide vitamin A. *First choices:* carrots, spinach, peas, beans, squash, sweet potatoes, turnip greens, yellow corn. *Alternates:* apricots, green asparagus, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cantaloupes, chard, kale, oranges, peppers, pumpkin, rutabaga.

2 These are the fruits and vegetables that, in varying quantity, provide vitamin C. *First choices:* oranges, lemons, grapefruit, tomatoes, raw cabbage. *Alternates:* melons, peppers, raw salad greens, rhubarb. Note how short the list is compared to the other groups. Oranges are recognized as the richest, most practical source of vitamin C.

3 These foods (some raw and some cooked) provide a variety of other health essentials. *First choices:* white potatoes, turnips, parsnips, beets, grapes, peaches, raw apples. *Alternates:* onions, cauliflower, celery, white corn, radishes, cucumbers, kohlrabi, eggplant, salsify (oyster plant), avocados, berries, cherries, nectarines, pears, persimmons, plums.



You have to plan to get enough C. Fortunately, your breakfast glass of orange juice gives you your day's full requirement, as well as valuable amounts of vitamins A, B₁ and G, calcium and other minerals. This start for the day is a big help in maintaining family health in these difficult times.



To supply our forces and Allies with juice and concentrates, Sunkist plants are working round the clock. Thus, while orange production has been greatly increased in recent years, the demands upon it are unusually heavy. New trees take years to yield a crop.

You can help make oranges go farther. If you strain juice, use a coarse sieve and mash the pulp through. Keep fruit in a cool, well-aired place. Buy Sunkist Oranges for a week's needs. They are "good keepers"—the finest from 14,500 cooperating growers. *Best for Juice—and Every use!*

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FROM NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Many easy ways to serve Golden juice or slices for breakfast. Dishes as simple as cut-up oranges, with or without other fruit (delicious dessert and healthful salad all in one). A whole orange as a beneficial "sweet" for the lunch box; or as a snack for the youngsters, between meals.

Sunkist

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BEST FOR JUICE - and Every use!

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In this modern "hose" your legs appear slimmer, trimmer... more chiseled.

Elizabeth Arden Velva Leg Film goes on easily, speedily over SLEEK* bare legs. It has a flattering, dull finish; opaque enough to help conceal small blemishes.

Stays on until you deliberately wash it away.

Velva Leg Film

1.00 and 2.00 (plus taxes)

Sun Beige (light)—Sun Bronze (medium)—Sun Copper—(dark)

*It's easier to use Velva Leg Film (and the effect is far more flattering) after removing hair with fragrant, pleasant-to-use Sleek, .65 and 1.00

When you purchase Elizabeth Arden Velva Leg Film ask for "Patriot's Walk," a booklet of foot and leg exercises

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 114)

Middle West. We couldn't make what they wanted when they froze the new machines we needed."

They went to the theater. In the cab Philip reached for her hand and said, "Janet, when can I really see you alone? I have some things to say."

"It's practically impossible to see anyone alone in New York," she said.

"I've got a suite. How about coming there with me? Maybe we could dig up someone."

Janet smiled. "We can find my best friend and her date at Sardi's. But we must be back early. You know, we work."

"This is Saturday," said Philip. "I picked Saturday on purpose."

Janet felt dreamy. The sharp outlines of her hospital existence were pleasantly blurred. There was still a world of ease and comfort and smoothness. And it was really marvelous to impress Francesca with Philip. Francesca was impressed, no doubt about it. The suite was so elegant the after-theater food Philip ordered sent up was exactly right.

Francesca whispered to Janet, "How could you ever leave a man like that? Why, Janet, I can't understand it! He's—he's a dream!"

Philip liked Francesca too. It turned out they knew some people who had been in Bar Harbor one summer with Francesca and in Miami that winter when the Wakefields were. They talked about them happily.

"Makes this too much like Old Home Week," grumbled Jerry. "Hey, Fran, you're my gal. Sit by me, baby."

Philip and Janet went out on the little balcony overlooking the shadowy dramatic canyon of Park Avenue. Philip said, "Janet, will you come home now?"

JANET saw his face, earnest and unsmiling. She wished she didn't feel so conscious that it was the beginning of Act Three: Manhattan backdrop, entrance left center. Curtain rises on —

"Oh, Philip," she said, "I've only been here six months."

"Don't you want to come home?" Philip asked.

"Yes," she said honestly. "I often do want to. But not all the time."

"It's a hard life. You haven't found it easy?"

"It's a hard life. But it's war, you know."

He took her hand and held it hard. "Janet, let me take care of you." His voice shook. "You're so little and soft for all this. You weren't made for it. You were made for love. I know it." He put his arm around her gently, then tightened his hand. He said, "At home people still live like people. The war isn't so close and feverish as it is here on

the coast. You can be in love and have a home, laugh a little and play a little, before it's too late. Doesn't that count at all?"

"Yes," whispered Janet. It did count. She ached with longing suddenly for the old life. The moon on the river the lights undimmed. Sickness and death as a natural part of life, but not the unnatural effect of battle. Time to walk down sunny streets. Your own home, and a garden, and as much security as the world could offer. And Philip. She had never felt so close to him. She leaned against him and felt the weariness go from her. She could always lean on Philip Wakefield.

HE SAID urgently, "Come home with me now, Janet. I love you, I've always loved you. And I've waited." His voice was low and shaken. He said, "I need you so much! Maybe that ought to matter a little too." Then he looked down at her and said suddenly, "Unless you have fallen in love with somebody else. Have you, Janet?"

"No," said Janet, with emphasis. "No, of course not!"

"I've been so afraid," he said. "All the men—and you all alone here. I've been frantic with worry. But, Janet, if you haven't fallen in love with anyone else, then I think you should come home with me tomorrow. We could be married by New Year's."

The Methodist Church, with the altar banked in lilies. An ice-satin dress with the Wakefield museum-piece lace veil White orchids and organ music and a wedding dinner at the country club. An imported orchestra and rooms full of wedding presents, expensive and beautiful and hers to keep. She saw it for an instant; she was actually there. Yes, Philip was there too. The most eligible man in the whole state. He had everything. Well, not a sense of humor and not very much imagination, but everything else. All a girl could want.

"Give up this foolishness," said Philip, "and come home where you belong!" He kissed her with ardor, but not any fierceness. He wouldn't frighten her. Never.

Janet put her hand up and touched his mouth. "Philip, you're too good for me. I feel that."

"Nonsense," he said.

She looked away, down at the street far below. The whole uneasy world seemed to be down there, and she and Philip were above it, close to the wide serene sky. It would be like that with Philip always. All she had to do was say one word. He was near and very dear and he was waiting for that one word.

"Philip" she said, "I—you see, I didn't think you were coming. I haven't had anything in my mind like quitting. I mean —"

(Continued on Page 118)

Back Views and Sizes for Patterns on Pages 34 and 35

- 1084. One-piece dress, 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.
- 1102. One-piece princess dress, 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.
- 1113. One-piece dress, 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c.
- 1118. One-piece dress and bolero, 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.
- 1119. Two-piece suit dress, 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.
- 1134. One-piece play dress and bolero, 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 25c.
- 1135. Play suit and pinafore jumper, 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c.





A quarter million more babies . . . 50,000 fewer doctors and 30,000 fewer nurses . . . and not enough "hospital room" to go around.

BORN IN MUMMY'S ROOM?

WEIGHT—7 LBS. 2 OZ.
LENGTH—21 INCHES
HEAD—13.7 INCHES

HE'S "A PERFECT BABY"

If you live in a crowded defense area maybe there won't be a single empty bed in the hospital when you have your baby.

With most doctors having to ration their time today and almost every hospital full to capacity—are you prepared for a possible home delivery . . . have you got things organized to take good care of your baby and yourself with the minimum of help—medical, nursing and domestic?

5 Basic Things you will want to do

1. **Have supplies ready for an emergency . . .** to use if you are unable to get admission to a hospital; in case of early or premature delivery or illness.

2. **For 2-3 weeks after your baby is born** get the maximum amount of rest possible. Your body *must* have time to get back to normal. If you cannot stay in the hospital and extra help at home is not available—plan to "let things go." Housework, your family, and visitors, no matter how well loved, are secondary in importance to your body's need for rest.

3. **Food is your baby's first need.** Your doctor will decide whether you can nurse him, whether he must be bottle-fed or partly nursed and partly bottle-fed. In any case you will need to know the hygienic procedure to be followed. The properly fed baby is far less likely to require a doctor's care. Because of the shortage of medical service today, this is more important than ever.

4. **The doctor will see** that everyone who enters the room during your delivery wears a mask to protect you and your baby from infection. Later you will wear a mask whenever you nurse or do anything for your baby—if you have a cold. No one with any kind of nasal infection should be allowed to come into the room with your baby.

5. **Plan your baby's day.** Find the best routine for your baby—he will probably be happier if you establish regular habits . . . first for bathing, eating and sleeping—later, when he begins to sit up, you will want to start training him in regular bathroom habits. The less nursing and domestic help you can count on, the more imperative it is for you to stick to a health-saving, time-saving schedule.



Free—write for Approved Instructions

You can make your doctor's job—and your own—easier! For complete information on How to Prepare Your Room for Emergency Use, Rest After Birth, Health Advantages of Nursing Your Baby, Prevention of Respiratory Infection by the Mask, Time-Saving Schedules, Teaching Bathroom Habits—write for the 32-page booklet: *Helpful Wartime Suggestions on Mother and Baby Care*. Address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. 14, Chester, Pa.



Make your own Disposable Masks of Tissue

If the kind of mask advised by your physician is not available, for emergency use simply use two thicknesses of ScotTissue . . . cover nose and mouth and secure with an ordinary pin at the back of the hair. **Throw away after using!** Clinical tests show that ScotTissue effectively lessens the danger of contagion.

Don't let anyone pass on to your baby "just a cold." If it is impossible to keep a person with a cold out of your baby's room, insist on

his wearing a protective mask. If necessary remind him that an ordinary cold passed on to a baby may result in pneumonia or a serious ear infection.

Your baby's first bathroom training calls for a careful choice of toilet tissue. For the comfort of tender baby skin the tissue should be soft . . . to cleanse thoroughly it should be strong.

ScotTissue has both these qualities in the proper balance. With 1000 full-sized sheets to a roll, it is also an economical toilet tissue for the whole family.

ScotTissue



Insofar as the war effort permits, ScotTissue will be kept available for all American homes . . . the Scott name will continue to assure the highest standards of quality.

Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Toilet Tissue is a Simple Essential upon which American Plumbing and therefore Public Health Depend

Step right up, folks!

Here's MAGIC for you!



Watch Aunt Rennie...

transform milk into DELICIOUS RENNET-CUSTARDS

If little folks (and big ones!) in your home don't drink all the milk you know they should, let Aunt Rennie help you!

CALCIUM

Like magic, Aunt Rennie* changes milk into cool, creamy, nutritious rennet-custard desserts that children and big folks just love to eat with a spoon.

PROTEINS

And more, the rennet enzyme performs the first step in the digestion of milk, forming fine, soft curds which are more readily digestible.

Easy to make eggless custards with "Junket" Rennet Powder. No cooking, so the milk retains all its food and vitamin values. Fun to serve—dozens of interesting toppings!

*Aunt Rennie (the rennet enzyme)

VITAMINS

Make rennet-custards with either:

"Junket" Rennet Powder—Already sweetened. Six flavors. At all grocers.
"Junket" Rennet Tablets—Not sweetened. Flavor to taste. More economical. At grocers and druggists.

Send for FREE War-Time Recipes

for ice cream, milk sherbets, and butter-stretcher using "Junket" Rennet Tablets. Sent with regular recipe book. Write "The 'Junket' Folks," Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 26, Little Falls, N. Y. (In Canada, address Toronto, Ontario.)



Copr. 1943, Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc.



"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., for its rennet and other food products, and is registered in the United States and Canada.

(Continued from Page 116)

"It's not quitting," he pointed out. "You've given six months of your life to the Navy. That's your share."

"Oh, I don't know what to say," she cried. "Then let me decide." Philip held her close again. "I'll decide, and I know what's best. Just leave the decisions to me. You won't have to worry about anything but being happy. And I'll do my best to make you happy, always. That's what I want. That's what matters to me, your being happy."

"Maybe nobody has a right to happiness now," she said in a troubled voice.

"Yes, they have." He spoke positively. "No use being a martyr even if the world is falling to pieces. You just do what you can, and then live your life."

Philip made it seem so clear and sensible. She was probably a silly little idiot, with all her ideas about war and service and also her feeling that maybe she didn't love Philip enough. Philip was wonderful. Marriage was the thing for a girl anyway. If she went into foreign service, she'd be an old withered spinster by the time she came home. She'd be isolated from ordinary living. She wouldn't have much left.

SHE drew away and pressed her hands to her head. "Philip, I almost think—and yet, I can't seem to be sure—I'm just so tired —"

"You just need me," said Philip. "You're coming home with me. Why don't you say so tonight?"

In another instant she would have said so. Yes, she was going to marry Philip; she felt sure of it. The little stubborn core of her heart was softening.

Then Francesca called, "Janet, we simply must get to that subway. Unless we're leaving the Navy tonight."

Janet roused herself. "Call me tomorrow," she said to Philip.

"I'll make reservations on the train," he told her.

"No"—she spoke quickly—"no. Wait until tomorrow."

He said, "Reservations are so difficult to get now. Especially compartments."

Oh, dear, why was he always so practical? Well, that was how he kept things smooth. Oh, how her head throbbed. What in the world was the matter with her?

She dashed into her wrap and the men taxied them to the subway and were persuaded to leave them there. The subway was faster.

"Well," said Francesca, "the man's got everything. Did he still want to marry you?"

"Yes," said Janet. "Well, then," said Francesca, "all I can say is Anchors Aweigh. Are you going to have a church wedding?"

"The Wakefields always have church weddings," said Janet.

(To be Continued)



"Alexander has worked out a rather novel method of letting us know where he's stationed."



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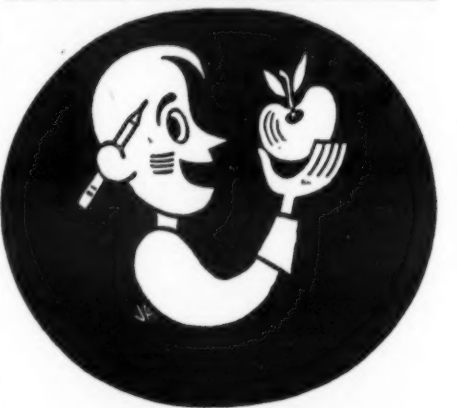
Shows 61 Early American, Oriental, 18th Century and Leaf designs—Solid Colors, Tweed blends—Ovals. Tells how we shred, merge, reclaim the valuable materials, picker, bleach, card, spin, redye and reweave. You Risk Nothing by a Trial—Our 89th year. (We have No Agents.)

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

HAROLD M. LAMBERT



Baby's first teeth need dental care for health and beauty.

Teething

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

TEETHING is often a disturbing experience for baby—and mother too. Nothing is more distressing to a mother than to see her baby suffering from some disorder, the cause of which is not known and the symptoms of which may be those of any one of several troubles.

Most children go through the coming in of the first, or temporary, teeth—teething, as it is called—with no trouble at all. Sometimes, however, the teething child may have fever, vomiting or diarrhea, or may just be fretful and apparently ill, with no particular symptoms of teething.

In this connection, I have several important suggestions to make. Never *assume* that your baby's illness is due to teething. Any digestive disturbance or fever should

not be diagnosed by mother, another member of the family or a neighbor as teething. The doctor should be called. Even the doctor must make a careful investigation that rules out every possible disease with the same symptoms before he can call the baby's distress a teething disturbance. In fact, there are many doctors who refuse to accept teething as a cause of any illness. Illness at teething time, they believe, is due to some other cause, such as sore throat.

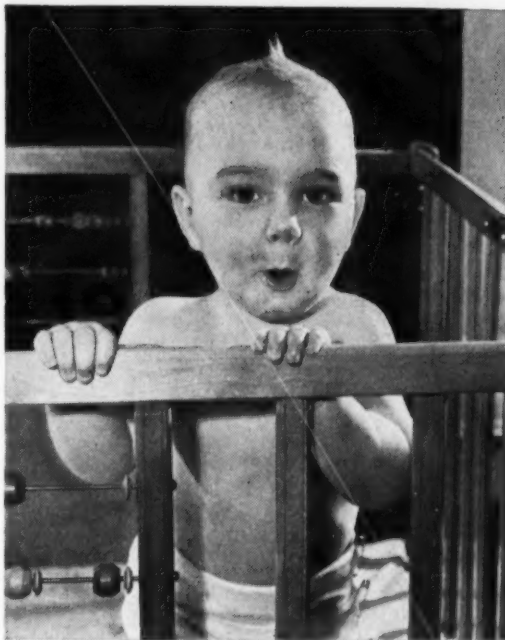
The second suggestion I wish to make to mother about teething is that she should not "help" baby by rubbing the gums over the unerupted teeth. Teething sirups are out of date, just as is lancing the gums to help the teeth come through. Doctors of the last generation commonly lanced the gums of infants. This is a very rare operation in these days. It was not discontinued because the idea did not work. In fact, when the tooth was near the surface the operation worked very well; the tooth emerged more rapidly. The trouble arose when the gum was lanced long before the tooth was ready to come through. A scar would form where the gum was lanced, and this would tend to retard the "coming in."

That brings us to the reason why the teething ring is quite all right for baby. A ring made of hard rubber, or any other safe material of similar texture, large enough so that baby will not swallow it, is a good thing for him to "cut" his teeth on. A hard crust of bread is often given to baby for the same purpose. The resulting gum and jaw exercise is very much to be desired, since the growth and development of the jaws and teeth are stimulated, and the eruption of the teeth is helped.

Here is a distinction of importance: Soft nipples and pacifiers do exactly the opposite of a teething ring. They cause the child to lose his natural desire to chew. Moreover, deformities of the jaw may result.

Mother may be interested in some facts about the first teeth. These teeth begin to form in the infant many months before the baby is born. In fact, it is not uncommon for a baby to have one or more teeth erupted at the time of birth. There is no doubt that

"Here's the way I see it," says Edward



(at least here's what he's trying to say when he gurgles) . . .

"I'll put up with lots of foolishness if they'll just give me some Johnson's Baby Powder! That nice, slippery stuff sliding over your tummy makes up for all kinds of things—like wearing a bonnet, or not biting your Aunt Harriett.

"Johnson's feels awful soft after a hard day's napping, too. Soothes your prickles. And makes you feel so cool and comfortable, you forget to be cross 'cause they woke you up."

Edward's trained nurse mother has another angle



She's pretty, brown haired Mrs. Edward Curley of West Roxbury, Mass., and here's her story:

"Johnson's is really grand powder—very soft and pure.

"I remember when I started buying baby things before Edward was born, I wanted the best of everything. Being a nurse makes you sort of extra careful. Well, the name Johnson & Johnson was enough for me so I chose Johnson's Baby Powder.

"Edward hardly ever had a prickly, uncomfortable minute. His skin's always been in wonderful condition—and I think Johnson's rub-downs have had a lot to do with it."

... and that's why nurses
powder their Babies
with **Johnson's**
Baby Powder



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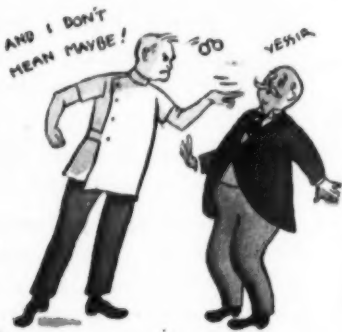
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GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, a *necessary supplement* to the monthly booklets, **OUR BABIES**, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, **A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER**, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, **LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A BABY'S GUIDE to the best eating in town!



1. This is a crying apple. It was a good apple—but not good enough! So it got turned down by Clapp's. (Only the freshest, juiciest, sauciest apples get used in Clapp's Strained Applesauce for babies!)



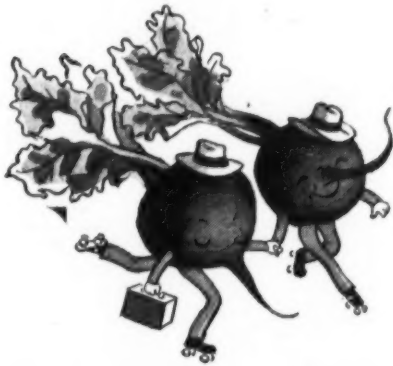
2. This is a doctor—ordering. Clapp's follows doctors' orders to the last vitamin—and makes food just the way that doctors say is best. (Clapp's makes *only* baby foods, you know.)



3. This is a jealous saucepan. It wishes it could cook a baby's food as well as Clapp's does. Clapp's Baby Foods are cooked in special pressure-cookers that keep a firm hold on vitamins and minerals.



4. This is a remarkable tape measure. It measures babies' smiles. And it shows that babies smile broadest when they're fed Clapp's Baby Foods. (Honest!)



5. This is a beet and its brother. They're on their way to Clapp's! One is going into Clapp's strained foods for little babies—so it will get strained *fine!* The other is going into Clapp's junior foods—made with a coarser—*chewable*—texture for older babies.



6. This is the happy end of the story. Clapp's makes 18 varieties of strained foods for young babies, 15 varieties of junior foods for older babies, and 2 kinds of pre-cooked cereal—Clapp's Instant Cereal and Clapp's Instant Oatmeal. Try them. You'll quickly see how "Babies Take to Clapp's"!

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

mother's diet has much to do with her little one's teeth. Besides being well balanced, it should be particularly rich in calcium and vitamin D, to insure that baby's teeth get the proper start.

Ordinarily, the first tooth appears when the baby is between six and eight months of age. There are many normal babies who erupt teeth even earlier or later. The two middle teeth of the lower jaw usually come in first. But if the teeth do not come through in this order, mother need not worry.

It is a serious matter to neglect the first teeth, which the child will have for about six years. The child's permanent teeth, which take the place of the first, or temporary, teeth, begin to form early. Therefore, every effort must be made to prevent decay in the first teeth, as a decayed temporary tooth may cause decay in a permanent tooth. When, for one reason or another, one of the baby teeth is lost before it is replaced by a permanent tooth, the temporary tooth should be replaced by an artificial one to keep the teeth properly spaced so that the permanent teeth will not be crowded and the jaw misshapen.

When the child is two years old, he should have periodic examinations by the dentist. Upon his recommendations and treatment, the face, jaw and tooth structure of the child may depend. The health and facial attractiveness of the adult may depend, in large measure, on the proper dental care given in childhood.

The importance of all this dental care is emphasized by the fact that more than half of our school children have some jaw or tooth deformity.

SALVAGING THE WARTIME KITCHEN

(Continued from Page 98)

Gloss paint or enamel is best for kitchen surfaces because it washes. Use sandpaper lightly between coats, as it smooths the paint and also makes the coats adhere. One coat freshens, two make it look better, and three make a durable and lasting finish.

Paint your kitchen radiators with ordinary flat paint to match your walls. They will give off more than 10 per cent more heat than when coated with metallic paint.

FURNITURE AND ACCESSORIES. If your kitchen chairs are an odd lot, paint them all one color. New seat pads made of washable cotton are gay and practical and help to unify the scheme. If you enamel your old canisters, wastebaskets and trash cans so that they match the scheme, they will be attractive but inconspicuous. Put up a mirror someplace for emergency primping, and don't forget a shelf for the radio.

THE DECORATION SCHEME. If you are tired of an all-colored kitchen, try one that is snow white or ivory—match your stove tint—and add only touches of gay color, as we did in the Natons' kitchen. Here are the prettiest schemes:

- White with cherry red.
- Ivory with leaf green or turquoise.
- Cream with cornflower blue.

For solid colors, with style:

- Pale almond green with touches of vermilion.
- Jonquil yellow with emerald.
- Flax blue with white.

Make the insides of your cupboards so beautiful you will love to open the doors. Enamel them the color which accents your scheme, edge the shelves with pleating and put up hooks for your cups. Nail wooden strips at the back so that your prettiest plates can stand up. Your staple-supply closet can look attractive, too, if you paint it inside to match your scheme and arrange it beautifully.

For a bit of decoration on doors or furniture, use decals of fruit or flowers; and



Curity Layettecloth NURSERY PADS

These remarkably modernized pads are easier to wash—open weave permits complete cleansing without scrubbing. Dry twice as fast as old-fashioned pads—surgical Layettecloth is woven to let air in. Highly absorbent—unhealthful puddling prevented... moisture distributed evenly over entire surface and quickly absorbed. Soft and comfy—grow even softer with washings... no filler to get lumpy or soggy. Use them, too, for bath blankets... lap pads... bubbling bibs... draft protectors... night diapers. Try pad at special introductory price. Mail coupon.

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Enclosed find 25 cents for one CURITY LAYETTECLOTH NURSERY PAD. (Only one to a customer)

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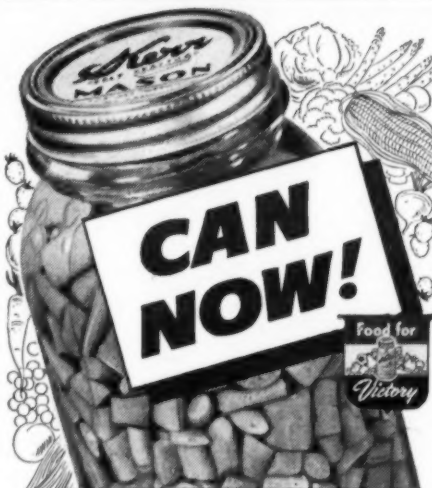
Summertime calls for meals with extra sparkle—meals easy-to-fix. That's where waffles fill the bill—especially waffles made with Duff's.

ADD WATER · MIX · BAKE
That's all!



DUFF'S WAFFLE MIX

BY THE MAKERS OF DUFF'S GINGERBREAD MIX



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Save the screwbands and use them over and over.

FREE MODERN HOMEMAKER

24 pages recipes, instructions 100 canning labels. Send for yours now

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Kerr MASON JARS and CAPS
Always Dependable

remember that a wallpaper border at the ceiling line does a real decorating job.

PATCHING LINOLEUM. Even the best linoleum wears out; and once the hole starts, it grows alarmingly. It is neater to patch the hole than to cover it up, and here's how you do it: Mark a square or oblong around the hole, but somewhat larger, like a little rug. Use chalk or crayon and square it off so that the sides are true. Using a short-bladed, pointed knife, cut along the chalk mark. Then pry out the worn square and use it as a pattern for cutting the new piece, which will then fit exactly. Buy linoleum adhesive with which to set in the new piece, press it down solid all over and weight it down until set. Bags of sand or bricks are best, but any heavy weights will do. Since there is little chance of matching the pattern, use pleasing contrast for the patches. Plain or marbled colors of linoleum which harmonize with the old pattern are best.

CURTAINS. Treat your scheme to new kitchen curtains, and make them yourself if you can. Ready-made ones seldom come the proper size, and if you make them at home they can be individual in style and of any materials you choose. Kitchen curtains must wash, of course, but can be sheer and fluffy as a cloud, quaintly trimmed with gingham bows or scattered gaily with confetti dots or posies.

Be sure the rods are straight and the fixtures secure, for both are conspicuous in the kitchen. If you really like to sew, make two sets of curtains quite different in style—just so you can change them over occasionally. And, because it's fun, have some gay tie-on pinafores or aprons to match your scheme—after all, you are a part of it.

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 12)

they will live near to each other in a foreign land.

Later. My secretary's baby is positively on the brink. Fearful excitement as to whether I shall get the pillowcases I promised her in time. Now at night I listen rather anxiously for that distant siren, hoping it won't go until she gets safely down the hill and into the home.

I was surprised to see, in a London shop, row upon row of starlings, their toes turned up, marked 9d each. The salesman had some marvelous name for them—pea turkey, or wattle duckling, or summat. I can't remember, but anyway, it didn't take me in. The cat gets a lot of them around here, for nothing. I do hope this war won't see us in the same case as France, where never a bird sings, because they are all in a pie or rendered down for *foi gras*.

Daughter Mary and Daughter June are both due on leave at the end of the month, when Mary and I celebrate a joint birthday and share a cake. There's little you can do these days in the way of celebration. The cat gets a sardine, the dog a biscuit and the horses extra carrots. And we have Joyce Poppet in to dinner and open a tin.

Joyce is the neighbor who lives in that other old cottage you saw. She always knows everything about who is dead and who is much better, and whether Aunt Fanny, who fell down the well, is better or worse this morning. She also knows who, and who is *not*, on speaking terms, down Turmoil Terrace, Calamity Crescent or Battle Lane—the place she lives in. Minor wars rage there incessantly. Good honest country wars, over gardeners, cows, hens and ducks, and the atmosphere is generally unsettled. But if there is a bomb, or anything goes on fire, differences are buried and all turn out. Joyce spends a lot of her time Smoothing Things Over and Bringing People Together. She would make a lovely diplomat.

Later. In spite of the ninepenny starlings, in the main we are still pretty choosy about food, over here. Snails can call their lives their own, as far as we are concerned, and Wm. Tullett, catching



Salute

to unselfish women who shared

This year, Gorham did an extraordinary thing. It asked American women to *share the available sterling silver*. Our Government was using our silver stocks for war goods. Our skilled workers were making fighting equipment. Scant flat silver remained. GORHAM FELT WAR BRIDES SHOULD HAVE FIRST CHOICE.

Gallantly, American women responded to this extraordinary request. Gorham salutes the established homes that unselfishly gave war brides first choice . . . the brides who limited their own purchases to share with other girls who also wanted to mark a sterling marriage with sterling silver.

At leading jewelers you can still find about a dozen famous patterns averaging about \$18.50 per place-setting of the six most-used pieces. Choose your favorite, *buy your minimum number of place-settings*. Remember, you have our word that you can match-and-add post-war when Gorham goes off war work and returns full time to making its incomparable sterling silver.

America's leading silversmiths since 1831

GORHAM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.



Below, left to right: SOVEREIGN, LYRIC, ENGLISH GADROON, GREENBRIER, KING EDWARD, NOCTURNE





Try new shades of
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long-lasting
nail lacquer

made in U. S. A.



CHEN YU is true lacquer . . . lustrous beyond belief . . . the most thrilling colors you've ever seen, and so extra-durable it stays on an extra long, long time without chipping. You'll be astonished how it keeps its perfect beauty. Now select the right colors to go with your new wardrobe . . . get them at your favorite store (regular size 75¢), or if you choose, send the coupon direct to us for trial sizes. By getting two different shades now you may discover exciting new beauty for your hands . . . new loveliness for yourself. Each trial bottle contains many, many manicures . . . months of new beauty. Associated Distributors, Sole U. S. Distributors, Chicago.

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ASSOCIATED DISTRIBUTORS, Dept. LJ-4
30 W. Hubbard St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me two sample size facons of CHEN YU Nail Lacquer, shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

- | | | | | |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> CHINA DOLL | <input type="checkbox"/> WISTARIA | <input type="checkbox"/> BROWN CORAL | <input type="checkbox"/> CANTON RED | <input type="checkbox"/> HEAVENLY MAUVE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLUE MOSS | <input type="checkbox"/> FLOWERING PLUM | <input type="checkbox"/> TEMPLE FIRE | <input type="checkbox"/> MING YELLOW | <input type="checkbox"/> ROYAL PLUM |
| <input type="checkbox"/> WEEPING WILLOW | <input type="checkbox"/> COOLIE | <input type="checkbox"/> DRAGON'S BLOOD | <input type="checkbox"/> GREEN DRAGON | <input type="checkbox"/> BLUE DRAGON |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FUCHSIA BLOSSOM | <input type="checkbox"/> OPIUM POPPY | <input type="checkbox"/> BURMA RED | <input type="checkbox"/> MANDARIN RED | <input type="checkbox"/> BLACK LUSTER |

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

twenty-nine superfluous frogs in the pond, slew them out of hand, his thoughts never turning toward fricassee, as across the Channel. Fine plump hedgehogs stroll around unmolested, although I believe they are very tasty baked in clay. Gypsies tell me so. It's funny how one man's titbit is another man's funny joke. Apparently the Italian prisoners, now well amongst us, working in the fields and even, sometimes, being boarded out in farmhouses, were at first much misled by our great assortment of plump and well-nourished dogs. Even today it is rare to find any English home without one or more of them. The Italian prisoners rather naturally thought we kept them as a sort of emergency ration, ready for the ragout! Some of them are still unconvinced, unwilling to believe we are so wasteful.

Beatrice, I dined last night in my house coat. I had a success *foi*. My one fear is that the house will be burgled, now those buttons are in it.

Mary's cat, Boona, is back from the vet, where she had to have a large piece cut out of her neck, because of her fight with that septic old rat. They couldn't keep her, as she pined so dreadfully, so she is back. Sitting beside me, licking her horrid wound! All my life it has been the same. Daughter Mary has a cat she adores, who ignores her completely, but is devoted to me, who am *not* a cat lover. It is some dreadful *karma* I am working out!

Later. I really do feel summer is coming now, for we have put out the croquet. I have always taken the croquet set rather for granted, but this year it was put out for me by Lieutenant Ewing, who hails from Toronto and comes out here on Sundays, to ride and spend a homely day. When he saw the cast-iron hoops, the balls hacked by hand from the solid oak, the wear-resisting mallets, and the wooden box that certainly is rather like a reinforced coffin when you come to look at it, he said, "You certainly do make things over here to last!" Come to think of it, I have had that croquet set ten years, and I *did* buy it secondhand!

The air-raid siren is wailing. Birds are singing. By the pond Evie, in a rose-pink overall, is being simply beastly to some frogs, because she hates them filling the whole place up with frog spawn. A hen is announcing to the world that she has done it again, and a man in a very old hat is harrowing the field behind here with a pair of horses. There is the distant whir of aircraft, and an occasional whump. And that is a true picture of any spring morning.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY.

Girls Help on Farms

CAMP FIRE GIRLS, INC.
88 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Dear Mr. Gould: We were so glad to see your editorial-page story, Baby-Sitters, in the January JOURNAL, because we know how much it means to young girls to receive national recognition of the home-front jobs they are doing. We must admit, though, to being sorry that the work of the Camp Fire Girls—35,000 strong, who have been trained through the Camp Fire Girls Baby Craft and Child Care courses and are in some places running their own nurseries—was not mentioned.

There is another very important service which many of our girls took part in last summer and which will be taken up on a grand scale this year, and that is Farm Aide-ing. One of our staff members spent several weeks last summer picking fruit



Camp Fire Girl Farm Aides.

on a Western ranch, to get firsthand knowledge of conditions under which the girls would work, and her recommendations formed a basis for the handbook, Farm Aides—a Guide for Group Leaders, published jointly by the Camp Fire Girls, Girl Reserves and Girl Scouts.

The volunteer work of the Camp Fire Girls on berry ranches and farms, which they started as long as two years ago, really deserves credit as the beginning of a well-organized movement that is proving of great value to the Government. Because of child-labor laws and the necessity for careful supervision, the responsibility must rest with leaders, parents and youth-organization executives, and is therefore a fine example of community volunteer co-operation in the war effort.

Sincerely yours,
MARCIA LEE,

Associate Editor, Dept. of Publications.

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY

(Continued from Page 17)

and most tolerant person in the world, should have to learn to hate and kill, shutting out everything which might soften or distract you from that end, still seems incredible to me. Just as it's incredible that the peculiar oneness of us as a family should be broken.

I can't feel it yet. But I know in my mind that you had to go. That years from now, if we come through, it will seem the greatest adventure we ever had, even though we had it separately. And finally, that even if I'd opposed it you would have gone anyway—thinking the less of me.

Afterward, of course, we'll be two other people; perhaps farther apart. But both of us will have done what had to be done without illusion, and often—on my part—without courage. You will have to help me by insisting that I learn to stand on my own feet. And by making me write to you of one day, one step at a time, even when those steps go toward a place you cannot see and may not always want to know.

We needn't talk of it again. Write me as often as you can. The way your uniform feels, whether you've had a military haircut, and, especially, what things you miss most in your new life.

I can't think any longer now. It's still raining and, I hope, sleepy-making. I'll go to bed and pretend we're listening to the rain

together under some country roof. That way maybe tomorrow is a lovely day.

I love you,
ANNE.

MY DARLING: No word from you yet? But, of course—you're only one third there. Think of being one third there and two thirds somewhere else! It sounds like Alice-down-the-rabbit-hole or a poem in four dimensions by A.A.Milne. Anyway, I have the advantage of you because I'm very much here—though still running like crazy just to stay in the same place.

First off, we'd no sooner finished breakfast this morning than the phone began to ring from officers wanting a room. They'd seen our notice on the bulletin board at Wright Field, but when they asked how much the room was, I couldn't tell them. How does one suddenly put a price on a husband's room? How could it be worth just five, or twenty-five, dollars to anyone?

The first few voices sounded either too young or too personal. So to them I said the price of the room was above rubies—which must have astonished them considerably.

Then came a very gruff, boiled-shirt-for-dinner voice. Obviously an old-school-tie colonel who asked if there were any noisy little children in the house. When I said no,

(Continued on Page 124)



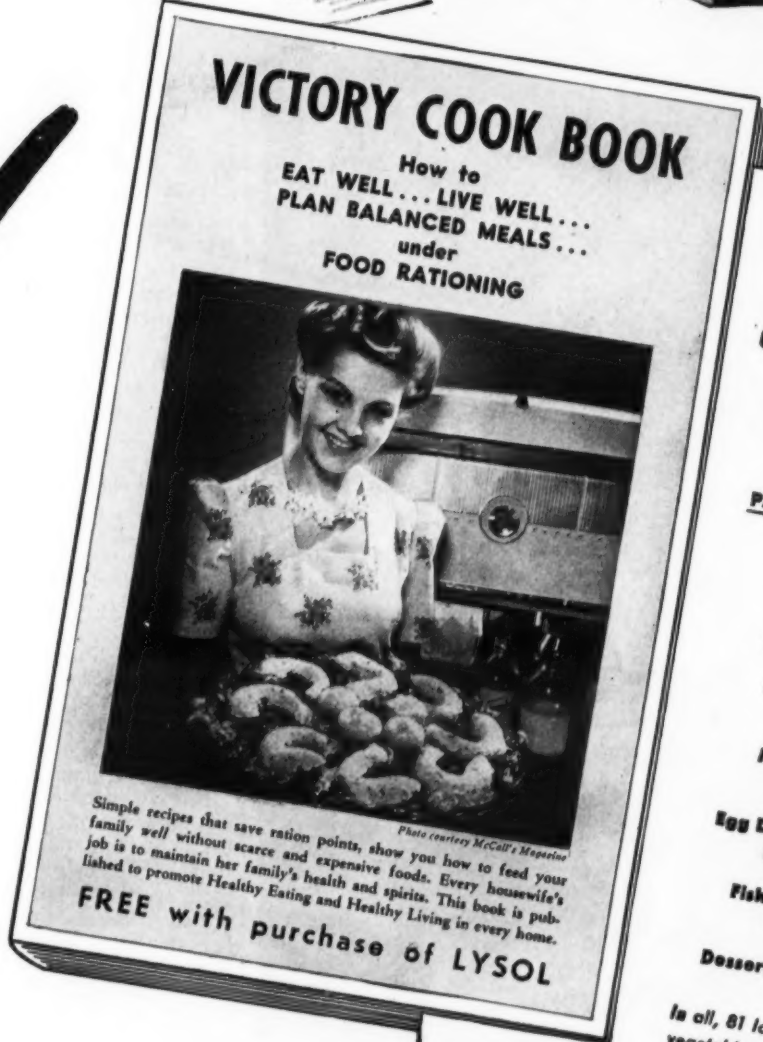
Free!

**New Book of
81 Wartime Recipes that
SAVE RATION POINTS**

A valuable guide to healthful eating and healthful living—offered by the makers of Lysol disinfectant

Good food helps keep people strong for war. Cleanliness helps keep your household healthy, too. So Lysol offers this timely book for homemakers—a cook book especially prepared to help solve problems of food shortages, point rationing, healthy eating and healthy living.

It's the new Victory Cook Book, by a famous food expert . . . 81 recipes in all—measurements given for 3 portions and 6 portions, to fit your family. Recipes for savory, mouth-watering meals that stick to the ribs—yet make ration points stretch!



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PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

- Main Dishes that Spare Ration Coupons
 - One Dish Dinners for Housewives Who Work
 - Soups—for Vim, Vigor and Vitamins
 - Making Meat Rations S-T-R-E-T-C-H
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This valuable book is FREE, when you purchase any size bottle of Lysol disinfectant.

Just ask your neighborhood druggist for Lysol, the popular disinfectant and germicide

for keeping your home super-clean. Then say, "I want my FREE copy of the Victory Cook Book." Don't wait—act on this today..



Use Lysol in the kitchen to clean and deodorize shelves, drainboard, garbage pail, where dangerous germs may be breeding.



Lysol makes cleaning easier—floors, walls and cupboards. No trouble—just add 2½ tablespoons of Lysol to 1 gallon of water in your cleaning pail.

Disinfect as you clean with

Lysol
Disinfectant



WHAT DO YOU COOK AT HOME FOR DICK?

SPAM
IT'S GOOD - AND EASY AND QUICK!

SPAM 'N' SPAGHETTI
Quickly brown several thick Spam slices in hot frying pan. Serve with spaghetti or macaroni and cheese casserole topped with buttered bread crumbs.

DON'T BLAME YOUR GROCER WHEN HE'S OUT OF SPAM

JACK THOMPSON, Hormel man now with Anti-Aircraft Battery in _____, writes of the amount of Spam being used by the armed forces: "Because I am far away doesn't mean I am missing Hormel meats. We have Spam quite often here."

COLD OR HOT... SPAM HITS THE SPOT!
SAVE IT! No more keys for duration. Or use can opener

HORMEL GOOD FOODS

GONE FOR THE DURATION — but don't forget Hormel Flavor Sealed Soups, Chili Con Carne, Ham, Chicken, Dinty Moore Products. There'll be many new Hormel products, too.

HORMEL SOUPS **HORMEL CHILI CON CARNE** **HORMEL HAM** **HORMEL CHICKEN** **DINTY MOORE FOODS**

(Continued from Page 122)

only a bulldog who snored, there was a stiff silence. I waited, feeling sure that a bulldog would eventually mean as much to him as lace curtains or an aspidistra. And evidently it did. Because he finally cleared his throat—harrumph, harrumph, very Aubrey Smith—and said he'd be here this evening for An Inspection. Even his voice was so typical I was sorry I hadn't asked him whether he'd moved here from Kipling by way of Galsworthy, but if he'd said yes I'd have had to take him anyway and pretend he wasn't out of date. As it is, so long as he wears an American uniform, there's always the possibility that he may really exist.

Later, same day.

And so he does—actually, in the flesh and in the uniform! He's Irish, not English. He glared at me for a minute, then waved us all aside and stamped upstairs. After poking at your bed and sniffing in all the corners like a beagle, he admitted the room would do. So I ducked and bobbed like a scared dairymaid while he went back down to phone for his bags.

Good-by now. Not one more single word do you get out of me till comes the little telegram or carrier pigeon. There's no excuse for all this exclusiveness. After all, you're only a lieutenant and we have a colonel in the house!

DEAREST: Well, and high time! It must have come by dogsled, it's so thumb-marked. What did you do, camp on it? But at least there's no lipstick, so you must have mailed it yourself. (And yes, yes, fairly promptly, too; I forgot how far Texas is away!)

So it's a swell new job and your shoes smell good like the first day of school and there are dozens of new boys to get acquainted with and you're rushing around giving people the old fraternity griplike college. A finething! You've had to be a parent for so long now, this must seem like college reunion on a grand scale.

But now what of us here? What indeed! So much has happened I feel telescoped. Oddly enough, the colonel is the quietest thing in the house. He shuts himself in his room every evening, after which only a sort of benign essence trickles through the keyhole, a sort of distillation of placidity and pipe smoke. But even invisible, it's calming to have him here. The very fact we can't all raise up our voices and shriek over whose turn it is to do the dishes has a steadying effect.

And that's what we need most now that the ballast of your even temper's gone. But even feeling as lost as they must feel, the kids have hung on to themselves awfully well, and I'm proud of them. They might have come completely apart at the seams and talked about how we'll-never-have-any-fun-again-or-any-money. They're old enough for that. But I didn't know they were old enough to do just the opposite. To grow up overnight by deciding to get jobs for themselves!

I'm still not sure how it happened, or when or where, but this morning, before I was downstairs, Brig cornered the colonel with a pot of coffee, saying wouldn't it be nice if he had some eggs to go with it? Whereupon he walked into her little parlor like the proverbial fly and agreed to pay ten cents every day for breakfast—service charge, that is; I'm to supply the food at cost—so she's already begun estimating the profits in terms of War Stamps—or new sweaters.

Jan, in the meantime, had advertised in the paper to hire out as a "sitter." Which, you remember, means sitting with small

children of an evening so their parents may occasionally forget they are parents. Why she should be paid twenty-five cents an hour simply for reading on someone's else davenport I don't see, but evidently she has more money sense than both of us put together, so I'm just going to lean back and look forward to a comfortable old age.

You see, darling, you've left me in sturdy hands. It must be the triumph of heredity over environment—I've never done anything to deserve such pioneer children! But I'm not going to trade 'em back just because they may end by giving me a twinge of moral gout. After all, they're probably our workman's compensation for having stayed at home all those evenings when we were twenty-two and twenty-three!

Write all you can and certainly twice on Sundays!

All our love,

A.

MY FAVORITE LIEUTENANT: The children's ventures are flourishing handsomely. I hear the colonel harrumphing off every morning, apparently in a well-fed condition, and note that Brig has begun to search the papers for sweater sales.

The three of us have worked out a sort of house routine—till school begins, anyway. All of us do chores in the morning; then they take their sandwiches to the club to swim and play golf while I try to do some writing until time to get dinner.

The writing isn't coming too well. Whatever makes an amateur think she can do

short stories? However, I'll stick at it a little longer, because you think it's a nice ladylike occupation and because I happened to major in English at college. Even though I suspect it would make a lot more sense for me to get out and look for a job.

Seriously, darling, consider that last idea a minute. We didn't talk about it before you left, but the little item of uniforms is going to crowd both budgets pretty

badly. I'm sure they'll never contract themselves to the allotted hundred and fifty bucks.

Anyway—and I'm still cautiously stalking the idea from behind—all clues do seem to point to my getting some sort of extra income, not just rejection slips. But how? I've never done anything useful in my life except raise up two fairly decorative girl children who ought to have been boys and who wouldn't be even fairly decorative without their father. A fine record! Think how that will look on the employment blanks: Experience, two daughters.

I'll have to think up a better one than that. Because—yes, I'm sure now, the job is pretty much a moral as well as a financial issue. Even the kids saw that. It's the only way I can keep moving in the same direction with you toward the future.

So send me a rabbit's foot and keep all fingers crossed. I may not be able to write for a day or two unless there's time in between employment blanks. But I'll be loving you every minute, anyway.

A hug and six kisses,

A.

MY SWEET: Well! A good thing for you it happened even this soon. You see, I'd made a pact with myself not to write until I was a breadwinner.

In the first place, there were three long days of employment blanks and scrounging around on benches in outer offices, wondering how much "experience" to make up and whether I could remember enough trig to qualify as an ordnance inspector or whether I'd just better try to sell baby booties in a dame shop.

Experiment Perilous

Hunt Bailey had the startling conviction that he had been before exactly where he was standing now—for the first time. In this dark, gloomy old house; seeing, before the fireplace, a beautiful blond girl in a green dress, with terror in her eyes, pouring tea from a silver teapot. . . . The July JOURNAL brings, complete in one issue, Margaret Carpenter's successful novel, **Experiment Perilous**.



Connie Colman's recipes make home pickling easy...

Everybody's keen about these crispy delicious pickles. Make lots of them this year to liven up simple wartime meals. Colman's gives them their smoothness and fine zesty flavor. You'll want to try Connie's other pickling recipes, too. They're simple, easy to follow, and the results are sure to make a hit!



NEW! 2 Booklets—FREE

Write to Atlantis Sales Corporation, 3455 Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y., and these booklets will be sent you FREE. (Check each item you wish.)

- 12 Easy Pickling Recipes
- Connie Colman's Busy Day Recipes

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

The blanks finally decided it. All at once I couldn't fill out another one. So I decided just to go home and begin phoning everyone I knew—or that you knew—and sound like a poor forsaken widow until they got me a job. I've always approved of that technique, but thought you had to be a blonde to get away with it.

Jim Harris, who was only the third person notified as to my state of liberty, suggested I go see someone who sent me to someone else who produced another name and so on and so on like a hot potato till finally, out of sheer exhaustion, the last guy let me fall down in his office and stay there till I cooled off. Which means—yes, hold your breath—I've got a job! Of course it's not a very grown-up job. It isn't even full time. It's what you used to do and what I used to hate your doing. It's not war work or welfare work or anything even faintly patriotic, but it's excitement and headaches and exasperation and relief—yes, now you've guessed! It's working on a newspaper!

More later, lieutenant. It makes me tired typing now. My first day of work, and there seemed to be a slight hiatus between me and it.
 All my love,
 A.

DEAREST: But I didn't say how tired, did I? Nor about the crick in my back, nor the spots in front of my eyes, nor wanting and wanting a dozen times that first day to bolt out of the office and run till I'd found a green field to fall in. With no noise or little black letters or memos from the editor saying, "The words club, organization, association, etc., should be in lower case."

Anyway, I was tired that first day. And I hated you for walking out on us—even into the Army, where you should have walked—and I hated the editor and all the people who knew what he was talking about and all the silly terms for things, and most of all I hated myself because of that awful stretch between my head and hands that wouldn't close up.

It took me an hour to write that first church item. Four lines long. And that hour was when I hated you most.

The next one I didn't hate you quite so much. It was a bankruptcy notice, three lines long. Finally it got handed in. And no one said anything. And that night in print it looked like Montaigne or James Thurber to me. I searched and searched and there it was, squeezed in under an ad where the poor bankrupt probably hoped it would be, practically invisible, but it seemed to me as if the whole page were being lit up by its reflection.

And from that moment I didn't hate you again, because here was this fine new feeling, this excitement of looking and maybe finding that was going to console me every night when I got home and saw the words in print. What they said wouldn't matter much for a while. What would matter was that they'd gone into the same pot to be cooked with all the editorials and columns and important ingredients—small grains of rice, but mine!

But I won't talk about it any longer now—promise. In fact, I'll try never to sound like a lady executive or be anything but helpless and white organdy even if I'm ink and enthusiasm to the elbows. Because if I did you might stop loving me—and that, my pudding, is more important than all the papers in the world.

Embarrassing Moments

▶ The Reverend Clericus has been waiting half an hour to speak with his wife, who is having a call from Mrs. Longwind. Hearing the front door close, he supposes the visitor is gone.

Rev. Clericus (calling from his study): "Well, has that old bore gone at last?"

Mrs. Clericus (from the drawing room, where Mrs. Longwind still sits): "Oh, yes, my dear, she went an hour ago; but our dear Mrs. Longwind is here. I know you will want to come in and see her."

—ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN: Taper Lights.



FROM BATTLEFIELD TO HOME FRONT...

SCIENCE, too, fights on the front line—and quickly! Hardly has the dust of a shell burst settled when the Medical Corps is there. Each minute saved becomes a precious ally in the fight for life.

On the home front also, time is the essence of protection. In factory, home, and field modern medicine stresses the value of quick protection for even the slightest wound.

From battlefield to home front, the results of Bauer & Black research are today playing

a vital part in affording the means of quick, convenient protection. Curity Ready-made Dressings, the famous Curity Wet-Pruf Adhesive, and now, the latest—Curity HANDI-TAPE with SULFATHIAZOLE. This is the instant bandage which utilizes one of the famed SULFA-compounds to fight infection.

Bauer & Black research is constantly finding new and better ways to protect. In home, office, factory, and hospital, Curity is a known and trusted name.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

BAUER & BLACK
 Division of The Kendall Company • Chicago

Curity SULFA-thiazole HANDI-TAPE has a place in every home medicine chest and factory first aid kit. It is made with Wet-Pruf Adhesive, waterproofed and washable. It's easily identified by the yellow gauze pad which contains the sulfathiazole. For effective protection from infection of minor cuts, blisters, and abrasions use these new Handi-Tapes.
 Not for sale in Pennsylvania
 Copyright 1943, Bauer & Black, Chicago

Curity
 REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DRESSINGS
 SURGICAL & FIRST AID

"HERE'S TO ANOTHER WAR HERO!"



"For those extra hours you put in on the job day after day . . . for the way you grin and grit your teeth when the worries are thickest . . . for your enthusiasm and courage and your fighting faith in our country . . . I hereby award you this DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEAL!"

THOUGH he never fires a shot or drops a bomb, the man in your home has a place in America's war plans. He's working harder than ever, accomplishing more. Fortify him and your entire family with hearty, nourishing meals. As you market, as you plan menus, as you cook, always remember: *Good food builds the builders of Victory!*



The "FOOD FRONT" Must Not Falter!

A well-fed nation has what it takes to win. Uncle Sam's soldiers of food—farmers, food plant workers, grocers, home makers—form the "Food Front" that backs up the battle fronts and the production front. Be proud of *your* war assignment!

For a Nutritious Meal, Low in Ration Points . . .

. . . serve Chef BOY-AR-DEE Spaghetti Dinner. One handy carton provides 3 or 4 servings of tasty durum spaghetti, ready-to-heat spaghetti sauce (low in ration points) and zesty Parmesan style cheese. Thrifty, delicious—ready in 12 minutes!

Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Quality Foods, Inc., Milton, Pennsylvania



Chef BOY-AR-DEE
QUALITY FOODS

—Serving the Armed Forces and the Home Forces

GOOD FOOD BUILDS THE BUILDERS OF VICTORY

And yes, I *will* try to spend most evenings with the kids so they needn't miss you more than necessary.

So much love, darling,
A.

DARLING: It was more wonderful than I can ever tell you to get out into the sun again today. Never having been shut up that long before, I'd begun to feel like something on the underside of a board.

But today was really a high day—remember, we used to call them that at college when the sky seemed farther up than usual and we went to our house in New Hampshire to pick the last of the blueberries? That's what I've missed here as much as anything—the absence of "high" days, because nearly always the sky seems so low you can reach up and touch it. More like a lid than a bowl.

I'll try to get away from the office earlier on workdays, so I can ride before sunset. The girls will be playing hockey as soon as school begins, which means Miss Horse will have to have more exercise.

It does seem a little crazy to work most of two weeks so I can feed a horse a month. But I can't give her up yet. She's so much a part of the past, of all the years of riding with the kids along the Sound, watching them at their first shows and over their first fences. Just to look at her makes me smell the salt wind and pine trees—and sometimes, when she pricks her ears, I even think we hear the hunt going by.

But what is all this I started to tell you about a high day? I went with the Harrises and a captain of theirs to trail around the golf links eighteen holes in the wake of Nelson, Demaret, Penna, etcet! Who was the etcet? Oh, yes—Harbert. We all toiled up hill and then rushed down again, like the Gadarene swine.

This has been a disjointed bulletin, but I've given Soda a bath, pulled the cat down out of a tree and taped up a leak in the hot-water tank since it was begun.

Your last letter to Jan was swell. But try not to sound quite so much like a Father Writing to His Daughter. She's still Jan, not posterity! It embarrasses her.

All my love and two rows of kisses—for wearing dcuble-breasted!
ANNE.

DEAREST: What fun to have a picture so soon! But you don't look any differently. I don't know what I expected—long gray whiskers maybe, but certainly not that you should look just the same.

Of course you realize that all I can see of your house is a white mailbox, like the telephone in Petty drawings. How many lieutenants are going to live in it? The house, I mean, not the mailbox. Six? Not an ash tray'll be left standing! And who is to sew buttons, count laundry and be a house-mother?

I'm determined to speak of everything besides myself tonight for a change. Soda has missed you sorely. He looks frustrated when he sees the colonel stamping up to your room. And only snores very halfheartedly, with not all the stops open.

But Brig has thought up something for him which will keep him from missing you too much, we hope—if it doesn't give him a bad case of schizophrenia first. Do you remember her goat cart? Well, she's decided to save what's left of the car tires by driving him to the corner for groceries every morning while I'm at the office. She told me about it last week, but I thought it was just something she'd imagined. I didn't really believe anyone at the high-nose age of fourteen could stoop to such ingenuities.

But today I came up behind them on the street. Brig was whirling along on her bike like the retreat from Moscow, with a paper slip of dry cleaning hooked into the back of her collar and zooming out behind, a long overcoat buttoned up—though it must have been all of ninety-five degrees—a kerchief tied under her chin to hide the hair curlers, and Soda simply galloping behind her with his wagon, on a lead.

The wagon was full of grass—so the eggs wouldn't break—and looked like an Easter basket on wheels. I followed them for two

BIG OFFENSIVE STARTED AGAINST FLEAS!



—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

The big drive's on—against fleas. From Spring through Fall, a dog can pick 'em up anywhere. We don't let 'em sabotage our outfit—we have a flea-control system that *works!*

It's the ONE-TWO. *One*, a bath with SKIP-FLEA Soap—sure death to fleas. *Two*, frequent dusting with SKIP-FLEA Powder to kill new invaders. (Sergeant's Pine Oil Disinfectant helps keep 'em out of bedding!)

Get SKIP-FLEA at drug or pet stores. *Free* 1943 Sergeant's Dog Book!

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 60-F, Richmond, Va.
Please mail the NEW, 1943, 40-page, Illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

abused hair

MADE LOVELY AGAIN

Cheer up! . . . It's easy now to have glamorous hair. Use soapless Admiracion. One shampoo shows the difference. Your hair becomes radiant with stunning high-lights. **TWO TYPES**—"no lather" in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your Beauty Shop ask for an Admiracion Shampoo.

Admiración OIL SHAMPOOS

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



blocks, and every time they took a corner the wagon would tip and the groceries lean and poor Soda would look wildly behind him as if he wished to get in and sit down where he'd be safe. I really don't know what his blood pressure is today. He practically had to have smelling salts when they got home; I laid him on a couch and darkened the room.

The cat, you'll be glad to know, is still singular—*c-a-t*. But the rabbit is completely beyond itself. Like a nightmare, simply outsize. Every time I get in the car I expect it to look over the door at me and say good morning. Do you suppose Brig has been giving it mild doses of pituitary along with the oatmeal?

Don't forget to put lots of letters in your white mailbox for the postman to bring me. I'll tell more about the job tomorrow.

Love,
A.

LIEUTENANT: After yesterday's repression I am bursting with my own adventures again. First off—I've been promoted to doing the less-exacting club and committee-meeting notices, the covered-dish variety. It is very much fun. Talking to strange people and knowing from their voices what they're like—or at least knowing the essence of them; I'll admit I was pretty far off on the exterior of the colonel, unless he's still masquerading. Knowing the easygoing ones from the ones with a perennial grievance, and liking them all because they're part of a pattern which wouldn't be too interesting without an occasional knot.

Two of us wenches have to take classified ads over the phone too. The strangest things are advertised. Sometimes diamonds, always bird cages, and often just an old pair of shoes. It's like a purge. You can see the woman reluctantly weeding out her attic or basement, putting lots of perfectly useless things back into a trunk and finally, with great misgiving and wondering of now-will-I-ever-miss-this?, hitting on some article that's no more useless than the rest and clapping it into print just because her neighbor had such good luck once with a piano bench.

Heavens! I *hadn't* looked at the clock. It's very late again; it always is when I get through with you. But that's because I hate to seal you up in an envelope and come back to the empty room. . . . Write more as soon as you can. The children are well and making you a present.
All our love,
A.

DARLING: All your drilling and hiking and such-like does sound exhausting—but think how beautiful you'll be afterward, especially around the middle! What I don't understand is why you have to work in an office, too, and go to classes at night and take Spanish. I suppose being assigned to a post that's short-staffed is the answer.

But going into the back country to set up a new rifle range'll be fun, won't it! Maybe they'll let you paint the trucks and use passwords and behave like an expeditionary force.

Anyway, lieutenant, we love you very fine. Write quickly about the expedition. We miss you more every day; it's accumulative, like some horrid medicine. When we can't stand another degree we'll have to buy a motorcycle with two pillions and three boudoir caps and come calling. Would you be glad to see your flocks and herds?

The girls send all their love and would have sent Jan's present except it gets ripped out practically every night like Penelope's web. When last seen, the sleeves would have fitted a penguin.

Enough kisses to keep you warm! We love you dearly.
ANNE.

DEAR DANIEL BOONE: So there really was an expedition and it really arrived—with trucks and passwords and everything! But where, darling, where? We've looked at all

the maps and there's no such place as Wetookit. I think you just made it up so the password could be, "We came, we saw, we took it." Do you suppose this will even reach you by mail or will the last post office have to toss it into the sunset by carrier pigeon?

No, Mr. Pudding, I'm afraid there's something definitely screwy about the whole business. Particularly the fact that you, upon whom the paint of a lieutenantcy is still fresh, should be in charge of this madhouse. Please send next installment at once!

Life here seems pretty domestic by comparison. But I'll try to get caught up on a few back questions, if that would make you any happier. . . . First, have we met any amusing people? And second, have I had time to go to any parties? Yes, two or three people, nice cheerful extroverts who know how to play games and cook outdoors, and no, no parties, if you mean afternoon affairs in my best hat. Having had to write up so many of the latter and having had to make them all sound so exactly alike seems to have increased my allergy to them.

Late now—all our love, darling, and do write quickly more about Wetookit. Your address would be nice, too—I feel as if this were going to be mailed in a hollow tree!
A.

DEAREST: It's raining tonight as it did the night you went away, and the house is filled with wood smoke and all our favorite music. It's like every fall evening we've ever spent together—except it isn't together.

The finality of those last words cancels everything I do all day. I still dress and go out, and work is new, exciting—I eat and sleep and look the same in the mirror. But sometimes, just off guard for a minute between jobs, and always at night, I turn around to tell you that it's enough now, that it's time to wake up. That it was a strange, dreadful dream without you; that you were nowhere in it.

And then I can hear you laugh—the absurdity of having a dream all by myself without you in it! Did I have fun? Did I meet new people?

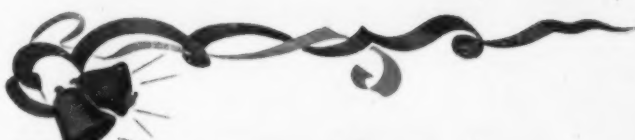
Did I—I didn't meet anyone I liked better than you, did I?

And lying there in the dark, I try to remember what was so frightening about it. There were no disasters. The new people were kind, I'd begun to understand them all and see into them a little. I'd even had fun sometimes in a queer way, fun only with my mind, the way you do when you're dreaming, as if I'd been sitting outside myself, up on a chandelier somewhere looking down at me. Feeling detached and a little amused, as if why go to all that trouble?

And I keep trying to put that into words for you as I lie there. So the dream won't come back, and so you'll know the awful, blank loneliness of what it was like to keep on living without you, even in a dream.

I have to talk about it sometimes, darling. Don't scold me this time. Don't write back about morale and national crises and courage and all the things I know are true in the daytime. The momentum of those things will pick me up again tomorrow, and just having to get up and go to work will be the best thing—will make a sort of small briskness and incentive like coffee or fresh flowers on the breakfast table. And I'll look at the children and be glad they're well and not unhappy.

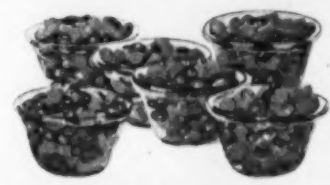
Then, in the office, it'll be better. And gradually through the morning I'll begin to be aware of other people again, forgetting that they're only part of the dream. Then tomorrow night—perhaps it won't rain. Perhaps something funny will have happened during the day to write you about. Or Jan will have finished your present without penguin sleeves. Be sure to tell her it fits, even if you have to have it stretched on a torture rack for the next six months. Because it's a great triumph of daughterliness over awkwardness and represents many evenings of sitting on other people's davenports,



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the harder they fall
for
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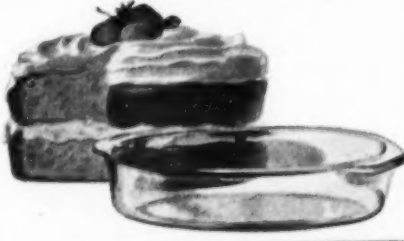
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PYREX Ware makes a grand shower gift! Every dish is three dishes in one. They'll serve her for years to come—for cooking, for table use, for refrigerator storage. They save time and fuel and dishwashing. And they really help a busy housewife because you can always see just how food is cooking through clear glass! Plan a Pyrex Ware shower now for your favorite bride!

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Spell "IT" to the Marine

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The marines love trouble... and this exquisite make-up, perfumed with the Fragrance of Romance, can spell heart-trouble in any man's language!

Evening in Paris face powder to create a misty veil of beauty... delicate flush of feathery rouge... bright accent of Evening in Paris lipstick... surely this is a loveliness combination to storm the heart of the most devil-may-care hero!

Face Powder, \$1.00 • Lipstick, 50c • Rouge, 50c • Perfume, \$1.25 to \$10.00.
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Evening in Paris

Distributed by

BOURJOIS

Listen to the new Bourjois radio show, "Here's to Romance" with David Broekman's orchestra, the songs of Buddy Clark and Jim Ameche as Master of Ceremonies, Sundays over the Blue Network.

listening for other people's children to wake up.

Sometimes, just walking along the street or going out into the country to ride, and always in the evening at home, you seem so suddenly close and warm that I almost reach out to slip my hand in your pocket. Remember how we used to dawdle along the stone walls in Connecticut, watching the tide come in and smelling the good clams and salt?

I think we'll have to live there again someday. In the summer, anyway. But we'll always come back here in the fall. When the Sound begins to look cold, we'll feel very smug and happy to ourselves for knowing about Ohio and how there's an extra dividend of summer out here. We'll be very happy.

I'm happy now, thinking about it. Hurry and make the war be over soon so we can talk about all of it. Will you, darling? Will you hurry a lot?
ANNE.

DARLING: This was the best day of the fall; there always is one better than the rest. In fact, it was so good that neither budgets nor conscience tweakings about Miss Horse nor anything short of your suddenly walking in the door could have kept us from riding.

It was literally a case of three men on a horse, but fortunately the latter was in fine fettle, and it was almost as much fun to watch her drifting off across the fields with Brig or Jan up as to be there myself. Soda and I took a long walk first, and while the girls were taking turns I picked some of those stiff, dark red things that look like cockades on a circus horse.

The haze made everything look like tapestry—all the colors a little faded and run together, with a melancholy sweet smell on the wind. I lay down on the tan grass at the edge of the cornfield and drowsed till I saw Brig coming toward me against the sun, her sorrel top just matching the sorrel horse. The corn was all tan around them and a feathery sort of grass like pink smoke blowing among the roots of the corn, up to the horse's knees, so she didn't seem to be touching the ground.

And all at once, for the first time since you went away, I was really happy. Seeing Brig, so relaxed and absorbed in her dream, made me think of my own childhood. I was probably half asleep, Brig drifting by and off again, before I knew there was something different—something that hadn't been there before.

Then I heard the planes. Buzzing around overhead like angry dragonflies; all the little training planes from the airport, painted red and yellow—not ominous, but always there. Finally I stood up and watched them. Some were wobbly and uncertain, as if their wings were still wet. Others droned and darted about in little spurts, on angry errands—and then, once in a long time, a big bomber would roar out and over them in a straight line toward the horizon, and you saw what a long way the little planes had to go before they could really fly.

After that I whistled to Brig and got on Miss Horse. She felt limber and hot under the saddle, not the way she feels on cold winter mornings, with a hump in her back, but pliable, bending this way and that with your knees. The soft little wind suddenly became taut against my face and the sun brighter. It was like sailing, settling down in the saddle, letting her out in great bounds across the flat polo field. Then we found some jumps behind the club and she went at them, snatching at the bit a little and not changing her stride, but just pouring over, as if she'd been tipped out of a jug.

We came home about sunset, stopping for hot chocolate the way we always used to do. And for once it wasn't lonely, because you seemed very close and happy.

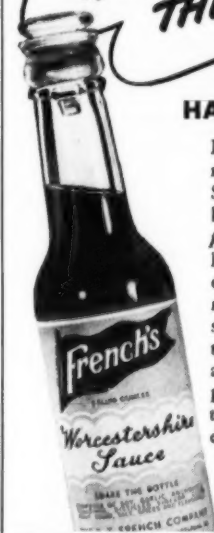
Were you? Did you have fun with us all day? I hope so, darling.
A.

MR. PUDDING: You'll never guess who was in town today! I'm still chuckling. The old world came back so fantastically for a few hours I forgot about the war and everything connected with it, though supposedly Tony



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IT'S TOP-NOTCH QUALITY AT HALF THE PRICE!



Try this **HAMBURGER GRILL**

It's the best chopped meat dish you ever ate! Shape chopped raw beef into patties. Then pour—and we mean that literally—French's Worcestershire over the meat. Allow the sauce to sink well into the meat, then place on griddle, and cook as you would plain hamburger. Delectable, delicious—a wonderful way to step up the flavor of wartime meat cuts.

BIG-SIZE DRIPLESS SERVER HOLDS POINT-SAVING 46 oz. CAN OF FRUIT JUICE...

Fits in refrigerator; always ready to serve

75¢ Slightly Higher West of Mississippi
46-oz. cans save food points! 48-oz. server saves juice! Keeps it better, longer; no contamination; no refrigerator odor; no drip, spill, waste. Easy to clean. Federal Tool Corp., Chicago.



AT DEPARTMENT, HARDWARE, 50¢ to \$1 STORES

"COME 'V' DAY"

I'm planning to buy the silver-plate with the two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.



HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE

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was here to be interviewed about a commission.

Yes, Tony Willet! He came to dinner at the house and we had to dislocate the budget all over again for a steak worthy of our mutual past. Watching him surround it was almost as much fun as having you here. Then we settled down to ways and means of selling Wright Field on the idea that they couldn't possibly get through another week without him.

He said to tell you he'd just finished some swell three-color and Kodachrome celebrity shots for the agency, but, with his usual flair for timing, is likely to lose out on the whole job, since the new advertising campaign will be strictly military. He had some color negatives with him from your last Hollywood trip together—just to make you feel worse—and upon inspection I found they were not of Boulder Dam, as advertised, but of Jinx Falkenberg.

"I'll bet that's the first time anyone ever confused her with Boulder Dam," I said. And Tony, unabashed, admitted it probably was.

He flew back East tonight, not too happy over the prospects for his commission. So write him if you know any "Open sesame!"

All my love, lieutenant. We both missed you dreadfully.

A.

MY FAVORITE LIEUTENANT: No, darling, we're not always "having a gay time." But I didn't want you to know that. I just wanted you to think of us as busy and more and more self-sufficient, so you wouldn't worry. Evidently I was wrong. Because if you thought I'd "fallen in love with my job" or with "being my own boss" I must have been even more wrong than I thought.

I should have known you'd want to share the dull days and bad breaks with us too.

That you couldn't be put off forever with just the bright little things picked out to make a letter. Sometimes I've felt like a magpie, sorting over the news till I'd found a shiny bead or two to send you. And I got so tired being a magpie. Especially as I often felt like the droopiest of crows.

I put your good letter under my pillow to sleep on, like wedding cake. Because it's one of the few letters I've had from you, not from that somewhat frightening lieutenant who's been writing us lately. I'd begun to think that most of the things we did and thought would bore him. That maybe he was really glad to be away from Sunday walks and anagrams and funnies-on-the-floor. But now we know he never existed, everything'll be swell again.

Yes, school began a week or so ago. The girls and I leave home together every morning, which is fun. I feel very young and gay again to be out in the frosty morning with lots of dressed-up kids and the sun on the wet grass.

Today we admired all the red and yellow topcoats scuffling through the red and yellow leaves down the boulevard. Then I let the girls both out in front of senior high—which still seems incredible—and missed at least one green light looking back over my shoulder to see how cute they were. I couldn't help thinking how you'd love to watch every change, every different hair-do—every phase that'll come up in the next few years. The four of us did all have such good adventures together that it still seems wrong and queer for you not to be with them—or they with you.

So now—it is late again, darling. Late and—yes, I can say it now—still lonely. But not so lonely as it was last night when I was still casting around for bright little beads to divert you. It'll never be that lonely again!

All our love,

A.

LIEUTENANT: You are not being a good breadwinner—where is our check? Here it is the twelfth and not a peep out of Washington! Wasn't that why you made us an allotment, so there wouldn't be any tangled

threads in bookkeeping departments, etc.? Just because I managed to get a full-time job yesterday—and you couldn't have known that unless you've been going to tea-leaf readers—is no excuse for reducing our "slender stipend!" As it is, I feel like a decayed gentlewoman in reduced circumstances—very reduced. And it's a little difficult to keep on making light of it—seriously, darling, what has happened? Didn't you know we hadn't had any money?

This last reference of yours to having paid twenty cents too much on your insurance premiums so "maybe that will snarl up the bookkeeping for two months" doesn't make much sense. Are your insurance premiums deducted from your own salary check and would the Government really hold up a whole month's salary just because it owes you a twenty-cent refund? Sounds incredible—but then, something has!

Please get to work on it right away and throw your weight around. Maybe I ought to phone the Red Cross; they're always locating missing soldiers in Panama and doing good deeds generally. If I take to my bed and pull the covers over my head and act helpless—which heaven knows I am—that might expedite matters too. This being brave little Molly Pitcher never did anyone any good yet.

Wire as soon as you find out about the check. We've at least six bills to pay this week, and I do not wish to live on shredded wheat. Love—and *definitely* signed,

"WORRIED!"

DARLING: What is all this? Are we two other guys or did I only imagine we were supposed to get our check from Washington? I rushed home from the office again—and what? Not only no check but a wire from you saying, "Send hundred bucks immediately!"

For a minute I was so stunned I just collapsed on the front step. Then I began to laugh—the nerve of it, the sheer effrontery! Here we are, the deserted widow and orphans, down to our last shredded wheat and you wire us for a hundred bucks! Not, of course, that it isn't flattering to be asked for real dough when I'm only just beginning to earn chicken feed, but why should we be sending you money?

I was so sore I could have pulled your eye-winks out! And the longer I sat there the madder I got—all the time, of course, weeviling and twisting in my mind thinking where could I possibly get you fifty bucks, just on the off chance you really might be in a jam—when it occurred to me that maybe you might have been telling the truth about the twenty-cent overpayment on your insurance.

So I went to the phone and really burned up the wires. Not to our great white father in Washington, though I admit that was the first impulse, but to the Army finance office—winding up with a great *screaming* of harsh words and enoff-of-this-stalling, send check *immediately*. Even the Western Union girl sounded scared.

"Do you—do you think they'll pay for this?" she whispered. Because I'd said "collect."

"Well, I certainly don't intend to," I told her—so she said all right, she'd try, and I hung up.

Hung up—and looked up. And there stood the colonel! Absolutely pale with emotion. For a minute or two he could only sputter. Then he sort of groped for a chair and lowered himself into it. "Did I—did you—harrumph, harrumph—am I correct in believing that you just sent that—that abusive message to the Army finance office in Washington?"

So I said, "Certainly. And I wish it could have been really abusive. Here it is the thirteenth of the month and we have no penny, my husband seems to have no penny, because he's wired me for a hundred bucks, and all because some nitwit bookkeeper down there finally discovers he's been paying

More than ever it's

"This Amazing America!"*



— and today Greyhound is helping the Nation's great highways work for Victory

It seems such a little while since Greyhound urged its millions of friends to enjoy the scenic wonders of "This Amazing America". Such a little while—but those few months of war have given the words completely new meaning!

America is still "amazing". . . but today it's amazing because of the grim will of its people to win this war—the courage and skill of its fighting men—the miracle of war production . . . and because of the greatest transportation job of all time—made possible, in large measure, by motor buses.

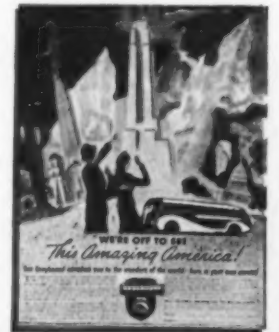
Greyhound and other bus lines carried nearly three-quarters of a billion passengers in the past year—and these millions weren't traveling for scenery or for pleasure. Most of them were selectees, men in uniform, war workers, teachers, farmers, nurses—people in nearly every other walk of life whose trips, in some way, were essential to a complete war program.

Greyhound is intent upon doing its immense share of this transportation job with all its strength—in spite of sharp wartime restrictions and shortages. And, with your help, Greyhound can do it.

You've been fine, in accepting wartime inconvenience, in choosing the uncrowded days for travel, in avoiding trips on weekends and on holidays. We know you'll keep it up!

*Remember when . . .

Greyhound advertising asked you to "See This Amazing America"? Today the message is changed. Greyhound urges you to "SERVE America now . . . so you can SEE America later!"



GREYHOUND



A portrait by Maria de Kammerer

At last! THE 25 HOUR DAY!

(Thanks to your "Satin-Finish" Lipstick!)

by Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

CARRYING on your regular activities, in addition to your many wartime duties, you've probably complained...with the rest of us...that 24 hours just aren't enough! That's the reason I urge you to enjoy the long-lasting smoothness of Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks.

They're a boon to the busy woman of today—possibly saving you as much as an hour's make-up time every day by lasting...and lasting...and lasting! Let your Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipstick help you WORK your best... by giving you the assurance that you LOOK your best. For Tangee SATIN-FINISH brings your lips to life with a soft and satiny sheen...brings your lips the smooth perfection of an exquisite grooming!

And another tip: Wear the Tangee Rouge that matches your Tangee Lipstick...the shade of Tangee Face Powder that matches your complexion!

TANGEE

SATIN-FINISH



Lipsticks

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... Is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

BEAUTY—Glory of woman...
LIBERTY—Glory of nations...
Protect them both...



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

twenty cents too much for his insurance premiums—which are deducted from his pay!"

But the colonel just sat there, staring. Finally he managed to shake his head, very feebly. "In all my life," he whispered. "In all my life. 'Send check immediately'—to the Army!"

I was really concerned for him. He was so thoroughly shocked—and yet almost envious. As if here all these years he had spent worshipping an authority which could still have its whiskers tweaked by a civilian.

I apologized to him. (But keeping my fingers crossed, because I still meant all of the telegram.) Then, very stiffly, he offered us "the convenience of a temporary loan until the Government has replied to you." So I thanked him and said ten dollars would be nice.

I'm sure he thinks the Government will reply to me with nothing less than a police escort to the nearest jail. But at least we'll eat till then.

Good night, darling.

A.

LIEUTENANT: Of course no check has come yet, but what is this mysterious post card from you full of hintings about Miami? Why should you be going there? If you do, it'll simply be the last straw. Miami—and new uniforms—and glamour! It simply can't be. If Uncle Sam does that to us on top of everything else, I'm really going to give him a piece of my mind. Please write at once saying it ain't so, Joe, and *please* get something done about that check.

Yesterday's crises still weigh upon me, so good night now. And please send one simple plain address, preferably printed in large black letters, so I'll know whether you have been receiving the proper number of complaints from us or whether you're still insulated in Wetookit and the Army's only forwarding what they think best.

Good night!

A.

DARLING: It's a new world! Yes, the check came, and two letters from you sounding like maybe leave soon, and I heard White Christmas on the radio! I feel as if footlights had been turned on inside me, the three things are so excitingly part of the same glow.

Do you really think you may get leave? And can you possibly know what the idea of it does to me? How it feels to be suddenly alive again and overboiling with excitement, just the way it used to be before Christmas vacation at college? That can't *all* be because of the check, can it? Don't you suppose that just a little of it, maybe, is from thinking about how it will be to take you tea dancing—yes, take you with my own earnings—so that we can have them play White Christmas?

Think of it! Think of dancing with you again! Think of just sitting across the table and looking at you again! Why is it that no matter how hard I try, I can't quite remember the realness of how you feel and how big you are? All the silly worries will simply *leap* off my shoulders and up to the ceiling the instant you're back! Oh, darling, it'll be so wonderful!

I mustn't think of it any longer now. Some dreadful thing might happen just because we want it so much. I shall spank it all down level again like a castle going back into a flat sand pile, and ice it over the top with piddling little plans for tomorrow, like how many bills can I pay and can the kids join their dancing club or should I get the vacuum cleaner fixed instead.

If you were here, I know you'd say yes to all the fun things and pooh on the vacuum cleaner. So that's what I'll say too. And never again will there be any talk about the kind of father who joins Christmas-money clubs and peers providently into the future. Because there's really only one kind of father to have—the kind that comes home in all his brass buttons and is so beautiful there can never possibly be an end to looking at him, or to patting him just to make sure he's real.

Please come soon, darling! We want you so!

ANNE.

MISTER LIEUTENANT: No further word from you about leave—which allows me to keep on hoping, anyway. The kids are pretty happy, since the idea of your coming has already caused me to say yes to the dancing class, yes to a season football ticket and yes to at least five chocolate sodas in the last two days.

The dancing class has been discussed entirely in whispers and capital letters—usually when I'm just within earshot. Even at that distance it smells expensive, like white bunny coats, but I refused to be awed by it.

"Isn't it just a dancing class?" I say vaguely. "You've been going to them for three years now, why so much fanfare?"

But it seems that this dancing class will be glamour and low backs and lipsticks and heaven knows what intangible star dust, whereas three years ago it was agony unspeakable just trying to keep your feet on the floor and make conversation during the ice cream. Remember Brig's red pigtailed wrapped around her head for the first time and as full of hairpins as a hedgehog? And Jan using my Chanel No. 5 instead of soap and water? I can see it now.

No, probably this year's dancing class won't be like that. But that's the one I'll miss. The frozen gaiety when there weren't enough boys to go around and the large flat black patent-leather slippers under those billowing dress tails! I probably won't even be allowed to see the sedateness of this class. And won't much like it if I do. But you would. You'd like the growing up and beginning to be "bewtiful jirls," as the art directors say. So let's hope there'll be at least one dance when you get home; then I'll like it too.

But here it is, late in the night again. Wire about leave as soon as you know. All my fingers and toes are crossed, so it's bound to work out right. A kiss from each of us and one to grow on!

A.

DEAREST: Your wire just came, and of course we felt terrifically let down—yet so glad the leave's only postponed. For you it must seem definitely swell. To be going to Miami with leave on the way back may taste even better to you than dessert first—or have we become the spinach in your life by now? And though the prospect of another six weeks without you is pretty bleak, I can't tell you how much more real you've suddenly become against a familiar backdrop!

Texas was so anonymous and so very khaki-colored that from the first day you melted into it I could scarcely find you again. In Miami you'll come alive again, simply because we've been there together. We can scarcely wait till you get here, sit down and tell all.

You didn't say what the training school would be like—or do you know yet? Maybe like Gunga Din—all "double drill and no canteen!"

Write as soon as you can—sooner—because we *are* pretty envious.

A.

DEAREST: Well! A good thing to know you're safely there at last. I'm becoming gradually inured to these into-thin-air disappearances, with only a post card three days later to mark the spot where you used to be. But anyway, you're there, and it's so totally different from the old Miami sometimes you're not sure you're there, and troops march in the streets in the rain with steel hats on, instead of advertising girls in the sun with beach hats on.

But the part about no air at night—Venetian blinds and heavy curtains for the blackout—isn't so good. After all that drilling and sun it would be fun to sleep out under the sky on the beach, wouldn't it? All the same—heat, sweat, sand, mosquitoes, Charley hesses and what-have-you, I'll bet it's fun like anything to get a swim in surf again, and hear palms again, rustling like snakes through dry grass, and smell hibiscus in the salt air. I'd trade all the

(Continued on Page 132)

**"That man of mine hasn't lost
a day's work in Seven months"**

**"AND I HAVEN'T MISSED A HEALTH-FOR-VICTORY CLUB MEETING,"
SAYS MRS. HAROLD B. BELL, WIFE OF AN ASSISTANT FOREMAN AT
THE BUSY B. & O. RAILROAD SHOPS AT CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND.**

"Eat right and stay healthy certainly pays off at our house... even the stepped-up pace of war work can't get my husband down," declared Mrs. Bell.

Every month, in spite of added home-front responsibilities, Mrs. Bell and several hundred other eager homemakers for B. & O. railroad workers attend Health-for-Victory Club meetings. They learn about food "alternates" and meat "extenders," and answers to other food shortage problems. They know how to pack lunches with plenty of pickup. How to serve low-cost, health-building meals that have their families clamoring for "seconds".

Monthly Meal Planning Guides are distributed with menus, recipes and lunch box suggestions for every meal in the

month. All H-for-V materials are prepared by the nutrition-wise staff of the Westinghouse Home Economics Institute. They started Health-for-Victory for their own war workers.

Now, in 600 war Plants and other organizations from New England to Pearl Harbor the H-for-V program is going full swing, helping to keep war workers and their families full of zip and fight through proper food.

Nor is that all! For the thousands of women who are not yet H-for-V members, the Westinghouse home economists have also prepared "The ABC's of Eating for Health". You'll find this booklet just what its name implies... a simple, authoritative guide to eating for health, in wartime or peace. Be sure to get your copy.

Even Wartime Shopping Is Easier. H-for-V menus, planned for moderate food budgets, carefully take food shortages into account.



Daily Lunch Box Lift is provided in lunch menus and recipes in Meal Planning Guide.

TUNE IN ON JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, WESTINGHOUSE RADIO PROGRAM, N. B. C., SUNDAY AT 2:30 P.M., E.W.T.



No Bribes Are Needed to make the younger Bells eat their vegetables. With tested H-for-V recipes everything tastes swell!

The Night Shift in the Bolt & Forge Shop, where summer temperatures sometimes hit 120°, demands skill and strength. And Mr. Bell's always on the job.

FREE! THE ABC'S OF EATING FOR HEALTH

Written for you, this 16-page booklet contains the same basic information on which the H-for-V Club program is based. Write for free sample copy.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
360 Fourth Street Mansfield, Ohio

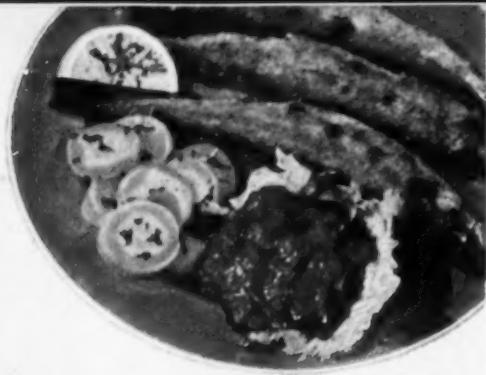
Health-for-Victory Club

A CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT BY

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE DIVISION





STUFFED BREAST OF LAMB—Have breast bone removed and pocket cut. For stuffing: Grind trimmings from edges of meat with 1 onion—add ½ cup crumbs, salt, pepper. Stuff. Spread with Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce. Roast 2 hrs. mod. oven.

PAN BROILED SMELTS—Leave heads and tails on fish. Roll in salted flour or bread crumbs. Sauté gently in frying pan in melted fat ¼ inch deep. Brown on both sides. Sea foods call for a special sauce. This one has the right tang and is ready to serve.

Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce

Snider's Cocktail Sauce

Meat Stretcher Recipes

LAYER LIVER LOAF

—Cover ¾ pound beef liver with boiling water. Drain. Salt and pepper. Cut 3 slices bread, length of loaf. Toast; dip in sauce made of 1 egg, ¼ cup Snider's Catsup, ¼ cup water, 1 onion grated. Form loaf of alternate layers of liver and toast. Fasten with skewers or tie in place. Dust with flour. Dot with drippings. Roast in moderate oven (350° F) about 1 hour, basting occasionally with Snider's Catsup—famous for extra flavor. Serves 4.



"Serve nutritional meals," says Uncle Sam. "Make them taste good," says your family. It's easy to do both with the aid of the Snider Family. Thanks to their ripe tomato ancestry, they add extra nutritional elements and extra flavor to your meals.



YOUR Family will like the Snider Family

SNIDER PACKING CORPORATION, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 130)

innerspring mattresses and Sunday-morning sleeps for one whiff of it—even at five A.M.

Which reminds me: There hasn't been much time to tell you, but within the last week a great trial has come upon us in addition to the weather. Her name is Emily Hawkins, and I met her at one of the two parties I've been to out at the Field before her husband was transferred. The husband—Bill—was about our age and a very good guy. Gay, versatile—had done lots of things and lived lots of places before marrying Emily, who's four or five years older, I think. But now that he's gone, Emily has for some reason hung herself around my neck like a rag doll and is leaking sawdust at every seam.

Some of the time it has a very bracing effect, because no matter how hard I try, I can't possibly be as sorry for her as she is for herself—and that finally relieves me of the necessity of trying! But during the last week when the check didn't come and things were a little bleak, she really got in some spadework. Like, "Do you suppose he's stopped your allotment for good? You don't suppose someone else is getting the money, do you?"

And when I didn't suppose it she got all falsely sweetie-pie about how wonderful it was the way you and I seemed to trust each other etcetera etcetera till I felt exactly as if someone had poured warm castor oil all over me—slowly—out of a spoon.

All our love now, and I'm so glad and grateful you're safely there! The girls send hugs and we'll forward the first report cards air mail for you to sign.

specially loud noise over Brig's when you do. It's the triumph of matter over mind. . . . Three hugs and a kiss. A.

DARLING: Your yesterday's letter delighted the kids. They remember enough of Miami to sense the contrast of troops marching through the dark streets at night with their steel hats bowed against the rain, singing their made-up songs. "Not very good songs, but you knew they were their own." Well put, lieutenant! It's lucky for us you're still detached enough to get the full flavor of how it all sounds and looks and smells, yet already enough part of it to get the feeling too. An old soldier would never be sufficiently outside the picture to see the drama, and a civilian painter or writer couldn't feel it in his own skin.

It's been wild and blowy weather here lately. Soft and blowy with a high shrill wind like a farmer's wife calling her husband across the fields; slatternly and restless, not calling him home to a good hot dinner and neat house, but running in a torn petticoat and old shawl through the lanes to upbraid him.

This business of being without a husband, of waiting for one's man to get home, has begun to arouse the most primitive reactions in me. I feel identified with all the women who've ever waited at the ends of country lanes at dusk, or down on the wharves, straining to catch sight of a sail. That's the only reason I'm glad we're not on the coast now; the sight of that endless water lashing toward shore on stormy nights would frighten me for you more than all the guns in the world.

Good night, darling. Knowing you're still here, still part of the same land is the happiest feeling I have about us. Be good in school so you can get home soon to us! We love you dearly. A.

LIEUTENANT: We'd begun to worry about your being carried off the parade ground feet first and are relieved to hear you're not only able to walk but to swim.

Certainly it does sound like a stroke of economy to take a fourth of a *cabaña* on the beach for six-fifty rather than six inches of locker for four dollars, but for heaven's sake, please refrain from running into *all* the headwaiters. This *cabaña* business has a slightly familiar ring, I'm afraid. It's not the initial six-fifty that worries me—it's the fifty-cent tip for every ice-cream cone and package of cigarettes thereafter. And how much swimming will you actually have time for when your day's work is done? Fifteen minutes? A mere shower!

But pay me no mind. I'm Dora Depress since the other brand of Ohio weather seems to have caught up with us for keeps; it's still night when we get up in the morning and I usually burn the breakfast toast. Probably new hats all around would make the three of us feel more kindly toward your *cabaña*, but the kids have their first dancing class to look forward to and I have—Emily Hawkins. I think I'll wear her stuffed.

Yesterday she said she just knew that Bill would want her to have a new fur coat, and would I go with her to choose the skins? So I said that she could pick me up at the office after work.

Of course she arrived too early and I had to work at least an hour longer while she sat there and "too-quoted" everything till the place smelled like a department-store elevator on bargain day.

However, our entrance into the local furrier's was of a magnificence! After Emily swept in I went back for her automobile robe, folded it over my arm and tried to look as much like a maid as I could without a jewel case.

She was stroking and crooning over every little muskrat till I really think she had 'em all named by the time we'd been there an hour. Then she changed what was left of my mind four times about whether the coat should be three-quarter length or seven-eighths length.

Please try to get that leave sewed up soon, darling, won't you? The gals send love, and have you got their report cards yet? Make a

LIEUTENANT: Oh, darling, I do wish you'd been here last night! The dancing class!

Every precaution was taken, of course, to keep me from seeing an inch of it, but at the last minute someone else's parent couldn't come to take them home, so Jan reluctantly phoned. Since it was after eleven and the colonel just coming in, he insisted that I be accompanied—or actually driven—by him to fetch them. So we set off in his four-passenger convertible to pick up what I suspected would be four young twitches in flowing dress tails, and I wasn't too far off—there were eight.

We went into the club before the last dance, the colonel very top-lofty but with that Paul Jones gleam in his eye which men of his age seem to get when confronted by a roomful of swirling skirts. He stood very docilely beside me in the doorway while I tried to catch a few bars of White Christmas above the tooting horns and whistles. As soon as the music stopped, all the boys instantly rushed into one corner of the floor and began blowing the horns more loudly than ever while the girls stayed herded together in another, combing their hair. It reassured me as to the degree of sophistication attained by fifteen-year-olders in these parts—advance publicity from your daughters had led me to expect nothing short of black sequins and gardenias.

The colonel harrumphed with alarm and gratification when they all piled into the convertible. We'd put the top down so some of the skirts could sit above the back seat, and all the tulle foaming over the edges looked like whipped cream coming out of a bowl.

When the last passengers had got out, making polite thank-you's and swishing their skirts through the leaves, I looked back at Jan, alone in the back seat: She had on her scarlet jacket and was staring up at the sky so that the street lights occasionally struck her scarlet lipstick. The rest of her face was pale and so lovely, so relaxed in a sort of dreaming far-off way, that for the moment I felt as if it weren't Jan at all. Partly the

Recipe for having food taste like that which mother used to make: Walk five miles before dinner.

—ELBERT HUBBARD.

**For Clear-Eyed
MORNING
SPARKLE**



Try This Tonight

IF YOU wake up tired and listless—if your freshness and "sparkle" are slipping away in the stress of these strenuous times—you should know this!

Thousands are drinking a cup of new, improved Ovaltine night and morning—for clear-eyed morning freshness and vigorous days.

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First, taken warm at bedtime, it fosters sound sleep, without drugs. Second, 2 glasses daily supply all the extra vitamins and minerals you need for utmost vitality—all the extra vitamins and minerals you can profitably use, according to experts—provided you are eating 3 average-good meals a day, including fruit juice. Government authorities say that 3 out of 4 people need these extra vitamins and minerals regularly.

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THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

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light, I suppose, like trick photography, but the cheekbones and ends of those eyebrows leveling off like little wings and her short curling hair were very foreign and stylized. It startled me a little, like a mask of girls' faces for the future; it seemed to me so contained and so unflinching—not a child's face at all.

I wonder if she misses you even more than I know. I wonder how much any of them know about the end of our world and the beginning of theirs. Yet to me they seem the lucky ones. Old patterns, old stupidities—all the meaningless trifles that have cluttered up our lives as hand-me-downs—will be cleaned away for them—till the war's over. They'll have a chance to run the course free, whether they reach the end or not.

It's late and rainy again. And I always get like Mischa Auer when it rains, so don't worry about Jan looking like a mask of the future. She was probably wondering whether we'd stop and treat her to an ice-cream soda.

Good night, darling. When you do get leave I hope it rains the whole time so we can pretend we're in a haymow and never going to come out again. A.

MR. PUDDING, MR. LIEUTENANT: Guess what a good thing! Today came a note from the agent to whom I'd sent a little sketch about Brig, and she thinks maybe it's salable! There's a pretty shriveled market for literary sketches these days, but she wouldn't try unless there was at least an outside chance, would she?

I wish I could still see my job as exciting. But lately suspicion has begun to rear its ugly head that maybe it isn't the most useful way I could be spending the war.

At first, I admit, it did seem a strange and fascinating world full of covered-dish suppers and eight-piece walnut dining suites for sale, a vital and quivering section of Main Street suddenly laid bare by telephone. But during the last week or so I haven't sensed much progress either in me or in the covered-dish suppers. The same bargain hunters are still swapping the same bird cages and I'm still helping them do it, whereas if all of us spent less time immersed in the classified ads and more time trying to read what isn't in the headlines, we might be waking up faster.

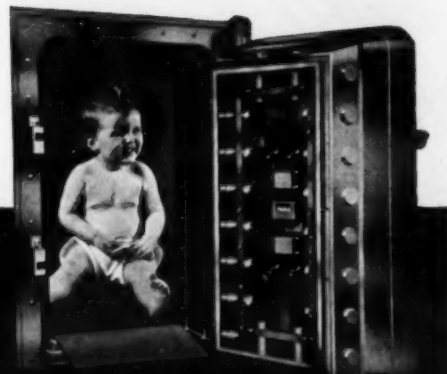
But I can't afford to leave the bird in hand till you've plucked at least one promotion out of the bush. Nor until something more stable can be worked out for the kids at home. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could get Fidelia back? After thirteen years of us she really ought to be able to take one or two more, but she writes that she's very unhappily and remuneratively bedded down in civil service in Washington.

Maybe if we could get her transferred to Wright Field she could come and fry an occasional chicken on Sundays. The girls would be so happy. She was like a big warm stove in the house, remember? Sitting in judgment on all the guests and making such apple pies! So I've written her to make an application for transfer and not to get in her boss' hair for the next few days. Maybe she can punch her own discharge. She says she watches the *H's* all the time to see whether "Mistah Hilton's sendin' you enough money." I'm glad somebody does, because Emily Hawkins' sugary little suspicions are beginning to drip their way into my subconscious like bad maple sirup.

Today she—Emily—stopped by at the office again for another sortie to the furrier's. It's pretty funny—Emily still crooning over each muskrat as it joins the ensemble, like a bad movie of Betsy Ross putting in the stars—but here I go again, drinking my milk out of a saucer and begrudging her muskrats when she's really so desperately missing Bill. The coat is probably a lifesaver, just as my job was the first few days.

Today she upbraided me for forgetting you for "a grubby little job," and just generally failing to carry the torch. I finally got sore and said I hadn't had much choice about the job; that after all, you were a lieutenant and we had the kids, whereas Bill's a major with none. So that gave her an opening for her favorite suspicion—that you hadn't really cared much what became of us or you

Even if you could keep baby in a safe, he would not be protected against harmful germs that are in the air everywhere. But you can help protect baby's skin against germs by using new Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder.



Baby's normal motions as in creeping (shown by speed camera) cause constant friction of skin at many points. Greater protection against friction is provided by super-smooth Mennen Powder, pounded now to amazing new fineness by special "hammerizing" process.

**WARTIME MOTHERS HAIL
NEW BABY POWDER
AS VITAL HEALTH AID**

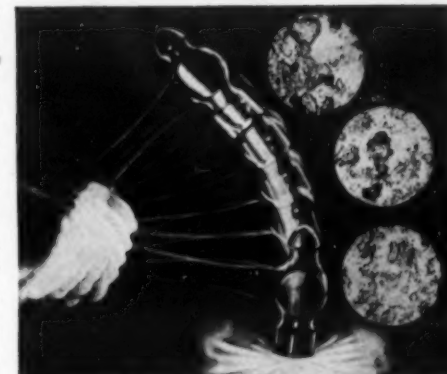


3 out of 4 doctors stated in survey that they prefer baby powder to be antiseptic.

keeps babies safer two ways: Being antiseptic, it helps keep baby's skin free of many rashes in which germs play a part... diaper rash, prickly heat, scalded buttocks, impetigo; every rash means discomfort for baby, is a danger signal to mother. Being smoother, Mennen Antiseptic Powder is more effective in preventing painful chafing of baby's tender skin.



Antiseptic superiority of new Mennen Baby Powder is shown in test of leading powders by U. S. Gov't method. Center of each round plate contains a different baby powder. In gray areas, germs are thriving; but in dark band around center of Mennen plate (bottom circle), germ growth has been prevented by Mennen powder.



Greater smoothness of "hammerized" Mennen Baby Powder is proved above. Photos taken thru microscope compare leading baby powders. Mennen (bottom circle) is smoother, finer, more uniform in texture, hence guards skin better against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby lovelier. Use Mennen Baby Powder in diapers and all over baby's body. Best for baby, also best for you. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.*



Beauty Note. It's so easy to specify the loveliest of bath towels for your trousseau collection—Martex, of course.

Quality Note. Under the deep, soft drying texture of every Martex towel is the sturdiest towel construction known—the plied yarn underweave.



wouldn't have joined the parade quite so lightheartedly.

"All these thirty-five and forty-year-old fathers of families rushing into service," she says. "Just look at them! Everyone either an irresponsible sophomore at heart—or else unhappy at home."

And there isn't much use in telling her all over again that I wanted you to rush into service, that we all wanted you to rush into service, that we thought you'd be useful even if you weren't always being shot at, and that years from now there wouldn't be any question of your having to say, "Well, you know, I had children."

That's the phrase which makes me angriest! Granted, you were darned lucky to get a commission, and I—since I'd never worked—to get any sort of job. But lots of women could get jobs who haven't, and lots more thirty-five-year-old fathers could get themselves into uniform—just because they do have children, if for no other reason. If they did, maybe the children wouldn't be used up so quickly.

Well, enough of this drum beating; they should hire me in the OWI. Jan and Brig are practically there already, and I think this fearful new effort in geometry which keeps the latter up till midnight is nothing less than a determination to make the WAVES or WAAC in three or four years.

"Night now, darling. We love you. Every minute, all the time, steadily and warmly, like a big fur coat. Is that fun—or would you rather wait till you get to Murmansk?"

A.

DEAREST: It was good to hear from you after the week end; Sunday always makes too long a gap. In fact, all mail should come on Sundays because that's when people miss each other most.

Speaking of mail, I had some from Tony Willet today too. His commission finally came through and he's being stationed—of all places—at Wright Field. Apparently there's a specialist in animated cartoons

out here who'd worked with him for a while at Disney's studio, and said a good word—along with several hundred other people, probably. But T. hopes he'll be able to stay out of Signal Corps or Photography and get closer to Ordnance. Maybe he will if they ever see him shoot.

Remember the day we took him to the Greenwich skeet club and no one even knew he could hold a gun? It was freezing cold with black clouds about to spit snow and everyone dressed to the teeth in Harris tweeds on top of walking sticks. And the president of the club so stiffly polite, saying he'd be glad to lend Tony his gun. Then Tony stood up in his old jacket, sort of slowly and diffidently, the way Henry Fonda might—and really poured it on! It was the first time I'd seen any skeet and I remember thinking that he didn't even seem to be looking, much less taking aim. The gun just swung up of its own volition—and every bird dropped.

Remember the indignant faces? How they all crowded round saying, "Where is your jacket? What club do you belong to?" And Tony just standing there grinning and saying, "Oh, nowhere you'd know. I used to shoot a little when I was a kid in Ohio."

It'll be fun to watch him do it again. And very much fun to have someone to dance with occasionally, or play bridge.

Thanks for sending the report cards back. We were beginning to have mild hysterics. Jan's grades still seem to stay up there without any help, don't they, but Brig's, as I've said, are the real triumph.

Lots of love, darling—tired now. More tomorrow.

A.

LIEUTENANT: Word seems to be flying around that Clark Gable is at the Field; the

children are in a tizzy. So shall I be if it's true. As it is, I'm only waiting for Tony to get here so we can haunt the officers' clubs—bowing coldly, I hope, to Mrs. Hawkins.

The latter has really been a treat of late. Her coat is finished; she has nothing left to do but wear it and nowhere to do that. So I suggested she come over yesterday as the Harrises and their captain—who never seems to have a name of his own but is a sort of attachment like a pilot fish—and some other people were stopping in.

One of the officers was from Civilian Personnel at the field, and I wanted to talk to him about a job. He was a little discouraging. Said if I were hired I might have to work like a donkey or just sit with my feet in a wastebasket and get paid, he couldn't tell.

Emily had been listening and finally seemed to be unable to stomach the idea of my being at large and all unguarded among the wolves in lieutenants' clothing. "You're very well where you are, dear," she broke in. "I'm sure your husband would much prefer it if you stayed in that little office with only women."

So I made round eyes at her and said, "Why?"

Whereupon she bridled and tossed like something out of Dickens, and the officer began to look mildly flustered.

Brig was there on the fringes, eating potato chips and watching everyone the way she does, but we'd more or less forgotten

her, when all at once she spoke up and said, "Yes—why, Mrs. Hawkins? Why shouldn't our mother work at the Field if she likes?"

This time it was Emily who was flustered. She couldn't quite tell whether Brig was being completely naive, as she was entitled to be at fourteen, or whether she was doing a fine job of legpulling. So she just sat there looking more and more uncertain and getting redder and redder.

But Brig was completely poker-face. And somehow very dignified. "Do you know pop?" she said finally.

Emily began to splutter. "No, of course not. But I should think any normal husband —"

"I thought not," said Brig. Then she walked over to the bookcase, picked up your picture—that grinning footballish one in the sweater that we love—and handed it to Emily without a word.

It was the complete answer. Because even Emily, for the first time really forced to look at it, couldn't possibly have attributed any pettiness or jealousy to that face, and neither would it be easy to imagine any other lieutenants as a real temptation compared to it.

Bob Harris raised his glass in a silent toast behind Brig's back and everyone else just let out a gentle sigh. As for Emily, she began to talk very fast about something else—and I hope no one listened.

We miss you most on Sunday afternoons. If people come and if they don't. I always knew what a good host you were and how you loved people in your house, but I never quite realized before how warm and easy you made it seem. As if mixing drinks and passing food and telling stories and playing games all at the same time were a mere nothing. Maybe when the war's over we'd better run a tavern so you can be Mine Host with a sprig of holly behind your ear. Shall we do that? Promise?

A.

DEAREST: A post card from Fidelia today says that she's put in her application for transfer from Washington to the Field. I feel as if all the people we'd ever known were slowly converging upon us. She and Tony will probably arrive on the same day, and there's only one extra cot. I've invited him

Thrift Note. It pays to buy the best of everything. Martex towels actually cost you less in the end, because of the extra service they give in use.

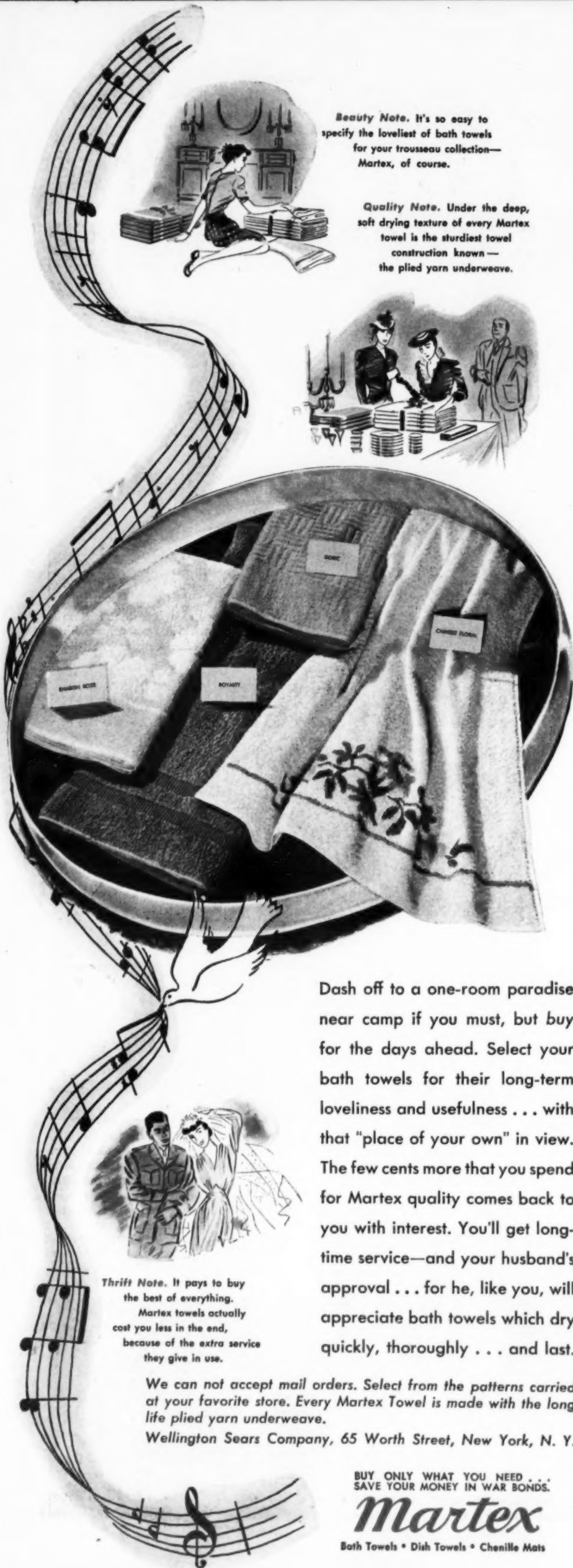
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised.



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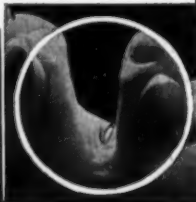
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39¢ a jar

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At any store which sells toilet goods

**ATHLETE'S FOOT
INFECTS**
feet soaked in perspiration

Cracks
between
your toes
WARN YOU



The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot grow twice as fast when they feed on stale perspiration and dead skin. Then, when cracks appear between the toes, they can strike—through those cracks—and spread quickly. It's Athlete's Foot! Look between your toes tonight! At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning.

1. Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
 2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
 3. It dries the skin between the toes.
 4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
 5. It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.
- Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 225C Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!

to stop at the house until he's able to find a room, and have been watching ads in the paper for the latter. But Fidelia will have to stay here, so if Tony makes her toss to see who will have the bed I'll see that she gets it anyway.

Tony and I'll have lots to talk about: all the Sunday afternoons of swimming and sailing and cooking clams on the sea wall; and the time Joe Moore lost his new front teeth in the water eating roasting ears; and the night you broke your ankle showing us how you could jump a hedge, and then after we'd got you safely bedded down in the hospital, phoned Albert to come drive you home; and my first solo flight in the dinghy when I took the kids out in a stiff wind and the boom knocked Jan overboard and Brig just squatted on the centerboard with her eyes shut, yelling, "Oh, God, don't let our mother drown us!"

A fine life we led! Tony and Fidelia will bring it all back. Probably the two of them will reminisce from morning to night—when we aren't all working at the Field. The latter possibility seems to beckon more and more enticingly to me—maybe because I hate to think of Fidelia being of more use to the country than I am.

Anyway, I've filled out one of those unto-the-third-and-fourth-generations forms for Civilian Personnel, because the Harrises' captain says there just may be an opening later in the editorial or tech-data department. We'll see.

Meantime, write me how the idea strikes you. All our love, darling. The girls send hugs.

A.

DEAR LIEUTENANT: Two telegrams today, just as I expected, saying, "Please meet train Sunday," and signed respectively Fidelia and Tony.

I'd written the former about Tony's being assigned to Wright Field, thinking that would make her feel like old-home week, but the last sentence of her wire says, "am coming to keep you straight." To get transferred this quickly she must not have waited for a transfer at all but have taken a discharge with prejudice—which'll mean no job for her at the Field.

And here's another thing—do I have to go on the rest of my life being kept straight by Fidelia? Will you please write her at once and say that it's all right for me to go out to dinner with Tony and that she can safely devote herself to keeping Jan and Brig straight? The girls are in somewhat unflattering tizzies of joy over her coming, so evidently I've been an even worse parent than I knew.

She'll have to get an outside job; we can't feed her and Miss Horse. But on week ends we'll have perfect orgies of house cleaning and chicken frying. Then we'll smell like a real house again, with wax and cinnamon, and the silver will get polished on time and Soda will cease to shed all over the rugs and visiting ladies won't look worried about there being fleas in the davenport.

Maybe she can even make a fire burn in the fireplace! I took the nasty little gas heater out and painted the bricks the color of the wall. We built a roaring wood fire—and darned near burned the house down. Like an igloo it was—or a railway station in Pittsburgh! Great clouds of smoke billowed out and Soda hurried upstairs to hide under your bed.

But the good smell stayed quite a while, and every so often I do it again: when it rains or when there's any of our music on the radio—not a roaring fire, of course, but a little smudge, to smell like Connecticut.

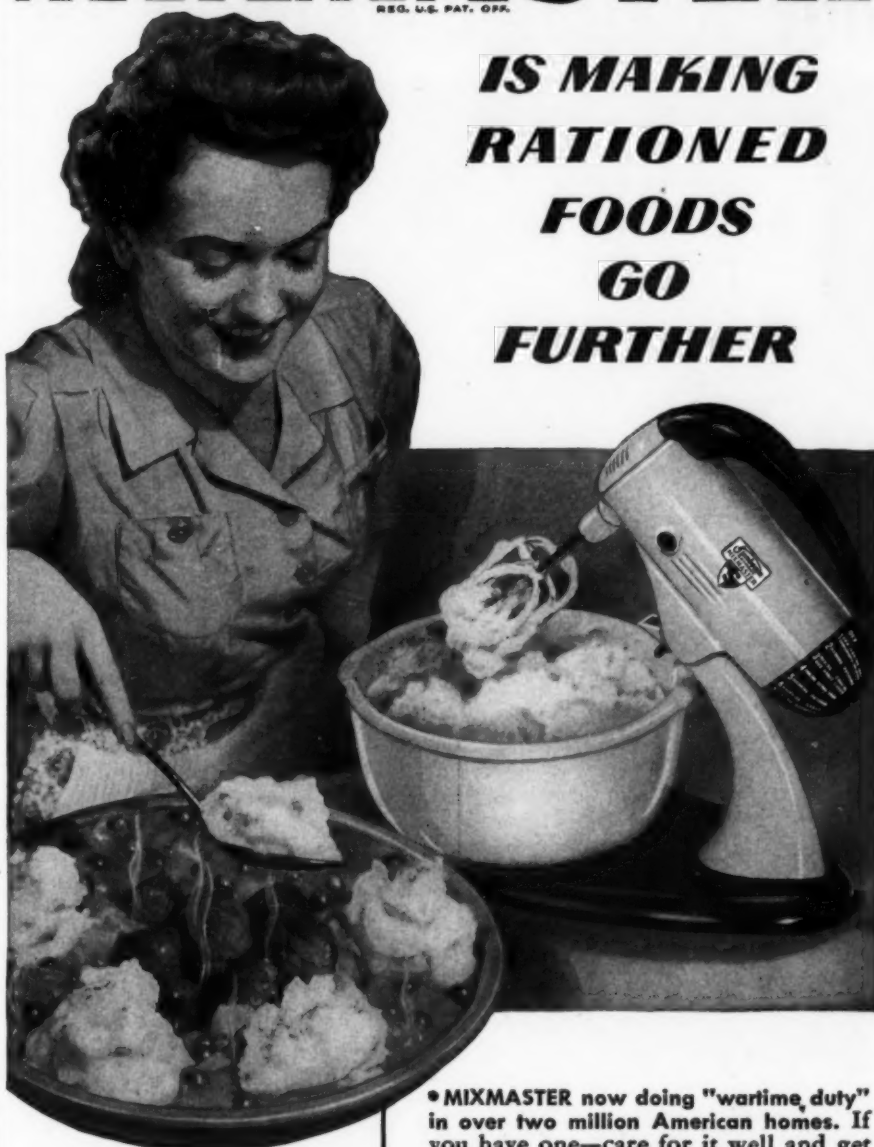
As for Tony, he won't be able to stay here long; there isn't room, so please write him and tactfully convey same information to him. I've tried to get two or three little snuggeries lined up for him to choose from. More likely, he'll want me to throw the colonel out and move in here, but Fidelia would never allow that.

Tell about leave—have you definitely applied for it after Miami or is there still that rumble of foreign service in the air? Your letters aren't too descriptive, I must say. We want more about classes; Brig says have

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you flunked spelling or aren't you old enough for that yet? All our love, darling, A.

DARLING: The kids are delighted with the reports of your report card. And wish to know if they may sign it for you. Jan does not sympathize, however, with your flunking Airplane Identification, even though you never were able to tell a Ford from a Chevy. She says that with a little application—such as you never use in remembering people's names—you could very easily learn to spot all the wing edges and tails, because you can draw. But pay her no mind—I sympathize and think that getting 100 on the chemical-warfare exam was nothing short of genius.

I'll have to evacuate my room and move in with the kids while Tony's here. Fidelia can sleep in the attic with Brig's toy farm, which is now spread out on the tennis table. I don't go up to look at it very often; it makes me homesick. All those Christmases of phoning Schwarz for animals and writing the Department of Agriculture for model silos! Wasn't it fun? Remember the hairy goat we bought right after seeing Mice and Men because he was so smooth to stroke? We must have stroked him to death. Remember how he began molting on Christmas Day and Brig was inconsolable?

You *must* be here this Christmas, darling! I can stand anything else, if I have to, except that you shouldn't be here on Christmas. Fidelia will bake and brew and maybe they'll give me a few days off from work and Tony'll be around to play chess with you and we'll have evergreens smelling warm all over the house and you'll be so beautiful and thin in your brass buttons and we'll go to parties and have eggnogs and pretend there never was a war—so hurry and make it be Christmas soon, will you, Mr. Pudding? We can't really wait that long. Try to move it up! All our love, A.

DEAREST: Well, Tony and Fidelia are here! They were on the same train, and though I'd stationed Jan and Brig along the platform to intercept any flying tackles, both managed to converge upon me at the same instant—Fidelia screaming with joy and Tony shedding luggage in all directions. Subsequent inventory by Brig revealed only four cameras, three bags, two tripods and a seven-by-five canvas neatly wrapped in brown paper, which he glowingly bestowed upon the hostess.

Since the canvas was framed, considerably taller than I, and the platform simply jostling with people, I had much ado to keep my balance, much less make graceful acceptance, but Fidelia and the kids began rounding up bags and we finally got under way—Tony striding ahead and yelling back over his shoulder with a tripod in each hand and the rest of us strung out behind him like squaw women, staggering under various boxes and bags.

That is, we got under way until the middle of the station. Then he suddenly turned and rushed back toward us, saying I must examine his gift immediately to see whether we were going to be sympathetic, because if not he would check it at the station! Before I could open my mouth he grabbed the picture, ripped the paper off—and there she was, a practically life-sized art-school nude, stonily staring out at us and a bunch of departing soldiers surrounded by their relatives!

Jan gave a little shriek, several people stopped in their tracks and I slapped the paper back on her as quickly as possible. "Heavens, Tony!" I said. "What on earth —"

"What's the matter—don't you like it?" he cried. And jerked at the paper again so I could take another look.

Whereupon we all simply hurled ourselves upon it, Fidelia trembling with indignation and both kids in terror for fear someone they knew would come along.

"Well, what's the matter, what's the matter?" Tony kept saying. "I thought you'd like it—you always —"

"Sh—sh!" By this time I was practically in hysterics, when all at once up rose Fidelia

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and took charge! She snatched the picture, threw her coat over it and put the other arm akimbo.

"Now let me git you told, Mr. Willet," she said. "You got no business to bring this here Sue into the house with children in the first place, don't care who painted it, and it ain't right neither to check her in this station all undressed like that. She's going right in the car with me with my coat ovah her, and she's goin' to stay that way till you gits you a room in some othah house!"

It was wonderful. All the air went out of Tony in one quick pft. Then, still simply glaring, Fidelia picked up the picture and started off, Tony meekly following in her wake, with the children trying to look as if they'd never seen him before and myself fetching up the rear.

Tony maintained a rather hurt silence most of the way home, with the kids and Fidelia in the back seat, shooting questions at each six to the dozen. Then he relented and began to sing, and we all sang up to the very doorstep, then all sort of flowing into the house as if we'd lived there forever, Fidelia not even waiting to be told but making for the kitchen like a homing pigeon.

It was so happy, darling! And you were so much there no one even remarked on it—just as if you'd stepped out for a minute, or gone to the corner for cigarettes.

So tomorrow Tony turns into a soldier and reports for duty—he still hopes in the Ord-

not very enthusiastic, and Fidelia kept on waxing.

"Oh, I am disturbing you," Emily repeated with pleasure. And pulled a chair into the exact middle of Fidelia's wax. I could see the little pigtailed at the back of the latter's neck beginning to vibrate, but Emily went right on: "And this must be Fidelia. I'm sure Mrs. Hilton must be very happy you're with her again, and"—here she paused with a happy little lilt, a little note of just-between-us-girls—"I'm sure Lieutenant Hilton will be especially glad to hear you're back!"

"Fidelia," I said quickly, "this is Mrs. Hawkins. She's going to help find you a job you'll like. She knows more people than I do."

Perfectly dough-faced, Fidelia rose and inclined her head.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Hawkins," she said—but by this time the pigtailed were standing out straight.

Unfortunately—calamitously—Emily didn't answer! Because she'd just caught sight of Fidelia's feet, which had your old shoes on—yes, the ones with the windows cut in them for "easement," laced with twine and that Christmas ribbon!—and she was simply hanging out of her chair with fascination while Fidelia still stood there, ungood-morninged.

I braced myself. But it was too late. Emily's popeyed gaze finally tore itself away

and slowly, reluctantly—as if it didn't want to miss a thing—traveled up those fat bare legs and came to light on the fisherman bustle effect, where it stayed.

I was afraid to look at Fidelia's face. So I was looking at the bustle, too, when it happened. A sort of invisible rumba—a twitch and wiggle you could scarcely see; just one hip! It was a little like the thing an elephant does on his chain when he's been stared at too long, only much more impudent. And before we could really be sure we'd seen anything, it stopped.

But Emily's gasp was all Fidelia could have asked for. She

simply boiled up out of her chair, glaring with suspicion, but Fidelia's face was as blank as a blotter. "Well!" Emily gasped. "Well!"

But none of us batted an eyelash. I was sure Jan had seen, too, and there she was, making straight-faced curtsies at the door—she who hasn't made a curtsy for two years; there was Fidelia respectfully emanating old-family-retainer hospitality, and finally there was I, saying, "So nice you stopped, do come again, Emily," as if we weren't all going to fall flat on our faces with joy the instant she closed the door.

So now poor Emily will never be quite sure.

I suppose that I ought to feel guilty or accessory-after-the-factish or something, but she was so Pakh Avenue about the shoes and Fidelia was so guttersnipe! I'd never seen it done before with quite so much finesse. All the same, maybe you'd better come home just as soon as you can—and help keep Fidelia straight!

Two kisses—I'm feeling generous tonight! A.

TIM: If only you'd been here this day! We got Tony up early and complainingly to go house hunting, and after four weary hours we finally settled for an unlikely little hide-out up over a garage which Tony said reminded him of his Paris days. Also, there was a tumbledown back stairs out of sight

How to Say It

With most of us, there are some words that cause us to stumble now and then. If you've been wondering, "How do you say it?" here are some helps:

IODINE: No matter how you say this word, you're bound to be safe. There are three pronunciations, and they're all acceptable.

DRAMA: *Dramma* is acceptable, *drahma* may have a slight edge. But *drahmatist* is wrong.

FIANCÉ: Man or woman, he or she is *fee-ahn-say'*.

ENNUI: It's a nice word. If you use it, say it correctly: *On'-wee*.

ESOTERIC: No, not *e-sot'-er-ic*. Try *ess'-o-ter-ic* on your tongue, and see if it doesn't taste better.

—NORMAN LEWIS.

LIEUTENANT: And now comes the reaction of how did we ever get along without Fidelia? Everything that's been disjointed or lost or out of sorts about us is already miraculously flying back into place as if on invisible wires.

Of course reform is not always accomplished without a little fur flying, but right now I feel that even Emily's new coat would be a small price to pay for Fidelia's particular brand of law and order. In fact, it may be the necessary price—figuratively speaking, because Mrs. Hawkins honored us with a brief visit this morning and all was not sweetness and light.

In the first place, you know how Fidelia feels about women who "just drop in" of a morning! "Cause they ain't got nothin' to do their own selves," she mutters. Or else—more bluntly—"Cause they jes' snoopin'." Well, today, of course, she'd taken the house apart from cellar to attic as thoroughly as a small boy would his first watch. Scarcely a chair was left standing. And with her dress tail girt about her loins like pictures of fishermen in the Bible, was down on her fat brown knees waxing the floor. The kids and I were polishing brass when in walked Emily, dressed to the teeth.

I'd told her Fidelia wanted an outside job on school days, working here only week ends for her room and food, so Emily wished to be first bidder. But Fidelia didn't know that; she thought it was just a "curiosity call" by the type of woman referred to in the paragraph above.

"Oh!" Emily greeted us all brightly. "Am I disturbing everyone?"

Brig promptly disappeared as if the earth had swallowed her up; I mumbled something



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of the landlady which I noticed Tony eying fondly as we left.

So we came home to put our feet up for a minute before the actual safari began. Fidelia, for once, was of sweet accord—probably softening Tony up for a farewell tip—and offered to "ca'y Mr. Willet's naked lady" for him.

"Her name is Godiva," corrected Tony severely. "And please do not refer to her again as *my* naked lady."

Whereat Fidelia founced off. Jan and Brig were already loaded down with that overflow of films and paints which Tony always seems to gather round him; I was entrusted with the cameras, and Tony himself staggered forth with a tripod under each arm.

It wasn't a long haul or I could never have faced the return trip—but wait, that comes later! First comes the installation—almost, one might say, the formal opening. Every bag, every brush, every camera neatly stowed into its appointed niche, books unpacked, photographs tacked up—and last of all, the climax, Lady Godiva herself hung where Tony could see her the first thing upon waking.

And at that moment, that very moment like a clap of thunder—there she stood! The landlady, I mean, exuding fury at every pore.

"And who, may I ask, gave you permission to hang pictures on these walls?" she hissed.

Tony looked at me and I looked at Tony, then both of us looked at Lady Godiva, as if fancy-meeting-you-here-madam.

"What picture?" said Tony blankly.

"Why—why!" The poor landlady, frothing, could only point.

"Oh—you mean her ladyship," went on Tony. "Tiska, tiska, that's not a picture. That's God's noblest work of art, a beautiful woman!"

"It's a plain hussy, that's what it is!" shrieked the landlady. "And what's more, young man, you'll have to get her out of here—yes, and all your other truck too! I thought I was renting to an officer and a gentleman, not one o' these here artists."

I whispered to him to calm her down and I'd take Godiva home again, but it was too late.

So now we're home again, just as if we'd never been away, and it's *such* a good thing we didn't waste time changing Tony's bed, isn't it? Be seen' you! Love,

A.

DARLING: Your last good letter with the exam paper listing all those screwy departments came this morning, and, as Jan says, we were "overboiling with proud" to see that you'd managed to wend your way through fifty pitfalls, only once stubbing your toe. If it had been my paper I'd have marked the forty-nine O.K.'s very large indeed and the only bad X simply microscopic; but that's your Yankee forebears—pointing out the only worm in a whole basket of fine red apples.

Fidelia has found herself a fine upstanding job with what Brig used to refer to as "lofty people," and begins tomorrow, becaped and beruffled. I have visions of her, like Tom Kitten, popping off buttons and shedding finery along the garden walks.

"What about Lieutenant Hilton's shoes?" I asked. "Are you going to wear them?" So she said yes, about the second day, she thought, when the lady had got used to her.

Mrs. Hawkins is stopping by tomorrow evening to inspect Tony and place the seal of disapproval. We'll try to lure the colonel into some safe domestic bridge, just to thwart her.

Please hurry Christmas along, Mr. Pudding. Everything is waiting for you, and as soon as Tony gets his room this week end, we'll start hiding presents in closet corners and baking fruitcakes to go in your sock!

All our love, and the girls say don't get any more 98's—it's too hard to live up to!

A.

DARLING: I'm getting to be as bad as all the little girls who go on cruises or to dude ranches and send home ecstatic post cards

saying, "Oh, you should-a been here today!" But *they* never bother to explain why, whereas I not only explain but embroider and embellish and finish off with pinking! Like now, for instance—yes, here we go again—for the bridge game with Emily and the colonel you really *should-a* been here today!

At exactly the right time—that is, fifteen minutes late—Mrs. H. swept in upon the scene. The coat sleeves were pushed up to indicate evening; sweet odors trailed in her wake, and everything was of a brightness. She bore down on the colonel immediately, not wasting more than one quick glower on Tony, since he was the main dish and had to be worked up to.

Unluckily, Tony wasn't looking like a dish at all but had suddenly gone all formal and formidable, the way he does with strange women—pulling out chairs and begging pardons, which threw Emily off base for a minute because that was the line she'd intended to take.

But it wasn't long till Emily got the bit in her teeth again, and really tore into Tony: schools, family, friends—"Photography—really? Oh, the Sorbonne—then you're *really* an artist!"—and so on. Tony all the time getting more polite and nearer and nearer the popping point.

The colonel, still warm with his own steam, was oblivious to everything but the game—which, of course, he knew backward and forward, thus causing poor Tony, when he wasn't answering Emily, to look like an indignant trout who's been hooked with soft soap instead of a fly. Finally we were down three rubbers, and I could hear Tony's back teeth beginning to grind.

"Too bad, Mr. Willet!" Emily condoled brightly. "It's such a shame when you *know* the game to be handicapped by bad cards. . . . But where did you say your mother was from, Mr.—Tony? I *may* call you Tony, mayn't I? Was she one of the Virginia Willets?"

"Well, scarcely," ground out Tony. "Since my father's name is Willet. I have a father, too, you know."

"Oh, yes, of course." Emily picked up her cards thoughtfully. "Willet, Willet—and what does he do? Anything that I should know?"

"I'm afraid not," said Tony. "He washes dishes in a paper-plate factory."

A sudden roar from the colonel practically blew us from our chairs. "Ha! Very good, m' boy. Paper-plate factory! I fancy that'll hold her for a while! Harrumph, harrumph! Demmed inquisitive woman, hmphm, hmphm—paper-plate factory!" Subsiding into the eddies of his own amusement, he finally died away—leaving one of those silences you read about.

Tony and I fell to at once, playing our cards like mad and scarcely waiting for the lead. But the colonel refused to accelerate and from time to time I kept catching a harrumph—just barely audible—which sounded like "old heifer."

Then at last it was over—two hours earlier than we'd expected—and everyone feeling as if Little Willie had spent the evening squeaking a slate pencil down the blackboard. After the door had closed behind poor Emily I turned upon the gentlemen.

"A fine thing, a fine pair of officers!" I began indignantly.

But the two of them were standing there toe to toe, beaming into each other's faces. The beginning of another beautiful male friendship—and, I suppose, if Tony is going to stay here the rest of his life, worth it even at the price. But you see what I meant by needing you as a trouble shooter!

All our love.

A.

MR. PUD: Saturday, and we're having a great purge. Like the women who advertise bird cages. Dozens of things in the same category as bird cages have come to light in spite of our having moved and been purged so often: jai-alai baskets left over from the beach, ice skates that it'll never be cold enough to use here, badminton rackets without the net, and so on—besides all those

(Continued on Page 140)

ADVICE F
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2. JOIN THE WALKERS AND SEE A NEW WORLD! Try a new route home from the office or station, and discover how many human, interesting sights you missed back in your car-riding days. Or, revive the old-fashioned custom of a walk to the country on Sunday afternoons. It will take the kinks from your muscles, and the cobwebs from your mind!



3. HOW TO PUT A HOBBY TO WORK. There's no better way to relieve masculine tension than through a hobby—one that calls for use of the hands. But instead of making ship models or fixing up old clocks . . . give your hobby a patriotic twist today. Use your hands and hammer and saw and native ability to do odd jobs around the house, to keep things shipshape and make them last—until the Great Day comes.



4. IT ALL ADDS UP TO A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. Beautyrest owners are lucky people. A good night's sleep is not so much of a problem when you have one of these famous mattresses, whose 837 separate

innersprings cradle every tired inch of you. But Beautyrest or no, a sensible program of relaxation will let you sleep more soundly, rest better.



BEAUTYREST WILL BE BACK!

If you must have a new mattress. Think twice before you buy a new mattress—or anything else—today. Buy War Bonds instead. But if you really need a new mattress, ask to see the new Simmons White Knight. It's actually a "mattress within a mattress" made without an ounce of critical war material. You'll say a felt mattress has no right to be so downright com-

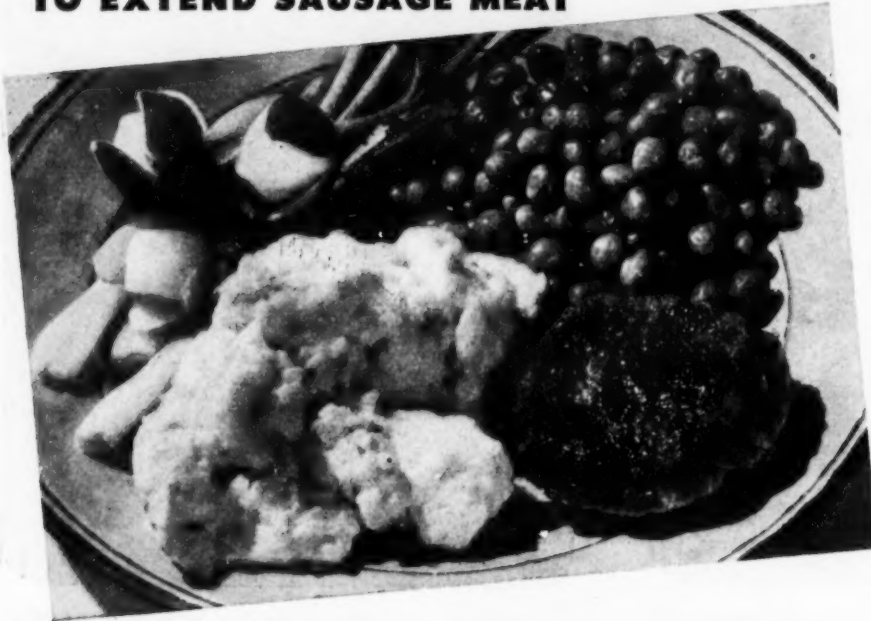
fortable! It's the "Beautyrest of felt mattresses." At \$39.50, the White Knight is your best mattress buy today.

NOTE TO CUSTOMERS: If you have to wait for a White Knight, be patient. Almost everything we make in all our factories today is for the Army and Navy. And they come first.

Betty Crocker



SUGGESTS A PRACTICAL WAY TO EXTEND SAUSAGE MEAT



Point-Thrifty SAUSAGE PATTIES

- 1 lb. Bulk Sausage
- 1 cup Wheaties
- 1/2 cup Water or Milk

Season sausage, if desired. Mix. (Chill mixture for easier handling.) Shape into patties. Fry until done (about 20 minutes). Your patties will be lighter, fluffier, because of the Wheaties and liquid. Tastier, too. Recommended, highly, by my staff.

PENNY-THRIFTY — extending meat with cereals. Cereal proteins cost less than half as much as proteins of meat. Combined (equal amounts) with meat, egg, and milk proteins, they can meet all our protein needs. Serve Wheaties often!

● **Sausage Supper That Satisfies:**

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| POINT-THRIFTY SAUSAGE PATTIES | NEW PEAS |
| SCRAMBLED EGGS | OTHER RELISHES |
| GREEN ONIONS | PRESERVES |
| CRUSTY ROLLS | COOKIES |
| FRESH STRAWBERRIES | |

BREAKFAST? Even more important when lunches and dinners may be skimpier. Serve stick-to-the-rib breakfasts now. And let them invite!

CHILLED MELON starts off breakfast with a light touch. Add cheery bowls of Wheaties, with milk or cream. Streusel-filled coffee cake. Coffee or milk. . . Generous bowls of Wheaties—these flakes are so rich flavored and nourishing.

● **WHOLE GRAIN!** *Wheaties provide all of wheat's known essential food values.*

Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 219, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Betty Crocker

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(Continued from Page 138)

barrels of your mother's hand-me-down Minton and my mother's hand-me-down glass.

Of course the most fun in a purge is always old clothes and old snapshots. Brig and Jan certainly fell upon the snapshots today. And so did I. We sorted out all the ones of you, beginning with college—your daughters were very congratulatory at my having done so well for myself!—then the do-or-die stage when you were busy being the young father and so beautiful that no wonder all the new mothers on the street sent for you to come show them how to fold a square diaper; then the first ones which begin to look as you do now, crinkly and fun, not taking yourself so seriously as you did at twenty-two, but loving people and games and treasure hunts with the kids on Sunday mornings, and sailing with Soda, and races and prize fights and all sudden adventures, the more sudden the better.

Those are the ones we love best, in your furry sweater looking like a Teddy bear. There's one like that with the kids leaning against your shoulder. They're grubby and banged-up looking—the awful tooth-straightening stage, which seemed to go on forever—and Brig is peeking out from behind your shoulder with a face so covered with freckles it looks like a turkey egg. . . Those were the years which they'll remember—building tree houses and spading gardens and taping badminton courts without end!

We had such good times, didn't we! And will again. All this blank part will seem like a bad dream when it's over; like something we couldn't possibly have lived through ourselves, loving each other and the kids as we have.

But maybe that's why it's possible. Maybe so much was stored up in all those years together that it won't let us down now. We can live on it and remember again every time we need to; it's all still there, waiting to be picked up and finished again when you come home—and we'll make the end even better than the beginning!

Well, be glad you still have your fourth of a *cabaña* and the whole Atlantic to bathe in! I'd like about ten gallons of it myself right now, but heated, please—with pine bath salts. Will you bring me some in a vacuum bottle for Christmas? And a pinch of sand in an envelope? And two jars of kumquat marmalade, but *no* guava; and let's see, what else? Oh, you, of course. But never mind wrapping the last up. It'd be a terrific waste of paper and string because I couldn't save it anyway!

All our love, and please make it soon.

A.

DARLING: I'm afraid Christmas shopping is upon us. With no money, no time and no *esprit de corps*—a fine state of affairs! I wish I were one of those brave spirits who can make their families simply ecstatic with a string of cranberries or popcorn and one candle in the window, but I never was, even as a child. Whenever mother used to read me *The Five Little Peppers* or *The Birds' Christmas Carol* I'd burst into tears, thinking what an awful strain of pretending the poor creatures had undergone and not once giving them credit for having nobler natures than my own.

"But the spirit of Christmas is *within* you," mother would say gently—and probingly.

"It is not, it is not!" I'd bellow, squeezing my eyes shut so I wouldn't have to see her. "It's right down in that shop where the bicycles are, that's where it is!"

Then I'd proceed to lash myself into such a frenzy that by Christmas Day—so intense had been the conflict between my yen for the bicycle and mother's Presbyterian conscience—I'd have to be carried down to the tree, still sobbing with disbelief and not feeling at all entitled to any of the lush surprises waiting for me.

It wasn't till I'd become a backsliding Episcopalian after four years of boarding school that I got really tough about Christmas and decided that not only would there

A GOOD WAY TO RELIEVE THAT BOIL



The discomforts of a boil can be relieved by a comfortably hot application of ANTIPHLOGISTINE.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE is a ready-to-use medicated poultice. It does *two* important things at once. *One*—helps ease the pain and soreness. *Two*—the comforting "moist heat" of ANTIPHLOGISTINE lasts for many hours. It helps *soften* the boil.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE not only does good—it *feels* good. Brings real relief.

That's why it's also effective for common HOUSEHOLD and ATHLETIC INJURIES—bruises, sprains, wrenched muscles. Helps soothe the pain—reduce swelling—speed recovery.

For best results—apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE early.

Antiphlogistine



FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter. KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste money on substitutes*, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

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Say goodbye to corn-pads and dangerous razors. A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain and dries up the pestiest corns or callus. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, benzoic acid, salicylic acid, and salicylic acid. Easy directions in packaging. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if it fails.

EXCELLO Laundry Fresh KITCHEN TOWELS

GIVE THIS FAMOUS BABY BOOK

OUR BABY'S FIRST SEVEN YEARS

A priceless record of a child's growth, and a beautiful gift—with valuable scientific records and guides for child care. Filled with charming illustrations in full colors—it's just the gift for new mothers! In pink or blue Terek cloth. only \$2.50.

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Sell Personal Christmas Cards

Show smart new designs. Amazing values. Also love-ly "Prize" 21-Folder Christmas Ass't. New, novel. Top notch \$1. seller. Your profit up to 50c. Extra! 2ms. 11 popular boxes—Xmas wraps, Religious, Everyday, Birthday and others. Quick money makers. Experience not needed. Write today for Samples on Approval. CHILTON GREETINGS, 147 Essex St., Dept. 6-X, Boston, Mass.

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softer → + stronger more absorbent →

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Cultivate the healthful habit of Hygienic Home Cleanliness with **CLOROX!**



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KEEP YOUR FAMILY HEALTHY... for America needs manpower on the job for Victory. That's the urgent request of government leaders and health authorities. One easy, effective health precaution is to use Clorox in routine cleansing of kitchen, bathroom, laundry germ "danger zones".

Clorox is intensified in germicidal action... it is free from caustic, an exclusive feature. And more, its extra-gentle bleaching action lessens rubbing in laundering... thus prolonging life of linens. Clorox is concentrated for economy. Use as directed on label to avoid waste. There's only one Clorox.

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CLOROX Disinfects
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REMOVES STAINS
FREE FROM CAUSTIC

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Put a **CASH'S** WOVEN NAME on it!

Replacements are harder and harder to get. Mark your things with your own name, woven to order by Cash's, and prevent most losses. Cash's are a favorite identification with the armed forces as well as at home. Ask your Dept. Store for CASH'S or write us. Due to our volume of military business PLEASE place orders for Camp and School EARLY!

TRIAL OFFER: Send us 15¢ for 1 Dozen of your FIRST name.

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PRICES THREE DOZEN \$1.50 NINE DOZEN \$2.50
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CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY. And ask him about the advantages of Hygeia Equipment. Improved Hygeia Bottle has easy-to-clean wide mouth, wide base to prevent tipping, and scale applied in color for easy reading. Famous breast-shaped Nipple has patented air vent to help reduce "wind-sucking". Ask your druggist for Hygeia today!



HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLES
AND NIPPLES

always be lush surprises for everybody, but the kind they wanted—no character builders or cod-liver oil!

Unfortunately, your daughters seem to have inherited tendencies from this last phase—which frees me from the necessity to deliver little lectures on the spirit of giving, but which also runs into dough.

One good thing—Tony and Fidelia are full of suggestions and ingenuities. The latter will be able to decorate the entire tree with blown-eggshell faces and feathers out of old pillows and probably oatmeal flakes for snow, which will be very cute and pioneer spirit and make me feel like bursting into tears all over again. I like trees to *glitter*, Mr. Pudding! And cerise and silver and turquoise packages looking so Fifth Avenue you sniff at them for hours, remembering the tree at Radio City.

Do you think we'll ever have a Christmas like that again? Probably not. But we've had some of them, haven't we? Together—and this one'll be together too. Maybe not the one next year or the year after, but this one will be, and we'll make it the best of all.

Good night now, darling. Soda's waiting for his walk—which has turned out to be quite an excursion every evening, because the cat insists on going too.

Very much love—and make it last!

A.

TIM DEAREST: I'm hurrying to get this off with the mailman, from the office. We were terribly upset by the postscript to your letter this morning. What on earth do you mean, "It just might be that you won't hear from me for a while"? Why not? You've been ordered straight back to Texas, haven't you? And then promised leave for Christmas? There isn't any possible chance of—but no, there couldn't be—that's ridiculous, I won't even let myself think it. People don't get sent abroad right from training school, especially if they've just been ordered back to their posts.

But what *did* you mean? And why didn't you say more?

If there isn't a letter or wire when I get home this afternoon, I'll phone you. The Embassy will know where you've been moved. And I'm sending a wire there now too. But this is just on the chance that you forgot to give them a forwarding address or are going to keep on picking up your mail there.

In case I can't reach you, though, before this does, wire me the instant you get it. I don't care if you're not supposed to talk, you can at least say "yes" or "no" or "come." And try to guess at the time—if it's going to be a matter of time—so I'll know just what I can do here. I'd have to hock the furniture or car to get some cash, I suppose, and there might be delay on the plane reservations. I might even not be able to get any—or else start and then have to get off and give my seat to someone.

But this is crazy! You've probably just moved over to the Roney Plaza and forgot to say so. And here I am screaming about tickets and crossing bridges and hocking silver out of whole cloth. All the same, it was a nasty jolt, that "don't worry" stuff. I recognized it—the stock warning phrase—and think it very evil of you indeed to cry wolf when you know what tailspins I go into!

Here's the postman now, licking stamps for me. Wire as soon as you get this.

A.

DARLING: Oh, where are you? The operator tried to get me a line for three hours this evening, and when she finally did reach the hotel all they could say was that you hadn't left any forwarding address, that they were under the impression you hadn't known it and were just moving on orders, they didn't know whether to another hotel or out of town. And the telegram bounced back just now—"Addressee not at Hotel Embassy."

I know it's crazy and ridiculous, but I'm so scared, Tim! You wouldn't have disappeared into thin air like this unless you had to. And you wouldn't have stuck in that postscript as a joke, either. I feel as if

Thrilling 'BEAUTY-LIFT' helps give dazzling beauty to FACE AND THROAT

Helps Your Skin Appear More Baby-Fresh, Smooth and BEAUTIFUL With Each Application!



At any price—you simply can't beat Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream—to lubricate dry, rough, fading skin—to make skin appear firmer—fresher—to help maintain exquisitely lovely face and throat beauty thruout the years.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO: Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over your face and throat, always using upward, outward strokes. Then gently press an extra amount of Hopper's Cream on any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes. Wipe off.

Just see how marble-smooth, caressingly soft and glowing your skin appears. Hopper's Facial Cream is *more active*,

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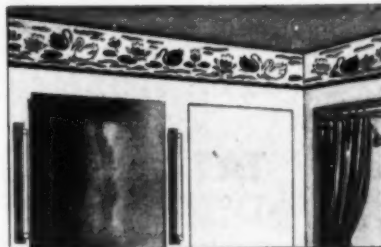
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Marvelous as a "quick beauty pick up." Helps you look ravishingly lovely on short notice. Wonderful for blackheads and enlarged pore openings. Also helps to clear off faded, unlovely "top-skin" debris which makes any girl look older.

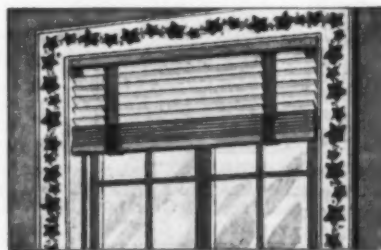
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IT'S EASY—JUST WET IT AND PUT IT UP!



Brighten-up your bathroom with TRIMZ—along walls and ceiling, around windows, mirrors, doors!



TRIMZ will bring added charm to your living room. And add a glamorous note to furniture, waste baskets, cabinets, too!

Now—with TRIMZ Ready-Pasted borders—you can quickly, easily bring new beauty to kitchen, bathroom, living room—every room painted or plainly decorated!

They're sunfast! They're washable! And gay, colorful patterns in endless variety are available at your department, hardware, paint or dime store.

All you do is wet TRIMZ and put it up! Comes 12 feet to the roll—1 1/8, 3, and 4 inch widths—15c, 20c and 29c. Colors and designs galore, to go with any decorative scheme. Brighten your home with TRIMZ today!

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TRIMZ Ready-Pasted Borders

"I found this the Best way to Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor

-and Save up to 50%"

"Glamour is my Business—"
says lovely *Ellen Allardice*

COVER GIRL

"Before I made the covers of the big national magazines, I had to learn how to stay glamorous even under a 'Turkish bath' battery of photographer's lights," Cover Girl Ellen Allardice says. "I had to find a deodorant that really worked. That really kept my underarms dry. And that didn't rot \$100 dresses. I found it in Odorono Cream.

"Here is why. It contains a really effective perspiration stopper. It simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days.

"And it is non-irritating—it actually contains emollients that are soothing to the skin—it can be used directly after shaving. I like to use it every morning for 'clothes-insurance' and for peace of mind. It won't eat delicate fabrics—that I have proved. I just follow directions.

"It's a big money saver, too. You actually get up to 21 more applications of this lovely cream for 39¢—50% more for your money—than other leading deodorant creams give you.

"You will really like to use Odorono Cream. It's so white and fluffy. It never gets gritty. Odorono Cream is my Cover-Girl formula for alluring daintiness. I can recommend it to you."



Beautiful Ellen Allardice



you'd stepped off the end of the pier into fog. It's making me frantic! Always before you've been *somewhere*, no matter how far; I could always get you if I had to. And even now, if I were sure you'd suddenly been moved out of Miami, even to a port, it would be better than this not knowing anything—and feeling too uncertain to act because you really may be all right and just across the street.

I'm clinging to the last notion with both hands. I keep telling myself that you couldn't possibly have been ordered directly from school. I wish I knew whether the squadron you were with in Texas had sailed yet. If I were sure they had, I wouldn't be so worried. But if they haven't, I suppose it's barely possible you may have been ordered to join them at the last minute. I'm going to wait up for the colonel—he and Tony aren't in yet—and see if he knows about them.

The whole thing's horrible. And it's silly to be writing letters when I can't get you by phone or wire. But just doing something helps.

Here comes the colonel now! I'll ask him about your squadron. A.

TIM: Still no word from you. Thank heaven it's Saturday, so I can stay near the phone. Yesterday was frightful at the office—calls every minute and none of them from you. Every time I picked up the receiver I hoped it would be at least a wire.

I grabbed the colonel the instant he came in last night and told him everything. He was perfectly poker-faced, of course, which steadied me on the surface, because I knew he wasn't going to countenance any wringing of hands, but he did admit knowing that your old outfit hadn't sailed yet. I felt like shaking him till his teeth rattled.

Fidelia would be the greatest relief if she were here, because I don't have to pretend with her. But she's stuck for the week end at her lofty people's—extra guests or something—so there's no one to pace with. I'm trying to keep it from getting too grim for the kids. They've been watching me pretty anxiously, and every hour or so they just come up and pat me the way they would a panicky horse, till I can actually feel the steadiness coming out of their hands. Then I think how glad I am they're like you; then I think where are you—where are you? Could you be getting on some horrible boat without my knowing—and how—where? And the whole thing begins over again.

I probably won't mail this. But it's helped just to put it down on paper. The words themselves are a distraction because, if you can think of them at all, you realize they don't say anything. And that's almost as much of a discovery as suddenly finding out that you can't see with your eyes or hear with your ears after a lifetime of thinking you could. A.

TIM: It's still too unreal. I can't believe it. I keep walking around and sitting down and getting up, saying, "What was it I was going to do? Oh, yes, get ready for Christmas; get ready for Tim. But now there won't be any Christmas. And no Tim." Even now, even this, I'm just doing out of habit. Because the impulse to reach out and touch you, to try to tell you about it as if it were happening to someone else, is the only impulse I have left.

We'd just got to sleep when you phoned. That's one reason it was such a shock—and why I didn't remember to ask half the things I wanted to know. Probably you couldn't have told me anyway.

But I gathered you were ordered out of Miami on a minute's notice—that there actually wasn't more than enough time to pack your things, but you thought there'd still be plenty to wire on the way or after you got to Texas. Then you found it wasn't

going to be Texas, but New York—you didn't know why or for how long, and still couldn't send for me to meet you till you found out. Poor darling, poor darling! I keep thinking how terrible those last few minutes must have been for you—landing at the airport and then being ordered directly to the point of embarkation—and knowing you wouldn't be allowed to communicate with anyone after that. That must have been the worst part!

But I couldn't have stood it if you hadn't phoned us first, Tim! We're so grateful for that, so terribly grateful just to have talked to you once more! And none of us said anything we shouldn't, I know, so don't worry about that. I remember every word; you didn't even say you were going—we just knew.

And now—now all we can do is remember that this is the moment we knew would come, the moment all the past months have been getting us ready for, and take it the best we know how.

I hope the boat hasn't left yet. I hope she's still steaming slowly around the harbor under Miss Liberty's skirts, and that you're thinking of all the times we've been out there together; when we took the kids on ferries so they could see the sky line, or went down to Asbury for week ends.

But you mustn't feel we've been left behind; you mustn't worry or look back. Because we haven't been. We'll be with you every minute—in loneliness, in danger and at night. And no matter how hard—how desperate—the next few months may be, we're proud of you for going, for loving us enough to go.

Good night now, darling. It isn't so hard to say as it was the first night. We've come that far, and from now on it will be easier because we know truly that "this is the end of the beginning."

With all our love, A.

You can run into debt—but you have to crawl out. —ANON.

When we are young we fear consequences. When we are old we fear gossip.

—NETTIE SEELEY-MURPHY:
What of It?
(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

DARLING: Even though these will reach you in batches, we're going to try to write as often as before. Then when the mail does catch up with you, it'll be a positive mountain.

School and the office got us through what would otherwise have been some pretty tough hours today. Or at least provided surface busyness so that we could adjust slowly underneath to the reality of your having gone. By evening we'd pretty well picked ourselves up, dusted off our knees and were ready to start over.

Both the colonel and Tony asked if they might have Christmas dinner with us, which was obviously a conspiracy, but I thought I'd strike while hearts were soft and demand that Emily come too.

So now you see how people are good and nice and how we'll have a Christmas anyway. You ought to have landed by that time—maybe in England or Ireland.

We can scarcely wait for the first letter! For all you will have seen and felt, and whether it's as you thought it would be. When the war's over, we'll take the children and make a pilgrimage, so don't leave any black X's in your trail. The girls would be very raised-eyebrow!

Good night, my darling. We love you so!
A.

TIM: And all this time, object-struck with your going, I'd forgotten what you'd written us earlier, that when you did get abroad it would probably mean a promotion at the boat! Jan reminded me of it last night. Do you suppose I ought to be addressing this to Captain Hilton instead of Lieutenant? A fine thing—not being treated with proper respect by your own family! Maybe there'll be a Lieutenant Hilton in the same place and he'll eat or wear or read your Christmas presents before they've caught up with you.

Oh, darling—that's the saddest part! All the little things we'd been collecting for your

(Continued on Page 144)



Make your Own CHILI

with **HYPower BRAND CHILI POWDER**

Hy-Power Brand Chili Powder is the secret of Hy-Power Chili's flavor. We have packed it in a war time package especially for home use. Your grocer has it—or can get it for you. Buy a package—and try it—you'll like it.

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When your feet are sore, aching and dog-tired due to fatigue, just apply time-tested, popular OIL-O-SOL. It quickly brings such soothing, cooling relief you'll want to say, "happy feet are here again." This fine inhibitory antiseptic is also valuable in treating mosquito bites, sunburn, minor injuries: cuts, scratches, burns. Only 50¢ at drug-gists. Must satisfy or money back. Don't suffer. Get Mosso's OIL-O-SOL now.



This lipstick is NO TATTLETALE!

DON JUAN is the new, modern lipstick that stays on you! —leaves no flaking stains or embarrassing smears. The lovely Don Juan shades keep your lips fresh-looking, softly glowing, hours longer. Smart women have already bought a million dollars' worth of the new Don Juan.

Check these 4 beauty extras:

- DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed.
- LOOKS BETTER:** No greasy "hard" look, no need for constant retouching.
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De luxe size \$1. Refills 60¢. Junior size 25¢. Matching powder and rouge. Prices plus tax.
TRIAL SIZES AT 10¢ STORES



*"They also serve
who only stand and wait" —MILTON*

You're the woman at home.

You don't wear a uniform and you haven't a title.

You're the woman who has learned how to do without!

Without help, without certain foods.

You make the beds and wash the dishes in double-quick time so that you can take over a lot of other jobs that have been left to you.

You cook meat-stretching stews—and they taste wonderful!

You say "no" to an unnecessary trip in the car.

You save scrap, you save fats and money.

You buy only necessary things—particularly War Bonds.

You have endless energy.

You mow the lawn, fix the water faucet—yes, put up the screens.

You care for your children. You scrub their ears. You pack lunches for school.

You want your children close to you. You want to make them secure in a free America.

You do without the men of your family.

And you can take that, too—if it is necessary.

You do not forget to be a woman—to look pretty, to write happy letters.

What you are—your work—and your place in a country at war makes you, perhaps, the greatest reserve of strength in America today.

You, and homes like yours, are what we're fighting for!



Makers of Keds, Kedettes, Lastex, "the Miracle yarn," and U. S. Howland Swim Caps, which you will find again in your favorite store when peace comes.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 Sixth Avenue • Rockefeller Center • New York

What's that you're wearing?
A COLD COMPRESS?



(1)  Larry was a lulu at picking out shirts! Darnedest-looking collars—and he wouldn't stand for a smitch of starch in them! Result: his collars looked as muddled and wrinkled as a cold compress!

(2)  "No horsecollar for me," muttered Larry as I finally took him shirt-shopping. But he was delighted when we found Van Heusen shirts . . . with collars that look starched, but feel soft, and need no starch!

(3)  "Darling, you look so executive!" I gushed, the first night Larry came home in a Van Heusen shirt. The collar looked as neat as when he'd gone to work! Why—my Larry is really handsome!

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(Continued from Page 142)

suck! They'll have to be wrapped and sent at once, but knowing they won't get there in time makes it seem pretty dreary.

One of the surprising but very loving gifts which you'll eventually receive is a complete scrapbook of the high school's undefeated '42 football team! On the basis of sense, postage and everything but sentiment, I'd be inclined to put my foot down, but too much has gone into it; it will have to be sent. What would be fun would be to get a candid-camera shot of the donors making it! Down on the floor on their hands and knees with all the clippings spread out and Soda heavily treading through the midst. . . . Maybe Tony can take one—preferably in their jeans and from the rear. The absorption is just as complete as it was all those years when Brig collected her "farm book" and Jan pasted fashion drawings. And Soda stands just the same way, right in the middle of everything that's going on, while Brig and Jan reach around him.

But speaking of Soda, another complication is about to come upon us. Tony has inherited a bulldog! Why all bulldogs automatically gravitate toward us I don't know, but he says everyone else is afraid of it, and even when—or I suppose I'd better say if—Tony gets his own room elsewhere, the dog still couldn't stay in it alone all day. He's even bigger than Soda. I haven't seen him yet but understand that he's an impressive character, mumbling to himself in his chins. Soda will always be sitting around now, holding up his paw like the wounded lapwing. (He should have been named Ferdinand anyway; I don't blame Brig for putting perfume on him after he's had a bath.)

And now it's late again. Purposely so. Maybe I can get to sleep as soon as this is finished. It's nice not to have to seal up a separate letter every night; it seems to keep you in the room longer. Oh, darling, we do miss you so and we're so dreadfully, dreadfully disappointed! But in a way it would have been harder to give you up all over again after you'd been here; I don't think I could have let you go. And now—now you're gone, you're just that much nearer to coming back; that's what I've got to keep remembering.

All our love, sweetheart! I hope it's not stormy yet—and am trying my best not to worry.

A.

TIM: Coming home in the evening to an empty mailbox will take some getting used to. Even after the habit of seeing and talking to you every evening had been broken, there were still letters; still encouragement and understanding coming back to us. The day we know you've arrived will seem like the end of the war!

If only we could have gone with you! To see and hear and feel what you'll find! As it is, the whole thing is real to us only in flashes; we're not yet part of the bone and sinew. We go home from a film about Midway or from The Watch on the Rhine, temporarily exalted or stirred by what we've seen, then sink back into a sort of sympathetic detachment.

I've decided that an actual production job is the most likely answer. Not Wright Field, not committee stuff, but a nasty ear-splitting greasy-overall job that would make the guns and planes real to me—and undoubtedly cost the factory untold sums in broken machinery and lost parts. Why can't wars be won with horses and dogs instead of machinery?

But speaking of livestock—which we seem to do in every letter—Tony's bulldog has moved in. His name is Mr. John. I asked Tony if we must always use the "Mr." in addressing him, and he said he thought we'd take to it naturally. As a puppy he was called Johnny Jump-up because "he had a face like a cross pansy," but as he got bigger any connotation of pansy became unthinkable and the "Mr." was "respectfully sub-

stituted as a tribute to his invisible waistcoat and watch seals."

I saw what he meant. The dog is overpoweringly Union Club; I felt we should pull the fattest chair into the window at once and establish him there. The only two members of the family who aren't completely smitten with him are Soda and Fidelia.

Fidelia practically banged the bottoms out of all the pans this morning at breakfast. "That dawg sure is stuck up!" she says. "Week mo' an' he'll own the place. Won't be no room lef' fo' no one, not even Soda!"

Which may be true. Or eventually he and Soda may have to slug it out. But so far the latter has confined himself to acting hurt, and Mr. John, with some grumbling and complete *savoir-faire*, to staking out the best chairs and rugs for himself. All the same, we're taking no chances when we leave them alone in the morning. Soda stays in the kitchen and Mr. John is shut upstairs. As for Tony, who's all for treating his latest acquisition like a dog—I'm afraid he'll get short shrift from everyone. Because it looks to me from here as if maybe—just maybe, of course—the Hilton family had acquired a new member. And that when Tony moves, it'll be alone!

More about them tomorrow. It's late again and we want to finish wrapping your presents—for next Fourth of July! So much love, darling—are you happy on your boat?

ANNE.

DARLING: In spite of all our efforts, the time still creeps along. I keep wanting to wire, to phone—anything that would be action. This waiting and not knowing are the two toughest things I've ever had to do, and I'm not doing them well. The kids are much better at it. Partly, I think, because they remember you as all-powerful, sailing dinghies home in rough weather and getting cars out of ditches. They keep patting me and saying, "Pop's all right! He's probably playing poker this minute, or making everyone do question-and-answer games." And you probably are.

Of the fact that it would be Japs, not Germans, you'd be up against after a southwest passage, I try not to think at all. Some of the descriptions of the Jap prison camps I've read—one in particular where the American prisoners tried to sing hymns on a cold Sunday morning, with no food except a spoonful of rice and no hope of escape or even survival—made me so sick I could scarcely bear it. It wasn't a brutal description; there wasn't any torture or beating; it was just hopeless. Because they knew it was slow starvation, and each time they looked at each others' faces they knew that it was closer.

The thought of them did something to me that none of the Gestapo stories have ever done. The indignity—and the fact there was nothing left to fight; not even anger left to give them strength.

Yes, it's too dreadful to think of. And yet, sometimes at night when the Titanic pictures come back, the fear of your drowning or being frozen in the water, I deliberately make myself think of it, till I know that no matter what happened on the sea, it would be infinitely better than that. Or any prison camp.

But now let's talk about something cheerful—Mr. John again; or what the girls want for Christmas. The latter can be quickly and expensively disposed of in two words—party dresses. But Mr. John—ah, Mr. John's a book in himself!

Theoretically, of course, Soda is the protagonist, but actually "Mr. John vs. Fidelia" should be the real title, because Soda has taken up a safe position under his defender's skirts, from where he regards the conflict with upraised, appeasing paw while the rest of us all choose sides, like London Bridge Is Falling Down!

On the surface, the issue seems to be "How come that dawg kin jes' walk in heah an'

▶ To ask a favor, a man says to himself, "What shall I say?" A woman meditates, "What shall I wear?"



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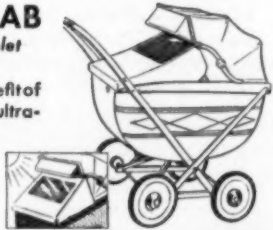
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make hisself at home when po' Soda got nothin' to say about it?" But actually the grievance goes far deeper. I couldn't have believed it, except yesterday, when we were doing the house, she suddenly took a stance and burst forth, "Jes' look at him, layin' up there on that sofa, fixin' to have me dus' 'roun' him. Actin' hinkty, callin' hisse'f quality! I declare, Miz Hilton, that dawg knows he's white an' I'se cullud!"

I managed to keep my face straight while she flapped at him with the dustcloth, swelling and rumbling to herself. But he didn't get down. He didn't even stop snoring. Then when she was just about ready to let go and really let him have one, he very slowly and insultingly opened his off eye. Not the black-patched one, which has a relatively kindly expression, but the pink one with white lashes that's really supercilious! Fidelia froze in her tracks. And I swear we both just stood there while he carefully and deliberately screwed in an invisible monocle and proceeded to give her the once-over! There wasn't anything heated or vicious about it. It was simply the superiority of the Englishman putting the natives back on their heels where they came from, and it was very, very funny.

But after one look at Fidelia's face I began to wonder if maybe it wasn't just a little bit shortsighted too. If maybe some morning we mightn't even come down to find a toy dog stuck full of pins and the real Mr. John dying loudly of colic.

Well, time will tell. Right now I wouldn't give two bits for his chances. On the other hand, barring voodoo, I wouldn't give two bits for hers. Because if ever I saw anything imperturbable, it's Mr. John. And if ever I saw anyone in a lather, it's Fidelia.

More tomorrow, darling. Meantime, all our love, and sleep well. A.

DEAREST: You've been very neglected—and for the first time. But I knew there were at least six bulletins on the way to you and, since Jan was in bed with a cold, I used the spare moments to heat lemonade and play checkers with her.

The real drama of the week has been the Mr. John-Fidelia feud, which now rages really hot. Tony is so fascinated he refuses point-blank to move or miss an evening of it until one of them is laid by the heels. A decision which I will take issue with next week when his new room is ready. (I finally took one for him, sight unseen!) But just now we can't really blame him for lingering.

First off, Mr. John decided to "intensify the dramatic conflict," as textbooks say, by indulging in a series of sudden and unprovoked attacks upon the neighborhood livestock—most unfortunate angle of which was not the outraged owners and/or repair bills, but the fact that all the victims happened to be black!

You can see, of course, what this did to Fidelia.

"I been watchin'!" she burst in triumphantly tonight, when the third black cocker had been returned to its owner. "I been watchin', an' that dawg, that Mr. John, he got whut the book call a color complex!"

"He has!" exclaimed Tony. Then, making a quick recovery, "What book do you mean, Fidelia?"

"Nevah mind whut book I mean—jes' you look at the fac', Mr. Willet! What color all these po' creatures been that he's chasin' out f'um the yard—black, ain't they? An' whut kin' people he always roar at from the back do'—my frens, ain't they? He ain't touch no white animal, not even Miss Brig's rabbit out there, nor growl at no white person, even the garbage man—but jes' let anything cullud come on this place an' he's got to blow his top an' jump salty! I tells you, Mr. Willet, it ain't right nor democratic, an' 'less he stop I'se gettin' ready to fix him. That dawg's sure goin' to miss hisse'f good!"

So I've promised everyone—soaping my hands, like Uriah Heep—that from now on he'll be so tied to my apron strings not even the biggest, blackest tomcat in the neighborhood will get the chance to spit sideways at him. And it seems to be working. At least he hasn't tried to slip his tether yet, but

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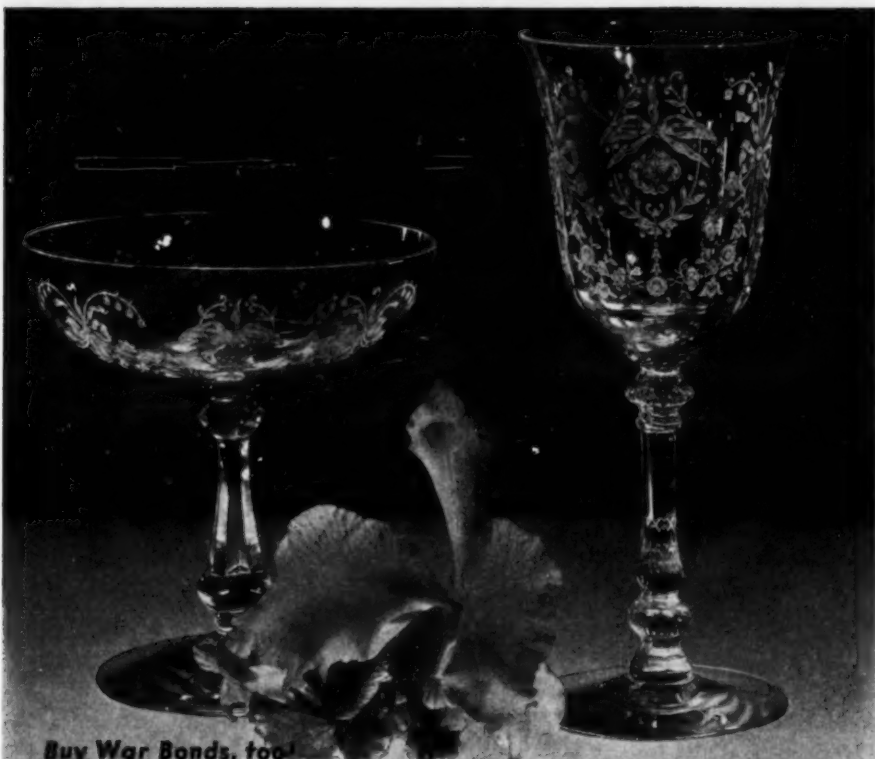
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follows me around the house in a sort of voluntary parole. "Hugging his chains," as Tony says.

Good night now, darling. We're loving you dearly every minute. Whenever you need it, don't forget to reach out and break off a piece. I think it tastes like hot gingerbread, but if there's anything you want more—say, hollandaise, or even corn beef 'n' cabbage, we'll try to make it like that instead.

Two kisses; one to be good on! A.

DEAREST: Well, the second hegira was accomplished without incident, and Tony is now established in his little room, which should do him very well—if he stays in it. I think the sheer labor of digging out will keep him bedded down for a while, but the incongruity of Lady Godiva hung upon chaste flowered bedroom paper was pretty funny. To say nothing of the tripods and guns cheek by jowl with a plush rocker and vases of pampas grass.

We all came back to the house for lunch, and found that a party for Mr. John had been planned; decorations by Jan, cake by Brig, and theory out of thin air that maybe if we had a sort of Be-Kind-to-Johnny-Week instead of heaping any more reproaches on his broad head, he might mend his manners.

Needless to say, it was not Fidelia's theory. Nor had she had anything to do with the refreshments. She did serve lunch, in a sort of swollen silence, walking around his chair each time—the kids had put him in your place with a large napkin tucked through his collar—and then banging out of the room after she had brought in the cake.

But Mr. John's behavior was far superior. He didn't growl once and, until dessert, sat with his heavy head averted as if he feared to breathe rudely upon the company. Then when the ice cream was served, his pink eye began to wink very rapidly, and after shifting his weight back and forth on his front legs several times, he delicately—almost reluctantly—shot out his tongue in a series of small ladylike licks. It was as Victorian as if he'd crooked his little finger; we were entranced. In fact, no one breathed until the whole mound had disappeared; then a sigh of complete satisfaction went up from the table.

"Just like the Wife of Bath," said Jan. "No droppe from his lippe fell!"

Our Christmas plans are jelling slowly. And not according to tradition, since the colonel and Tony will have to work all day, so we'll have dinner in the evening instead of afternoon. The girls and I will begin it while Fidelia's at her job; then we'll have presents and the tree as soon as everyone's here.

Remember all the Christmases in Greenwich, when the carolers would come serenading every house with Good King Wenceslas, and all the white houses and snowy hills up back of the Post Road would be dotted with jeweled trees, huge pines blazing in the dark with their red and green and yellow lights while the long white houses had only candles in them? We'd drive around to see each one, leaving presents here and there. Then we'd go back to our house and turn out all the lights except the tree and the candles and the fire; and outside the water would come lapping up under the windows, still and dark where the snow met it, and across the harbor we'd see other tree lights reflected in the water, blurring and wavering as the tide came in; and there'd be lovely carols on the radio, with all the house smelling of warm pine—pine needles on the fire, and driftwood, making blue flames—and just faintly, outside, we could hear people skating on the pond, and pretty soon we'd go out to watch, the pond all ringed with fires and children roasting chestnuts or marshmallows, and Jan and Brig would come back with us to tie up a last present or help Fidelia make hard sauce for the pudding.

Weren't those happy times, darling? Wasn't all of it good? I'm glad it all happened to both of us so we can be closer, remembering.

Soon that letter, darling? Very soon? I've been making an awful lot of polite conversation here lately—"racing my motor," as the



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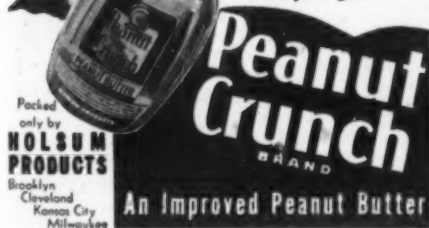
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kids call it—but don't let it have to be forever, will you?

We love you so and think such good things every day about you! Can you feel them, like tweaks at the end of a thread? A.

DEAR FATHER: Until today I had hoped to maintain a becoming Christmas calm: a good-example-even-though-father-is-not-with-us calm; but today I discovered too late what the well-dressed mother should wear when invited to assist her daughters with their Christmas shopping—one pair of shin guards, one referee's whistle and two belying pins. (Though baseball bats may be substituted if preferred.)

It is an unnatural accusation for a mother to have to make—but never in my whole life have I experienced anything to compare with the treatment I underwent today at the hands of your daughters, Lieutenant! I hope you will send for them at once and clap them into military police, because they are the strongest-minded females I've ever met outside an institution, and it will be at least three days before I can bear the sight of them again. As for Christmas, I wish it were next year.

But let's start at the beginning—I wish to spare you nothing!

In the first place, instead of sensibly taking the bus on this tour, nothing would do but we must get out what's left of Matilda—their latest name for the car—and pin her together with safety pins. In spite of the fact that I had no driver's license, and that there was only a teacup of gas left in the tank because we were saving tickets for the actual holidays. They shouldered me into the car while I tried to hang on to the holiday spirit with both hands and a determined smile.

Then it was decided that we should coast. "It's downhill nearly all the way," they cried. "You can save gas—and tires, too, if you don't use the brakes."

"But the streets are practically sheer ice," I gasped.

"Oh, don't be a sissy, Stinky—let her out!"

Stinky. What other mother gets called Stinky in the first place? And why should I be forced to coast at forty-five or fifty miles an hour down what practically amounts to a toboggan run? Will you tell me? Anyway, miraculously—undeservedly—luck was with us through about five green lights and no cops; then just as I'd begun to breathe again, up loomed the back of a large truck between us and a light which quite evidently wasn't green.

It wasn't a bad bump. But to hear the driver while he was jumping up and down on the entangled bumpers, you would have thought his lifework had been blasted. Blank-faced and attentive, your daughters hung out of the windows so as not to miss a word, while I entreated him between explosions just to drive us somewhere—anywhere—out of the middle of the street. So the truck turned us into a gas station for disentanglement.

But that was all I could take in the way of driving. "Matilda is staying here," I said, with my last ounce of resolution. "Do with me as you will for the rest of the afternoon, but from now on we do it afoot. And only after I've had a good hot cup of tea."

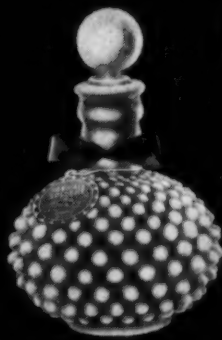
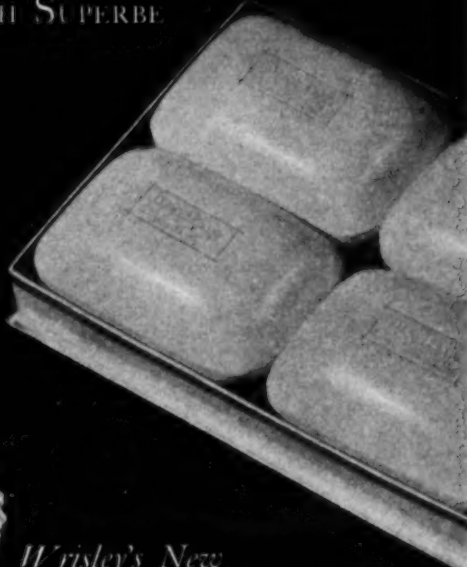
With pitying and contemptuous looks, they rushed me across the street, got out their lists—and we began to work our way into town, starting at Sears, Roebuck. Once, about an hour later, I remembered the tea, feebly motioning toward a counter somewhere as we swirled past, but it was no use. Nothing had actually been purchased yet, only several prospects marked down for a more thorough inspection later on, and there wasn't time for anything so irrelevant as tea.

"No one really needs to eat, anyway," they scoffed. "Our biology teacher said so."

But by that time I wasn't caring who said. Only a pungent and envious recollection of what the truck driver had said sustained me as we streamed past counters loaded with everything from perfume to rubber boots. "Do you think the colonel would like this, Stinky?" they'd nudge. "Look, Stinky, open your eyes!" Or, much oftener, "Oh, see

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Combine all. Beat with rotary beater. Lightly grease a 6-inch skillet, and heat. Cover bottom of skillet with thin coating of batter (rotate pan to help cover surface). Cook until small bubbles appear, then turn pancake onto lightly greased hot griddle to finish baking. As soon as baked, spread each pancake with jam or jelly, and roll up like jelly roll. Serve hot. About 15 pancakes. My staff approves.

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what a darling dress—come on, Jan, let's try it on!" It was a nightmare, I tell you, and finally flesh and blood could bear no more.

Knowing that their original hoards were still untapped, I suddenly darted away from them and swung onto a bus headed for home. Openmouthed, they stared after me from the curb. "But where shall we eat? Where shall we get dinner?" they screamed.

"You don't need to!" I shouted. "Remember? The biology teacher said —"

So here I am. In bed with my tea—no dinner, no Christmas presents and Matilda in hock for more repairs. But who cares? It'll be at least half an hour before they get home, and by that time I'll have fallen into a deep and troubled sleep. From which they'll undoubtedly wake me to ask what was the matter and whether we can't go shopping tomorrow.

But until then—good night! A.

DEAR FATHER AGAIN: Do not send for your daughters quite yet—all is forgiven!

After a two-hour post-mortem on paper last night, during which wheat was sifted from chaff and fair prospects from good, they returned to town, bought in record time everything that they'd decided on, and each returned me eighty-seven cents toward having Matilda's newest dimples ironed out.

"We stopped by to see her," they said, "and told the man it was our fault you'd banged her up, so he said he wouldn't charge much."

I gravely accepted the contribution—which leaves them flat broke.

But apparently they had worked their wiles on the garageman, because Matilda was returned this afternoon with her bridge-work tightened up for practically nothing.

If only we hear from you before Christmas! That's all I want now. Just to hear that you're safe on land again, and know you're thinking of us, of all the happy Christmases we've had, and the ones we'll have when you're back. These are the best, really. Because by then we'll know how precious they are and won't waste even a minute of them. All the children's friends will be there and music and dancing, and you'll be a great hero whom little boys say "sir" to, and Tony will ask you to tell about Algiers or that first Christmas you were abroad—maybe it was in Ireland—and every now and then we'll just grin at each other across the room and hold our glasses up because we'll be remembering miles and years that they can't even see—particularly these miles and this year, won't we?

All our love, and a very good night,
ANNE.

TIM: It's been three weeks now since you phoned—almost four, and Christmas is only five days off. That gives you just a few days to make shore, Mr. Pudding, because I've decided that if we don't hear by the twenty-fifth I'm going to start after you. In a sun-bonnet on Miss Horse, with maybe a handful of grits.

Last night I came in late from a concert and Mr. John was not at the door. In fact, the whole house had a dim, unlikely feeling—the children probably in their beds, and the colonel away. I called both dogs, but neither one came. Then, groping my way toward a light switch, I stumbled on out into the darkened dining room—and there, a pale blob above the pale cloth, head turned sadly away and plate empty, sat Mr. John!

"Why, what on earth—what are you doing here?" I cried.

But he didn't move or even look up. Then I realized he was listening to something in the kitchen. A sort of muffled beating, on the other side of the pantry door. Surprised that Fidelia should be laboring at this time of night, I yanked open the door and rushed on out to see.

She was planted with her back to me, and her ample tonneau vibrated to every lick of the spoon like the chassis of a model T.

"Why, Fidelia!" I cried again. "What on earth are you making at this time of night? And why's Mr. John in there—are you both crazy?"

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For a minute she pretended not to hear. Then she turned around. "Ise bakin' mah las' cake for this family, that's whut Ise doin'," she said. "An' that dawg in there thinks if he wait long enough Ise goin' to serve him some! But Ise leavin' tomorrow soon's I pack mah bag, an' Johnny's share this cake goin' to be right in it when I go. Ain't goin' to be bothed no longah with no dawg callin' hisse'f white folks!"

It was a blow. It is still a blow. Because none of the inadequacies of which I was capable at the moment seemed even to scratch the surface of her determination. And this morning at breakfast, thumping down the coffeepot, she delivered the ultimatum all over again.

Well, maybe Mr. John will write his own ending. It does seem as if my life is unnecessarily fraught with animals. A woman like Emily would never have got into such a mix, but just now I welcome any and all counter-irritants. And the kids, in spite of their alarm about Fidelia, are really eating it up. "It's like having pop here again," they told me this morning. "Never a dull moment!" So you see how your daughters remember you, darling—a three-ringed circus with popcorn, crackjack and peanuts; which isn't a bad way to be remembered, is it? Almost as nice as the way I remember you!

A.

TIM DEAR: As you may have gathered, the kids and I went off in something of a flurry yesterday after Fidelia's breakfast ultimatum. I wrote you from the office at noon, still frantically trying to work out a solution which would save face all round, as I hated to be bluffed into parting with Mr. John, yet losing Fidelia two days before Christmas would have been pretty horrendous. It was her afternoon off from her other job, and when I got home I expected to find her astride her trunk, waiting to be moved to happier quarters.

But at least she wasn't on the front step. I opened the door cautiously; sniffed—listened—and then hurried on in. The house was surprisingly peaceful and smelled of chocolate. Then on the other side of the pantry door, to the accompaniment of what sounded like more beatings and pan scrapings, I heard Fidelia's voice.

"That's mah Madam Queen," she was saying. "At's one cat nobody's goin' to trifle with, not Mr. John, nor nobody!"

Underneath the soothing words was a strange note of challenge, almost of threat. I stopped in my tracks. Then I heard Brig. "No one will, Fidelia, that's why we got her. So you'd have something of your own and never want to leave."

What is this, what goes on? I thought, and smote the swinging door such a slap that when it flew open I skidded into the kitchen on two wheels.

"What on earth are you talking about?" I cried. "Has someone got Fidelia a new cat?"

There was an instant's startled hush. Jan's spoon froze in mid-air, then Brig elaborately and slowly began to slide down off the kitchen table. Everyone was looking in every direction but at me.

"Well? Where is it?" I demanded. Then in the next breath, "Are you all crazy? We simply can't have any more animals in this house!"

It was poor Jan, of course, who had to be Ajax. "Well, you see," she gulped, "Fidelia was going to leave and she said partly—partly it was because she didn't have anything here that was exactly her own. Mr. John sort of hurts her feelings, acting white when he's only a dog, so she said if she just had something she could sort of get even with him about—so we just—we brought her this cat from a girl at school whose mother didn't want it any longer and Fidelia's named it Madam Queen." With desperate last-minute nonchalance, Jan turned to face me, spreading out her hands in a gesture of, "What could be more logical?"

I looked at her. "I see," I said slowly. Then, "Jan, let's have a look at Madam Queen."

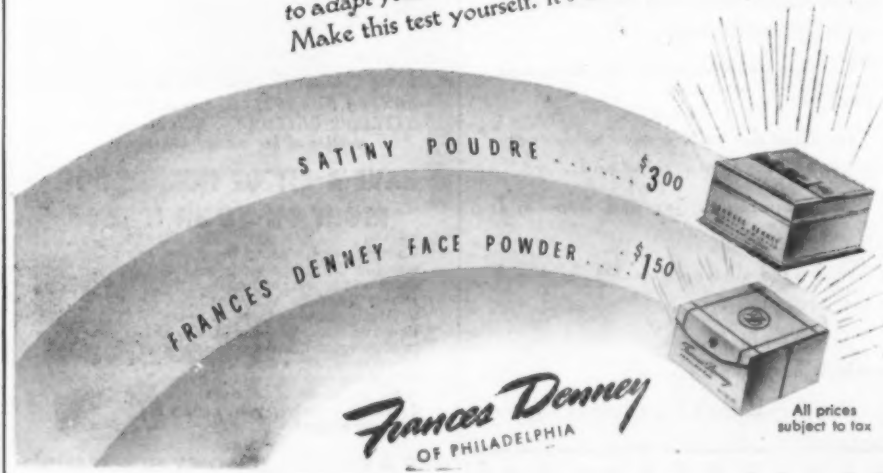


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But it was Fidelia who stooped over and scooped something up from underneath the stove.

It was, of course, the very blackest cat you can possibly imagine! And also the most pregnant. Bulging and bosomy, she sat there radiating coloredness and maternity all over the kitchen.

"But—but *kids!*!" I finally gasped. "This—this isn't *one* black cat! It's probably five or six black cats—by Christmas!"

"That's whut we knows!" cried Fidelia triumphantly. "An' we got 'em all named. Those first two babies name Amos 'n' Andy an' the next two Ethel Waters and Joe Louis an' any mo' after that, they kin be Fats Waller!"

"The kitties are all going to live in Fidelia's room, with the door shut," Brig hastened. "And for Christmas we're fixing Madam Queen a bassinet."

So now what? What *can* I do with all these animals? Of course the awful day will come when someone forgets, leaves the door open and Mr. John will just gently slap the whole dynasty into oblivion. Then Fidelia will quit anyway, so it begins to look as if maybe Tony had a dog again. And we love him so—Mr. John, I mean—that anything but Fidelia would be worth the price. Well, as soon as the kittens are born, we'll know.

We've lots of marketing and last-minute gadgets to see to tomorrow, so good night now, darling. It doesn't smell like Christmas yet, because none of the greens are up nor the tree in. I'll send you a pine needle in tomorrow's letter.

All our love, A.

TIM DARLING: Someone has turned on the snow again, the shops are waist-high with people and everything is beginning to take on the familiar pattern of day-before-night-before-Christmas. I keep waiting for you to come stamping in with snow on your shoulders, smelling fresh and cold when we kiss you and saying, "What can I do—any errands?" And then all of us yelling at least three things apiece, or rushing at you with tree lights to be fixed or a present to be exchanged, and you walking happily through the middle of it all to ask Fidelia her errands first and then deciding you'd better give Soda a bath before you did anything else.

We're planning to trim the tree tomorrow evening, as Tony wants to stop by. The kids have stuck evergreen around every picture and light till we look like Birnam wood shall come to Dunsinane. And though Fidelia has been shanghaied into overtime by her lofty people, the larder is already full of beginnings, with instructions written out on little slips of paper like a treasure hunt—"Mrs. Hilton, don't forget to set the rolls to raise," and "Ask Mr. Willet can he get me some cookin' sherry."

Mr. John acquired a new status yesterday. He is now *your* Christmas present from Tony—provided Madam Queen is not molested before the lying-in. I phoned T. last night that I was afraid we'd have to part with him—Johnny—before the kittens arrived, so Tony thought a while, then said firmly that we couldn't if he gave him to you.

Fidelia wasn't amused by this, but has promised to stay her hand so long as nothing happens to Madam Queen. And I've never seen a more pampered hostage: the bassinet foams with pink ribbons; both dogs are under lock and key in different parts of the house; *our* cat has been turned out into the snow; and the rest of us are practically tiptoeing from one spot to another. But ridiculous as the whole business is, we couldn't have had a happier distraction. Even the poor postman doesn't look quite so guilty now, sensing that something has given us all a lift. "You'll hear by Christmas, Mrs. Hilton," he says, and then hurries off before he promises too much.

But he's got to be right. I know he is. We will hear—and that will be Christmas! So much love, dearest. I'll write again tomorrow evening—late.

Till then, A.

DEAREST: I want to write again tonight when the children have gone to bed and the

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house is quiet so we can be alone, but just now I must tell you about the whole wonderful crazy day.

To begin with, Madam Queen's family arrived this morning—in the lid of the typewriter box and attended only by Mr. John! I'd been out doing errands and Fidelia was alone in the house when it began. But everything was so quiet when I got back, I thought no one was here. Then, just as I closed the back door, I heard them—a chorus of small mewings, shrill and peremptory, like pinpricks in the stillness—and rushed on into the kitchen. The cellar door was open, and from around the other side of it protruded a familiar white stern. Not wagging—just trembling with awful eagerness and expectancy.

For a minute I stood paralyzed, too sick to move. Then, "Mr. John!" I shrieked.

But the loud and unexpected "Sh—sh!" which answered wasn't Mr. John. The door moved slowly—and Fidelia's beaming face stuck round it.

Weak with relief, I crossed the kitchen and poked my head around the other side. The kittens were being born in the lid of your old typewriter box there on the landing, and evidently the process had been going on for some time, because the box was already overflowing with cat. But even as I lunged forward to grab Mr. John, thinking that at last poor Fidelia had lost her mind, the latter caught my hand and, shaking her head violently, nodded toward the little rug under the kitchen stove. There in the middle of it were two polka dots, black and white, curled round each other, asleep.

At the same instant I felt Mr. John move forward against my leg and, trying to jerk away from Fidelia, looked down again. He had lowered that shoe-box head into the squirming black mass and seemed to be making a thoughtful selection. Fidelia's clutch tightened on my arm. "He's lookin' fo' some mo' white ones an' they ain't any," she whispered. But even as we hung there ready to pounce, he opened his cavernous pink mouth, engulfed one small dot from among its fellows and began backing away on what looked like tiptoe. Fidelia's fingers tightened on my arm again in a triumphant pinch as he crossed the room and deposited the kitten with its brothers. Ears cocked and forehead wrinkling with concern, he peered down at them in shortsighted dignity and kindness. Then delicately, almost reluctantly, his pink tongue shot out in a series of small, ladylike licks.

I don't know how much longer we watched. But when I came to we were back at the kitchen table, and I was watching Fidelia beat up something in a bowl again—as if we both hadn't just been present at a miracle. "Well," I sighed finally. "Well."

Fidelia looked up quickly and I saw that a sort of glow had begun somewhere in the middle of her face and was spreading slowly—luxuriously—to the edges, like hot fudge sauce on a mound of ice cream. "Don't say nothin' mo', Mis' Hilton," she begged. "Mr. John take ca'e the cullud ones jes' same's the white, an' that's all I needs to know. Ain't no call to ask his reasons, 'cause Madam Queen done 'tend to that."

Squelched yet uplifted, I sat digesting this—and the overpowering relief that welled up with it. Then gradually aware of the steady beating going on, of the fact that Fidelia was there at all, I came back to this world.

"We're not having cake *again*, are we, Fidelia?" I asked, surprised.

"We ain't. But Mr. John is," said Fidelia.

So that's the end of the Mr. John-Fidelia story. And somehow, I suppose, Amos, Andy, Ethel Waters, Joe Louis and those two who are collectively Fats Waller will all eventually grow up under the shadow of their first bodyguard. The children are incredulous with joy, having at last succeeded in transferring Madam Queen to her bassinet and applying the kittens to her in relays. With Mr. John's approval.

There probably won't be much time to write tomorrow so I'll talk to you again late tonight. And maybe—maybe by that time there'll be a cable or letter. I'm sure there

will because every good thing always happens on Christmas Eve. It's even more magic than midsummer's night!

Till this evening, then—one small kiss for the end of your nose. A.

Late Christmas Eve.

DARLING: And now is the time I want you most. All the past few days, the weeks, have been leading to this moment when the errands and people have been put away and we could be alone together with the Christmas tree and the carols; this is our moment.

It's very late and still outside. If you were here we'd walk in the moonlight and snow; then we'd come in like this and sit down holding hands, to look at the tree once more before we went to bed. It's a fat little tree. The girls trimmed it with only blue and silver ornaments as a surprise for me—a Lohengrin tree. And there are fresh dark blue candles everywhere and the silver trays shine; somewhere Tony even managed to get some blue delphinium for the table.

Then, after we'd trimmed the tree and piled all the packages around it for tomorrow, the kids wanted to go look at other houses and hear the carillon, so the colonel, who'd just come in, piled us into his car and we joined the slow procession of listening people on the boulevard. It was very lovely. The carillon all light and gilt against the dark blue sky, with the little river curving its way into town under the stone bridges. I never before realized the contrast of those lighted smokestacks and factories against the dark country hills. And the people driving slowly by to listen! People on their way to work, or coming home from war jobs. Some of them got out and walked under the bells, looking up, tiny and silent, at that shaft of light and music. And down the dark river the windows of one big factory, blacked out except for the middle ones lighted in the shape of a cross, hid its rows of shining guns and shells, nothing shining from it except the lighted cross.

It was very stirring. The things we felt and couldn't see: the great machines and assembly lines, the rows and rows of bombers waiting in the dark—all the people in the factories working in the glare and noise of everyday, while outside the dark valley heard only Little Town of Bethlehem. And looked up at the quiet sky as they'd done all their lives.

When we got back, Tony and his friends went home and the children up to bed. Jan gave me an extra hug—I think for you—and said not to sit up too late. She knows I still hope.

Wait a minute, darling, I think I heard the phone. At least Soda's barking his head off. I'll be right back —

Oh, Tim—Tim—it was! Your cable! You're all right, you've landed—you got it here by Christmas Eve! Oh, darling, I'm so happy and grateful there just aren't any words! To know you're safe on land again, not lonely or hurt or in danger, but safe on Christmas Eve. It's as if you'd walked right into the house and were here now beside me, holding my hand, saying, "It's all right now—it's all right, darling."

And it is all right—everything! Just let me stay here with you a minute more, because this is happiness: this is what the word means. And peace and thankfulness and everything I've wanted so much—for so long! Hold me very close a minute, darling, just us alone—then we'll go up and wake the children. Think of their faces, think how happy! Can you see them? Good Jan, who knew you'd get here, and Brig, who never talked about it.

Oh, darling, it's so wonderful, so wonderful I can't even tell you about it—but you know. You know right now this minute in England on Christmas Day. And you'll be thinking of us every second as we are of you, holding us tight and close until you're back again.

But I'm being selfish. Come on, now, let's go wake the children! Here—take my hand. I'll turn the light out. All right? Can you see? Don't step on Mr. John. . . . A.

(THE END)

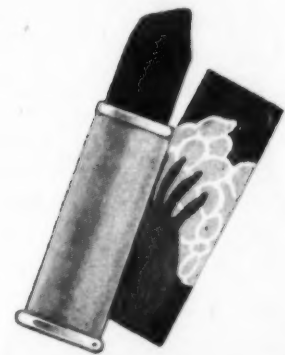
Keep your skin clean
and bright as a bride's!



Tussy
Creamy Masque



THRILL his heart with your exquisite, bride-like complexion! Use Tussy Creamy Masque... a wondrous cleanser and beauty treatment in one. As a cleanser—instead of soap—use Creamy Masque with water. Leaves skin looking fresh and clean! For conspicuous pores, use this bland, soothing cream as a 3- to 5-minute Masque. Helps give a finer look, a smoother appearance to dull, coarse-looking skin. 4-oz. jar, \$1.*



Famous Tussy Lipstick—Smooth-textured Tussy Lipstick helps keep lips soft and luscious-looking in spite of drying sun. Lasts for hours! Waterproof. Fashion-right shades. Try bright Jeep Red. Or deep Commando. \$1 each.*

Tussy Anti-Sunburn Foundation Cream—Smooth on this fragrant, peach-colored cream. Then work or play in the sun knowing you will tan without burning! Anti-Sunburn Foundation Cream screens out burning rays... also acts as a flattering powder base. 2-oz. jar, 55¢.*

*Tax additional

Know your insignia? Wings with propeller through center, worn on lapel, mean Air Corps. Wings with bomb through center, worn on breast pocket, mean bombardier.

Tussy for that young,
young look

TUSSY COSMETIQUES, 683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. LIPSTICKS, CREAMS, LOTIONS, AND OTHER FINE TUSSY PREPARATIONS ARE ON SALE AT DEPARTMENT AND IMPORTANT DRUG STORES

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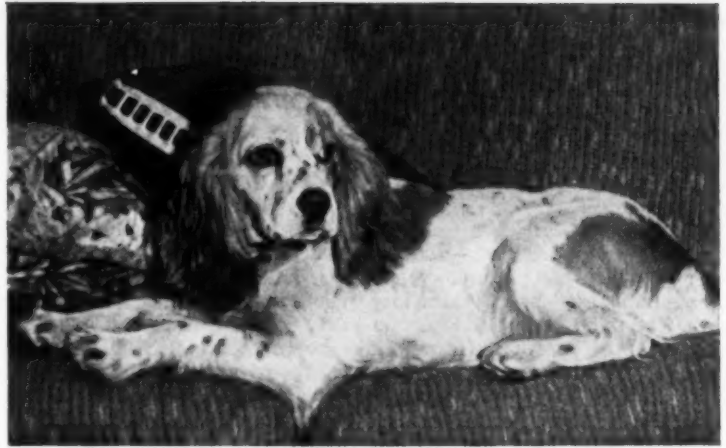
Sparkling flavor in every sip!



For the future of a free America, buy and keep War Savings Bonds!

ROMPING down from the Arctic to tickle your taste with a long, cool drink, the Clicquot Club Eskimo Boy has been the symbol of wholesome cheer for more than half a century. Pour Clicquot Club Ginger Ale into your glass. Watch the dancing bubbles rise. Then enjoy that matchless, tangy flavor—the taste delight that only Clicquot's famous flavor-aging process can produce. Here's a refreshing drink for the whole family—sparkling, tempting, delicious! Stock your refrigerator today with big, economical bottles of Clicquot Club—America's standard in ginger ale quality.

Clicquot Club
GINGER ALE



Snow knows she shouldn't be on the sofa, but looks at us with such pleading eyes: "Just this once."

Diary of Domesticity

BY GLADYS TABER

WHEN the war removed the last vestige of hired help from us, we decided to keep up all we could. We decided it in winter, before things began to grow. If we only had a *plan*, we felt, we could manage. The three children could do the lawn and weed a row a day. The house could be cut up like a pie, and a section given to each. Really, it would be beneficial to us all. I read a number of perfectly glowing articles in my favorite magazines about families in which children of ten and eight did all the work and tots of three washed dishes.

But of course we couldn't begin our happy plan until everybody was around to begin. Besides, we had to spend two weeks later in the city while finishing jobs, turning apartments upside down for painters and so forth. When Bob—my husband—and I came up, therefore, he quite naturally uttered a low moan as he saw the hayfield which was one-time a lawn. The grass, it seemed, didn't understand about our plan. Stripping off his collar, Bob plunged for the lawn mower.

While he mowed, the asparagus bed went berserk. The asparagus looked like a rare plant in a wilderness of turf and those healthy green weeds whose roots are bedded in the eternal.

All I saw of Bob for his week end was a whirl of grass. He complained so much I stopped listening. He said a lot about having to stop and carry loads of grass from the canvas backpiece that was supposed to catch it. He said it wouldn't take so long if he didn't have to stop every five minutes and empty that darned thing. I reminded him the former man cut the entire lawn in two hours, at which he began to wave his arms and utter terrible sounds.

When he went back to town, he left a small square by the girls' summerhouse, which he didn't want to bother with. The next morning, being alone, I wondered just where I should take up the torch. Should I cut all the asparagus and can it for Victory and crawl on all fours the rest of the week? Should I scrub the kennels, wash all the dogs and give up? Maybe I ought to clean the upstairs closets and let the outside of the house take care of itself. In the end, I decided to do the extra lawn.

With the help of five dogs, I got the mower out and the canvas carrier hooked on. The grass was soaking wet after two days of showers and dew. I pushed the mower into a mole run. The canvas fell off. I began again. The grass was at least two feet high, it seemed. I shooed Clover away from the blades. I pushed. A wave of wet heavy grass sprayed all over everything. A few spears fell in the canvas, the ones that were weak-minded. All the rest gathered in mounds on the yet uncut grass. I got down

on my hands and knees and scraped it up and carried it away. Then I began again.

I cut a few more feet of grass. The mower kicked up its heels and slung a whole load in the right half of the carrier so that it clogged the machine and got me down on my knees again. Snow got her wet paws on my face. I shooed her away and carried the grass off.

The canvas fell off. A large stone crept up on me and stuck in the machine.

I was sweating profusely and the constant up-and-down jackknifing of my whole self made me slightly dizzy. I had never expected to cut the grass standing on my head. The worst of it was, I could see quite clearly that while I finished the lawn the dogs would die of starvation, the asparagus would turn into a petrified forest, the house would molder away. Someone, in later years, would find my bleached bones stretched beside the rusted remnants of a lawn mower, the handle grasped in what was once a hand.

IN THE end, I got the mower back to the barn. Of course, nothing else was done; the morning as well as myself had its back broken. The dogs were very hungry.

I began to do some thinking about our *plan*. I dare say the people who can toss off a plan and make it work never run into the same kind of snags that we seem to. But, I decided crossly, I wish they would admit now and then that things aren't always what they seem.

Lawn mowing, under beneficent conditions, is fine. The sound of a lawn mower in little towns on warm summer days is a pleasant sound. The smell of fresh-cut grass is rich and cool. In the soft summer dusk, when I was a child, all along the streets men came out after supper and mowed the lawn. There was a sense of family life, of home about it. As a matter of fact, it was romantic: the snipping of grass shears, the sound of neighborly voices, a dog barking.

But then, we never had hayfields to reclaim in those far-off days. When people were away from home, they paid a boy a quarter to mow the lawn regularly. It was a good life for a good many people, and I think nothing of the various commentators who seem to feel it was a decadent, smug, ruinous era. It was fine, and I only hope we can regain some of the things we used to have: things like rocking chairs and an hour to sit in them.

I felt better when I went past the iris. The lovely black-purple ones were all over the bed, and next to them the delicate pale blue. I picked a bunch (not in the *plan* either). The blue ones are the color of chalcid and the petals translucent. The black ones are velvet dark.

(Continued on Page 154)

GET YOUR SHARE OF THIS *Vi-teens* EASY PRIZE MONEY!

FREE - \$5,000.00 CASH PRIZES

HURRY! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE

... CONTEST CLOSES MIDNIGHT, JUNE 30th, 1943

\$1,000.00
CASH FIRST PRIZE

\$500.00
CASH SECOND PRIZE

2 PRIZES OF \$250.00 5 PRIZES OF \$100.00
10 PRIZES OF \$50.00 20 PRIZES OF \$25.00
50 PRIZES OF \$10.00 1,000 PRIZES OF \$1.00

**1089 CASH PRIZES
IN ALL!**

JUST ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS AND
FINISH THE STATEMENT: "I was inter-
ested in reading the booklet entitled
'What Are Vitamins?', because"



**FOLLOW THESE EASY
RULES**

- 1 Give names and addresses on entry blank—both yours and druggist's from whom you received booklet.
- 2 Print or write plainly on *only one side* of ordinary paper. Write out numbered questions in proper order, and under each one give answer. Answer all questions listed on entry blank. Also finish statement (35 additional words or less): "I was interested in reading the booklet entitled 'What Are Vitamins?', because"
Include names and addresses on each sheet. Attach entry blank to answer sheets. Mail to Dept. G, Lanteen Medical Laboratories, Inc., P. O. Box 5740, Chicago, Illinois.
Special contest entry blanks are available from most druggists, if you want more than the one provided herewith.
- 3 All entries must be postmarked before midnight, June 30, 1943.
- 4 *Correct answers* to all questions are contained in the VI-TEENS booklet entitled "What Are Vitamins?" Answers may consist of 1 word, or several words, or 1 or more complete sentences, as the case may be. All questions must be answered *word for word* as they appear in this booklet.
- 5 Get your copy of the VI-TEENS booklet entitled "What Are Vitamins?" from your druggist; he will gladly loan you one, without cost. (If his stock should be exhausted, ask him to write us for another supply.) Or write Lanteen Medical Laboratories, Inc., P. O. Box 5740, Chicago, Ill., for copy. Enter as many times as you wish. Complete each entry with answers to all questions and finished statement; mail each entry *separately* to address given in Rule 2.
- 6 Entries will be judged for correctness of answers to questions; and aptness, originality and sincerity of completed statement. "Fancy" entries will not count extra. Decision of judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries acknowledged and no correspondence carried on in connection with contest. No entries returned and all entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Lanteen Medical Laboratories, Inc.
- 7 Only residents of continental U.S.A. may compete, but not employees of Lanteen Medical Laboratories, Inc. and affiliated companies and their advertising agencies, and the families of these employees. This contest is subject to all Federal, State and local laws and regulations.
- 8 Winners will be notified by mail about one week after close of contest. Complete list of winners sent on request after July 15th.

CONTEST CLOSES MIDNIGHT JUNE 30th

**WOULD YOU TRADE A LITTLE TIME
FOR A LOT OF MONEY?**

You don't have to know a lot about vitamins to WIN! . . . the VI-TEENS Booklet "What Are Vitamins?" has ALL the answers. Get a FREE copy and entry blank from your druggist TODAY! HURRY . . . DON'T WAIT!

Your last chance to enter the VI-TEENS \$5,000.00 prize contest comes NOW! Midnight, June 30th is the deadline. All entries must be postmarked on or before that time. Go after a big share of this easy prize money, but *get busy TODAY!* Don't put it off—you might forget. Go to your druggist at once. Ask for a FREE copy of the VI-TEENS booklet entitled "What Are Vitamins?" and a contest entry blank.

NOT A PENNY OF COST EXCEPT POSTAGE!
There are no strings attached to *this* contest . . . no box top or label to enclose! Other than the stamp to mail your entry, you haven't a penny of cost! And the world's best

artist or finest writer has no better chance than YOU to win one of the largest of the 1089 prizes. Fancy entries or expert grammar do not count. Frankly, our aim in sponsoring this contest is to get a lot more people to read the VI-TEENS booklet "What Are Vitamins?" . . . to give Americans everywhere a better understanding of the important subject of vitamins.

EXAMPLES OF FINISHED STATEMENTS

Answering the questions is no trick at all, because word-for-word answers are so easy to find in the booklet. A pointer or two may help, however, in finishing your statement. Only 25 to 35 additional words are needed. Here's an example: "I was interested in reading the booklet entitled 'What Are Vitamins?', because *here, for the first time, this vital subject was fully explained in such a simple, honest way, that now I know exactly how to discover whether my loved ones or I need prepared vitamins.*" (34 additional words) Reading the booklet will probably suggest several reasons . . . so send in as many entries as you wish. BUT, send them in NOW! . . . don't take chances on missing the contest closing date and having the BIG PRIZE MONEY pass you by!

DELAY MAY COST YOU A BIG PRIZE! . . . MAIL YOUR ENTRY TODAY . . . ALL ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY MIDNIGHT, JUNE 30th, 1943!

FREE ENTRY BLANK

Mail to Dept. G, Lanteen Medical Laboratories, Inc., P. O. Box 5740, Chicago, Illinois. Attach answer sheets. Mail before midnight, June 30, 1943.

You'll find word-for-word answers in the VI-TEENS booklet, "What Are Vitamins?"
Ask your druggist for a free copy.

- 1 What would be the result if all vitamins were totally lacking from a diet for an extended period of time?
- 2 How can I tell if I have a vitamin deficiency?
- 3 How should vitamins be taken?
- 4 Should the diets of children be supplemented with vitamins?
- 5 Will taking vitamins cause an increase in weight?
- 6 Name two ways in which a partial vitamin deficiency may be remedied.
- 7 What is one of the very helpful effects produced by vitamins, especially Pyridoxine (B₆)?

- 8 What is the wording of the VI-TEENS money-back guarantee?
 - 9 What effect does cooking have on the vitamin content of foods?
 - 10 Why are vitamins among the cheapest food values that can be purchased?
- Then, finish this statement (in 35 additional words or less): "I was interested in reading the booklet entitled 'What Are Vitamins?', because"

YOUR NAME _____
YOUR ADDRESS _____
CITY AND STATE _____
DRUGGIST'S NAME _____
DRUGGIST'S ADDRESS _____

Vi-teens
by

LANTEEN MEDICAL LABORATORIES, INC.





Let's play
"YANKEE
DOODLE"

Fine. A grand old tune. Very inspiring.

It always makes me excited—ready to fight.

Oh-oh! Is that the way to feel?—a nice little boy your age?

But this is war. Every one's in the fight.

Sure—and every one should be. But don't let it get on your nerves. The folks at home ought to be extra careful not to get jumpy.

How do you mean?

Well, take talking on the telephone, for example. Keep calm, speak distinctly. Being careless or cross or confused may affect the fellow on the other end of the line . . . as well as yourself.

I never thought about all that.



Americans are just about the nicest, most courteous people in the world. So—let's keep things that way.

Bell Telephone System

(Continued from Page 152)

I put them in a window, so the light could shine through them, and then I began to think happily of lunch. The dogs got a good dinner—beef bones cooked with garlic and onion and green vegetables.

The smell of garlic reminded me of that can of ravioli on the shelf, saved for something very special. *This*, I thought, *is very special*. I opened the can and heated it in a French earthenware casserole, and made hot tea. Luxuriously I ate the entire can. *Possibly I ought to save enough sauce to poach an egg in for supper*. I did. But I could have eaten all the sauce too.

It was cool enough for a fire, and I threw recklessly on it the very best apple log. I read while I ate my ravioli, and afterward felt I might attack the asparagus.

I discovered during the rains this spring that perfectly green unseasoned wood will burn, if it is well buttressed with small dry pieces. When it catches, it burns with a fine steady heat, sizzling a little like frying bacon, but very satisfactory. It has been so cold that the woodpile diminished like change in a hand purse, and I had a hard time finding anything to keep the blaze going. Don's little red wagon is an excellent thing for hauling odd lengths of wood, as well as for carrying food to the barbecue.

The warblers sang to me as I lugged in my firewood. I wondered why they came back to us from the West Indies or Venezuela. The hummingbird was over the iris, and I know it must be my own hummingbird and no other. He acts as if he were checking up on an old haunt. What strange hidden, secret palaces old as time have these birds flown over, that now chat busily in Stillmeadow apple trees? Orioles from Colombia, cinnamon-colored wood thrushes probably late from Nicaragua. Places I shall never see: rich emerald jungles, carved stone porticos, incredible flame-colored flowers, purple and lemon orchids—my birds know them well.

It is strange how thoughts lie in the mind in different strata, like rock strata on a mountain outcrop. Sometimes I wish I could just plain think on one level, get it all dug up and over with. But I never can: just as I get well into a lovely lyric vein I find a little idea chipped into, and there in my hand is a worry about next winter's coal; below that I am still thinking about that ravioli and wondering if I could make it; and far down I suddenly find a day in my childhood, and my mother sitting down to rest briefly in the lawn swing. The lawn swing smelled of varnish, and the grass swished under the slat floor, and the seat was shaky.

I suppose everything that happens remains in the heart or mind forever—no doubt a psychiatrist could explain it all to me—but I still keep on being amazed at the

variety of feeling in a lifetime. One small ordinary human being is capable of such joy, such grief, so much hope and despair and peace and conflict.

As long as there is a sky overhead there is beauty, something to live for. Early in the morning, when the birds begin, the light is an infusion of gold through my curtains. All the new insistent green of the world and the glowing of color from a thousand blossoms are in it, and the smell is so heavenly sweet it aches in the heart.

ESMÉ and Tigger race madly up and down the border, skipping lightly into low tree branches, scrabbling up the fences. Then, worn out, they sleep in each other's arms on the sofa by the fire. The cockers rush around the yard, ears awing. Sister has the gait of a rocking chair. Clover and Snow are in the air all the time, like the daring young man on the flying trapeze.

This is a lovely time for spaniels and cats. The nights are not too warm and the days are still comfortable, winter is far past and nobody keeps going off and saying good-bye.

At night when I ease my aching bones on the sofa, I plan to relax. As soon as I pick up my copy of Shakespeare, thinking that now I can dream over Richard II, I hear a banging at the door. Windy is bouncing up and down and flinging his dark red curly self at the panel. I let him in and find my place.

*Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream.*

A clicking sound begins. Honey is walking gravely back and forth, back and forth. She never barks to go out, she paces sedately. I let her out.

Everything is peaceful again.

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me —

Esmé is at the door, trying to wedge her slim paw in the crack. I get up and let Esmé out. Honey comes back in.

My evening with Shakespeare is over. I go outside myself and smell the night and hear the brook, now the dogs are quieted down, and I see the moon lifting a silver rim over the apple trees.

The moon makes magic; it shines on these old New England hills just as it did when this house was first built. I hope the ghosts who walk across the sweet-smelling grass on a night like this are happy ghosts. I hope the women who preceded me had their moments of love and radiance.

Wars sweep down the highway of history, but never a war could blot out the shining splendor of love. "Love beareth all things." The mysterious God-given power to love is every human being's birthright which cannot be destroyed by fire or the sword.

It is the eternal summer, it is a June which never fades.

To Can Asparagus

WASH well. Snap off the tough bottom of stalk with fingers. A slight pressure shows where the break should come. Drop stalks and ends in boiling water for three minutes.

Begin to pack the tender tips while the tough ends stay in the water. Pack closely in quart glass jars, and cover with the liquid they have been cooked in. Add a teaspoon of salt to each jar. I leave about a quarter inch at the top of the jar free, instead of running the water over. Partly seal jars.

Put in pressure cooker and process forty minutes at ten pounds. Three hours if you use hot-water bath. Remove and seal.

Can the tough ends the same way. They make elegant soup, or even creamed asparagus if the stalks are freshly picked.

Hold the jars sidewise and the stalks go in more easily. Don't crush them. Let the tips be at the top of the jars.

Canning Tips. Watch pressure carefully. Changes in pressure draw the water from the jars. Sharp rises will crack about one jar in a pack. Be sure there is half an inch of hot water in bottom of cooker. If you use water bath, be sure water is boiling all the time and covers the jars well.

Test jars and rubbers by running fingers carefully over them; if there is the slightest irregular feeling, throw them away.

Never turn jars upside down after removing. Set carefully in warm place and cover with clean towel. The next morning you can hold them upside down a minute, and any leakage will show.

Most canners advise partly sealing for the processing, then tightening. I usually seal tightly. Both work.

Keep steam gauge wiped off after each using.

"So long, Darling!"

"While you're away I'll do all I can to bring us victory, you and

me and America. I'll invest in war bonds for

our future... I'll conserve materials needed for the war...

I'll buy wisely the things I need..."

Chances are that when she shops for a skirt

she'll choose one made of Pacific Fabric... 100% wool,

lastingly smart, dependable in quality.



*100% Wool Pacific
Worsted's Woolens*

Pacific
Worsted's Woolens

PACIFIC MILLS, Worsted Division, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



DON'T say: "What a cute little boat!"

Don't speak patronizingly of a Navy man's ship—and don't ever call it a "boat." (In the Navy, a boat is a vessel that can be carried on a ship—like a life-boat.)

Do remember that a Navy man is exceedingly proud of his ship!

DON'T say: "Oh, see all the gobs!"

Don't call sailors "gobs." To them, it is far from a complimentary term—and how men in the Navy hate it!

DO call Navy men "sailors." That's what they are, of course, and that is what they all like to be called.

DON'T say: "He didn't say, but..."

Don't gossip about where your Navy man's ship has gone. Anything you say about ship movements will be blamed on him.

DO follow the Navy custom, which is—if you're asked where he's gone—to simply say: "My dear, he's gone fishing."

Do

remember

Camels

ARE FIRST IN THE SERVICE



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

The favorite cigarette with men in the Navy, Coast Guard, Army, and Marines is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, Canteens, Post Exchanges, and Sales Commissaries.)

EVER notice how careful a Navy man is about his appearance? Details like polished buttons, shined shoes, neatly pressed uniforms—they're important in the Navy.

Notice, too, the Navy man's choice of a cigarette. Like the men in all the other services...in the Army, the Marines, and the Coast Guard...the Navy man's favorite is Camel.

And with millions of men and women behind them here at home—it's the same! They appreciate Camel's rich flavor that holds up pack after pack...and Camel's extra mildness.

BUY
WAR BONDS &
STAMPS

THE T ZONE

—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

